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THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE King has put an end, in person, to one of the briefest parliaments within the last hundred years. We acknowledge, with due respect for the throne, that such is its prerogative; that the King has the power to call a parliament once a week, and to dissolve it on the next day; that he may proceed in this style as long as he lives, and that no man has a right to ask his reason for it. We admit all this, for such is the prerogative.

But by the law of the land the King's ministers have no prerogative. They are responsible for the conduct of the government. They may not control the actions of the sovereign, but if they dislike the responsibility they may at all times wash their hands clean of crime by resigning. If they do not resign, the fact is legal and sufficient proof of their approval of the proceeding. They bring the sole responsibility on themselves, and stand forward exposed to the full penalties of the law.

Why Lord Grey, a man advanced in years, and who for many a year had declared himself voluntarily withdrawn from political life, should be aiding and abetting a Bill of direct and undeniable revolution, is beyond our power to conjecture; Lord Grey who, four years ago, in 1827, declared that his old passion for "Reform" had passed away, and that he did not see any harm in opinions to the direct contrary of Reform, or in his own words,—

"The question of Reform had not been so uniformly supported, nor had it at present the public opinion so strongly in its favour, as that it should be made a *sine quâ non* in joining an administration. It was not then because of the right hon. gentleman's *opposition to Reform*, that he objected to him as *one opposed to civil liberty*—"

followed by a piece of sentimentality, which in its day satisfied every body that Lord Grey was quite a philosopher.

"Those," said his lordship, "who had done him the honour to attach any importance to his opinions, were aware that he had *for some years been withdrawing himself* more and more from a direct interference with the politics of the country. *To take a more active part in public life was quite out of his intentions.*—NON EADEM EST ÆTAS, NON MENS!

Why, after all this, his Lordship has not merely reintroduced himself into public life, but has made his commencement by the most outrageous

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specimen of that Rabble Reform which he so pathetically abandoned, is to us altogether inconceivable.

Among the ideas to which the public are driven for the explanation of a conduct which absolutely defies all common principles, one has been suggested, extravagant enough, but whose very extravagance may make a part of its probability. Where the object of men is to startle us by frantic projects, no reason can be too much out of the way for their conduct. The idea is this. The fall of the Wellington ministry took the Whigs by surprise. It was as rapid as a death by suicide. Its last furious declaration in favour of the known abuses of the representation, acted on them like wine on a man already half intoxicated, heated their Whiggery into Radicalism, and in the joy of seeing office once more within their grasp, deluded them into pledges of the wildest Reform.

Office came. They had already encumbered themselves with declarations enough to sink any ministry, unless that ministry could throw them overboard. To throw them overboard was from that moment the policy; and the whole invention of Lord Grey was summoned to the work of proposing some measure at once so specious as to gull the populace into the belief, that the ministers were the "true Radical Reformers" which they had sworn themselves to be; and so furious, foolish, and unconstitutional in the eyes of every man of sense, that it *must* be thrown out by the Legislature.

Whether this be the true solution or not; the Bill has some circumstances that coincide strongly enough with the theory. Why, if my Lord Grey was sincere in desiring this Radical measure to be carried in the Commons, was all his ingenuity exerted to remove from the Commons, Brougham, by a hundred degrees the most popular and powerful advocate of Whiggery? Why was he even so much afraid of leaving Brougham to deal with this single measure, that he thought it worth his while, to sacrifice his assistance on all other questions, to deprive his ministry of the aid of the opposition leader, and, for the purpose of keeping him aloof from this single topic, fix him for life in a House where his powers must be neutralized, and his personal influence must be comparatively nothing? Brougham was pledged to bring in a Reform, and within three nights his pledge was to be redeemed. Every effort was made by Lord Grey to withdraw him from his purpose, in vain, until the Chancery was offered. Then the Advocate was transferred from the spot where he was to have completed the work of Reform, to the spot where every member feels that such Reform would be but another name for personal robbery and extinction. There he was safe, locked up in honourable duress; and the fair field was left to the wily Premier.

But, as much may be argued from the hands into which the measure was put, as the hands from which it was thus anxiously and intriguingly wrested. Who would or could select little Lord John Russell to give triumph to a measure, on which either minister or party had the most trivial wish to succeed? It is no crime in any one to be born without talents, or to have lived in a diligent attempt to make something out of nothing. But of all the young men in Parliament, who have had any opportunity of coming forward, this Lord John Russell is beyond all comparison the most trivial. As a speaker he is unequivocally wretched; want of words, still more, want of ideas, and still more, if possible, want of vigour, clearness, or originality of any kind, extinguish his claims as

a public speaker, at the end of his first sentence. His very figure could be atoned for by nothing but the most remarkable brilliancy of powers. Meagre, mean, obscure-looking, and awkward, Lord John Russell creates a prejudice at first sight, against every topic which he touches ; and it may be pronounced as a House of Commons maxim, that if you want to turn a promising motion into disgrace, you cannot trust it into better hands than this little lord's. His only redeeming quality is his diligence ; and yet, by the ill-luck that belongs to his nature, this very quality only enlarges and gives publicity to his exposure. It has urged him to try his pen at a novel, and thereby prove that he could turn romance into dreary insipidity. It has urged him to write a history, and thereby shew that he could make the most stirring epoch of English liberty as tiresome as an old chronicle. It has urged him to the drama, and thereby displayed a talent for alternate bombast and buffoonery, that would have been enough to have brought a better man than Don Carlos to the block.

And it was to this personage, to whose advocacy, as Heaven shall help the cause, we would not have trusted the interests of a lame chicken, that Lord Grey trusted the "grand measure," the "great, healing, essential, vital measure of Reform!" Lord Grey is old, but he is not yet either deaf or blind. All men know that, if it were the object of a minister to destroy a public measure, it would be by the double contrivance of decoying away an able advocate, and saddling it with an incapable one. We see the precise steps taken, and for our souls we cannot conceive any other cause for those steps, unless we are to believe that Lord Grey has ceased to be the cold and subtle calculator that he was through life, and has sunk at a moment into good faith and dotage.

There can be nothing now more unquestionable than that the public opinion previously to the actual announcement of the Bill in the House, was that the minister was only manœuvring to get rid of an incumbrance. The common phrase in the clubs was, "Oh! now that he has got rid of Brougham, he will slip his neck out of the collar, bring in some milk and water measure, and let the House dispose of it to its satisfaction." Those surmises were so universal and so notorious, that nobody can now doubt nor deny them. But the measure came in at last ; and to the astonishment of the kingdom, parliament had never witnessed a proposition so outrageously radical in every point. Even radicalism itself shrunk from it. Blacking Hunt protested against it, as going too far. Queen Caroline's Sir Robert, every man who had prided himself on being deep in the spirit of the rabble, either desired "time to consider," and waited "to see how the Bill would come out of the committee," or gave some such sign of surprise at the enormity of the measure. Then too, let us look at the rationality of supposing that it could ever be carried in the existing House of Commons. The first thing it was to do, was to cut away the seats of sixty-eight members. Will any man in his senses believe that Lord Grey introduced this clause, with the slightest expectation that the Bill would pass, with such a clause in it? It may be so, for we must leave the fathoming of Lord Grey's conceptions to himself. But we know, that if it were our purpose to have a Bill inevitably thrown over the bar, we should conceive the introduction of such a clause to be an infallible expedient. We cannot get rid of the conclusion.

But let us come to the closing scene of the parliament. If we were believers in omens we should look upon it as the commencement of a period to whose hazard, contempt of law, and furious confusion, every Englishman of a right mind and honest heart must look with indignation and trembling.

The House of Lords.

PRAYERS were read by the Bishop of EXETER! by Philpotts; the gift of the pro-popery ministers to the protestant church—Rat Philpotts, who is now a lord of parliament, with an income from the protestant churches of no less than seven thousand pounds a year! God defend us from the omen!

The House was crowded with Peers, the space below the bar was full of the public. The strongest agitation was evident in all parts of the House. On the Duke of Gordon's presenting a petition against Reform, Lord Mansfield rose and moved, that Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman of the committees, should take the chair. On this the Duke of Richmond, who had ratted to the Whigs, and is in the enjoyment of a place of two thousand pounds a year, started up; for what purpose? to address the House, to speak to the motion? No such thing. The etiquette of the noble Duke was pained by the discovery that noble Lords were not all in their proper places, and that an Earl had been seen actually whispering to a Baron. We are unacquainted with the heinousness of this offence, but it must doubtless be one of great magnitude, for it infinitely disturbed the noble Duke's nerves. He failed, however, of communicating his feelings to others; for Lord Lyndhurst gave him his opinion with a distinctness which perfectly surprised the noble head of the House of Lennox; and Lord Londonderry unhesitatingly characterised it, as "*a miserable shift to prevent noble Lords from expressing their opinions on this coup d'état.*" The Marquis of Clanricarde, whose name is valuable to the world since that curious affair of Mr. Auldjo, now interposed for the Duke, and talked as the noble Marquis always talks. Then rose Lord Wharncliffe, with an address in his hand, praying his Majesty *not* to exercise his prerogative of dissolving the parliament. A few manly words put the House in possession of his meaning, and he was loudly cheered. The guns were now heard announcing the King's approach; and the confusion increased. At this moment Lord Mansfield rose and reprobated the conduct of ministers in the strongest terms. "They had placed the country in the most awful situation. He accused them of weakness; and of conspiring against the safety of the state by making the King a party to his own destruction.—What did the petitions on this table pray for? The reduction of taxation, of the army, the appropriation of church property to the use of the state, universal suffrage, and the vote by ballot."—He had, he rejoiced to say, demanded an audience of the King on this subject; he had told him, that if he gave his consent to a dissolution for the sake of this Bill, the certain result of its success would be an attack on the credit of the country; on the privileges and existence of the House of Lords first, and then on the crown itself." The announcement of the King's arrival put a close to the noble Earl's address, and the King taking his seat on the throne, read the speech of which the following is the first paragraph. (See page 583, for the entire speech.)

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*,—I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this Parliament with a view to its immediate Dissolution.

"I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which shall be founded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, and may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberties of my people."

Such was the last day of the House of Lords of the first parliament of William the IVth.

The last day of the Commons was equally characteristic. On the presentation of one of the Reform petitions, Sir Richard Vyvyan, who has distinguished himself during this session as a singularly manly and intelligent member, and who stands fairly at the head of opposition in the House, rose and arraigned ministers on all points of their policy. "He charged them with rashness equivalent to frenzy in proposing a Dissolution of Parliament now; even if they had no reference to any thing but the desperate disturbances of Ireland, unless indeed they had made a compromise with the member for Waterford, which notwithstanding all their denials, he fully believed they had, though they might bring him up for judgment, to blind the eyes of protestants."

On this point our readers know that we had made up our minds from the very commencement of the proceedings. The delay, the silly suffering, the legal quibbles, the affected employment of irresponsible persons, and of that Mr. Bennett, who contrives to make himself as intangible as the fiend in the Freischütz, and yet sets every thing in motion, all satisfied us of the fact. O'Connell will, we suppose, for shame's sake, be compelled to appear at last, and then after days or weeks, perhaps months, spent in the nonsense of mooted points, on which a jury would have come to a decision without leaving the box, and a government possessed of any common sense or sincerity would have finished the matter in four and twenty hours; we shall have O'Connell discharged with some pitiful fine, or an admonition to be a good boy for the future.

As to Lord Grey's declaration alluded to; his lordship's express words more than substantiated the remark, "that they are well entitled to excite the alarm of every friend of protestanism in the empire." Lord Farnham had stated that the Reform Bill would put an exorbitant power into the hands of popery in Ireland, and would be in fact in the first instance giving up to it the Irish church, and in the next Ireland itself. To this Lord Grey, coolly answered:

"If, as anticipated by the noble lord, the Roman Catholic church *should acquire greater power than it had at present*, I cannot agree in the opinion that therefore the union between the two countries would not be maintained. In Scotland I find an establishment adverse to the establishment of this country, but no such result followed. In Canada the same circumstances exist without being followed by the consequences apprehended by the noble lord. And in many places on the Continent, even in despotic states, adverse churches exist without any interference with the general harmony. Seeing this, I hope, if ever that which I should regret should take place, that the union between the two countries would remain undisturbed."

Let the Irish protestants, and the English too, look to this. The Prime Minister, who is sworn to preserve the Protestant constitution in church and state, contemplates tranquilly the supremacy of popery.

With him it is merely a matter of political arithmetic. He "should regret it, indeed," as he politely says. But if it must come, why he has the comfort remaining, that the Union may still subsist. As if the predominance of popery, which is idolatry, ought not to be a terror in itself to every man who desires the favour of God on his country. As if the predominance of popery in any country did not imply the predominance of every private and public abomination, of every abandonment of free principles, and of the adoption of every furious excess of tyranny and persecution. Would we have Ireland what Spain or Portugal is at this moment? and yet those are the countries of Europe in which popery is most in the situation which this protestant premier contemplates with such frigid equanimity. Every man who knows Ireland, knows perfectly too that the predominance of popery would be the extinction of British connection; that the only link by which England holds Irish allegiance is the protestantism of the respectable orders; and that civil power put into the hands of the papist would, before half a dozen years were over, force us to the question of retaining the island by arms.

But his Lordship's arguments are as weak, as his prejudice is strong. Does he compare the trivial differences of the establishments in England and Scotland with the deep and perpetual gulph of separation that divides popery from protestantism? The Scotch and English profess word for word the same religious principles, and differ only in discipline. The Scotch have no sovereign lord the pope demanding the first allegiance, and giving the sovereign lord the king the second, or none. They are not bound by their religion to destroy ours, nor to pronounce us heretics, and excluded from all salvation.

And as to Lower Canada, what comparison can be drawn between a little shivering community of French settlers, under the cannon of Quebec, overawed by a constantly increasing European population, and cut off from Europe by a sea of three thousand miles; and Ireland, flaming with disaffection and superstition, crowded with demagogues and priests, and with its shores actually visible from our own? So much for the wisdom of Lord Grey. The sects of the continent are still more out of the comparison. There, but one power exists,—the bayonet. The government is administered by the power of the bayonet. All sects are menaced alike by the strong hand; and Lord Grey might as well talk of freedom in a dungeon, as of the effects of liberty of thought in three-fourths of the continental states. The whole argument was nonsense.

Sir R. Vyvyan then touched on another point of ministerial conduct, to which we call the attention of all honest men; their notions on the subject of the National Debt.

"The parliaments of this country had been for two centuries constituted in the manner in which they were at present! but if the system proposed by the ministers should be carried, there would be a mighty alteration in their constitution, and the people of England would do well to reflect upon its inevitable consequences. Already had the ministry which called for this Reform in Parliament attempted to touch the funds, and did the fundholders think that their property would be held sacred if the change in the parliament now took place? He stated his belief, founded upon the experience of the history of every country, that no new body of legislators, no new system of government, ever entertained a strictly honourable regard for the debts incurred under the old one. It

was idle for the fundholder to hope that his property would be secure under the protection of a parliament which had been framed upon the plan and suggestion of those ministers, who had *already endeavoured to assail that property*; even if the new parliament were to be passive. Past administrations were accused of having saddled the country with debts, unjustly and unnecessarily, and how did the ministers propose to lower those debts except by *taxing the funds themselves*? It was of no use to attempt to stand on forms at a time like that, and it could not be well expected that any one should speak immediately to the question before the House. In fact, that question was, as to whether the parliament should be dissolved or not—whether they were to be dissolved because they had voted the other evening that the English representation should not be reduced?”

Nothing can be truer. The tax on the transfer of stock was simply the first step; but it was a step, and we should have seen it followed up with whig vigour. There is an idle clamour against fundholders, who are all supposed to be immense porpoises of aldermen, or cunning sharks of Jews and brokers, to whom the nation is committed to pay thirty millions a-year. Nothing can be further from the reality of the case. The funds are scarcely more than a saving-bank on a large scale. They are the accumulation of the savings of trade, talent, and industry, exerted in a thousand ways, and some of them in very small ways. In the funds the widow and orphan deposit the little sum on whose interest they are to live; and any reduction of that interest would be not merely a gross violation of faith, which in an individual would deserve to be marked with perpetual infamy, but it would be the immediate ruin of thousands and tens of thousands of the most meritorious, friendless, and helpless of the human race. It is probable enough that even the infamous gain that might be thus swindled out of the helpless would be but little after all, for they must come, in innumerable instances, on the parish, and the money which whiggism refused to pay as a debt must be paid as an alms.

Sir Richard then adverted to another of the desperate illusions played in the eyes of the people by the Bill: the seizure of church property, which he justly designated as only the preliminary to the seizure of rents, and of all other property. “But he would ask, upon what ground did the ministers imagine their appeal to the agricultural interest would result in a majority favourable to the measure? He would tell the ministers the ground upon which they relied. There had but recently existed a frightful excitement in the south-west provinces of England; that excitement had not yet subsided; it had been so strong that it exceeded every thing of the kind that had occurred since the days of the going out of Sir R. Walpole’s administration. The farmers through circumstances had called for a Repeal of the Tithes, and they had been told that the Reform Bill would lead to that result. Such was the fact. The farmers, however, supposed that they were to be benefited by that repeal—that the *tithes were to become their property*. They did not know that in this country at no period had the tithes been taken away from the rightful possessors and given to the occupiers of the land. The state, or *some powerful and favoured individual*, had, in all cases where the property of the Church was confiscated, seized upon that property, to the *utter exclusion of the agriculturalist*. From the state the farmer would enjoy but little leniency. With the state for a collector, the farmer would not find matters so

easily or so considerably settled as they now were. The tenth was not now exacted, but the case might be very different if the tithes were possessed by the state."

From this topic the speaker proceeded to throw out a hint which may yet be fearfully realized, and which may reproduce exhibitions that have not been seen in England for these hundred years.

"If the ministers advised their sovereign to a dissolution, under such circumstances and upon such grounds as he had mentioned, he took upon himself, without offering any apology, to call upon *those ministers to pause*—not wildly to proceed in a course which might not only throw the country into confusion and anarchy, but might lead to the taking of the crown from the King's head—and for which, sooner or later, the *ministers themselves would have to answer*."

The guns announcing the King's arrival were now heard, and a scene of extraordinary confusion was produced in the House, by the efforts of a number of members to address the chair. Some called on Sir Francis Burdett to speak, some on Peel, some shouted out, "Lock the doors!" The whole was the most unexampled and violent agitation. The Black Rod now made his entrance, to summon the House to attend the King, and thus the first Parliament of William expired in convulsions. In what will the next be born?

We are Reformers to the fullest extent of the word. But we are not revolutionists. Revolutionists are not Reformers, but exterminators. We say, abolish every abuse, that is proved to be one; extinguish every base addition to the pension list; give the gallant soldier or sailor, the old servant of obscure office, whose salary is too small to suffer him to make provision for his age, the allowance dictated by human feeling and national gratitude. Cut away the extravagant pensions of ambassadors, and all public men, who have only been too well paid by their salaries, and who ought, like the men of other professions, to make provision out of their income for their families. Cut away the Bathurst pensions, root and branch, and hundreds of others, which claim neither by desert nor by necessity. Cut away the extravagant allowances to Lord Chamberlains, and Masters of the Horse, and the Household; lop and prune every gross and wanton expenditure, even though the money may go into the pocket of some coxcomb with £100,000. a year. To this extent we will go with the loudest of the Reformers.

Extinguish, we say, every borough which is found guilty of bartering its votes for money; punish every boroughmonger who makes a sale of his borough; destroy all the base and vile bargains of so many thousand pounds for a seat, or so much rent per annum for the privilege of voting away the money of England. Down with corruption to the ground. Let a law be passed, sentencing the elector, the elected, and the proprietor of the borough, when convicted of trafficking his conscience in the parliamentary market, to fine and transportation for life! Let the law put forth its strength and severity, and let the criminal be punished, if he were the first noble in the land! But let us not, in a spirit of frenzy, do an act which extinguishes the abuse and the constitution together, cures the diseases of the state by destroying the state, and pretends to support the cause of justice, freedom, and truth, by a measure which wades to general mischief through individual vice, and is marked in all its steps by falsehood, the abolition of long-earned rights, and the debasement of the higher and middle orders under the heels of the very rabble.

MECHANISM AND ITS MARVELS.

This is the age of mechanical invention, and we have no doubt, that before its course is run out, we shall have made a prodigious advance in the power of man over nature. The railway system is of itself a great triumph. We are not to be discouraged by the accidents which from time to time occur in its use, for in every instance of those accidents the misfortune has been fairly earned by the folly or rashness of the sufferer. Two or three things of this kind have lately happened on the Liverpool railway. But what is to be expected, if a clown who thinks he can outrun a vehicle flying thirty miles an hour, is crushed in consequence. Another fellow gets drunk, and will choose no place to sleep off his drunkenness but the middle of the railway; the engine comes, with the rapidity of a shaft of lightning, and before the engineer can see that there is any thing before him but the sky, the body is cut in two. Another clown chooses to hang on the engine, at full speed, as he would hang on the shafts of his cart; warning is of no use to him; he drops off, and is ground into powder at the moment. But those are no more impeachments of the system than the possibility of breaking one's neck by a fall from a first-floor window is an argument for living on the ground. Even the more serious doubt whether the railway be in reality the cheaper, as it is decidedly the more rapid and powerful mode, vanishes before just consideration. The expense of the Liverpool railway has been heavy, and like all commencements, there have been errors, and even some unnecessary expenditures in the undertaking. A railway too, on which the chief articles of carriage must be the bulky products of manufacture, or the still bulkier raw material, must have dimensions that can scarcely be required for the usual intercourse of the country. There may have also been a rather ostentatious attention to magnificence in the design, which, however laudable and even fitting in a great national monument, is not required in a mere instrument of connection between two trading towns in a remote part of the kingdom. But this is of all faults the most venial. We hope that no *London* railway will be constructed without a view to the national honour. It is a nobler monument than all the triumphal arches of Rome.

We say then that the Liverpool railway is an *experiment* no longer; that it has fully succeeded. The profits may be less than the sanguineness of speculation imagined. But the facts are ascertained that a steam-engine can carry weights to which no animal power is equal, with a rapidity that sets all animal speed at defiance; and that it can do this without intermission, without regard of night or day, frost or sunshine, the height of summer, or the depth of the most inclement season of the year. If the Liverpool railway were not to pay its own expenses, all that could be rationally said would be: "There has been some rashness or clumsiness in the details, but you have got all that an inventive people can require. You have got a new and mighty power of nature; such things are not vouchsafed for nothing; and your business is now to bring to it the observation and ingenuity with which you have been furnished by Providence for such purposes, and to bring this noble principle, this new revelation in mechanics, into the active and manageable employment of man." One of the curious and useful results of the railway will probably be some improvement in the communication of sound. Every body knows

the contrivance, which has now become so common in the shops of workmen and tradesmen, the tin tube by which a message is conveyed through all parts of the house, at the moment, and which of course saves the delay and trouble of sending a servant. Those tubes are capable of a much more general application, and might be very conveniently applied to every house. The principle is now to be tried on a larger scale. It is proposed, by means of a small tube throughout the length of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, to convey information as quickly as in conversation. The length of the longest tunnel of the Liverpool and Manchester railway is about 6,600 feet, but it is thought that articulate sounds could be transmitted not only through the tunnels, but along the whole length of the railway. Its convenience on the railway would be obvious, as by a few men stationed at regular distances, even miles apart, warning could be instantly given through the speaking-pipe of any obstruction or accident. But the probability is, that it will be discovered that not only can the words of a speaker at Liverpool be transmitted to Manchester, but that they can be transmitted through any distance however great, and with an almost instantaneous rapidity. The progress of sound through the air is well known to be 1142 feet in a second, and it is a singular fact that the feeblest sound travels as rapidly as the loudest: thus a whisper has the speed of a burst of thunder. But by all the experiments on tubes, it appears that the transmission of sound is infinitely more rapid than in the open air, or actually occupies no time whatever.

A series of experiments made a few years by M. Biot and other French mathematicians when the iron pipes were laying down for conveying water to Paris, seems to promise an unbounded power of transmission. They joined long ranges of those pipes to each other, so as to make a continued tube of several miles. The results were, that the lowest whisper at one end of the tube was heard with the most perfect distinctness at the other, and that it was heard instantaneously. The moment the speaker at one end was seen to apply his lips to the tube, his words were heard at the other. If this discovery should be substantiated by the railway tube, man will possess another power over nature of the most curious and the most useful kind. The telegraph, admirable an invention as it is, would be a toy to an instrument by which a public order or any other piece of intelligence could be conveyed at its full length from the seat of government to a seaport, or any other important spot of the kingdom, equally in fog and clear weather, night and day, and without even the delay that occurs by the telegraph. The sailing and triumph of a fleet, the surprise of an enemy, a stroke that might decide the fate of a nation, might be the consequence of this simple invention. And its value would be still enhanced, if in the course of time, it could be turned to the individual use of the community; if a system could be established allowing every body to avail himself of this mode of communication; like the Post Office, the intercourse of which was originally established only for the uses of the state and monarchs, but is now turned to the service of every man who desires to write a letter.

With this project, however, we by no means rank the following:

"Atmospheric Letter Carrying.—A curious model of a tunnel, through which the mail-bags might be projected, is now exhibiting in Glasgow, by a Mr. Read. According to a calculation by Professor Stevelley, of Belfast, twelve

minutes would be sufficient to transmit the letter-bags from London to Portsmouth, a distance of 70 miles."

If the Belfast professor can find no better employment for his calculations, we are much at a loss to know the use of his being taught Algebra. Here we have mail-bags proposed to be *shot* through a tunnel, for carried is out of the question, at the rate of about six miles a minute, or three hundred and sixty miles an hour. What kind of mail-bag must it be which could stand the wear and tear of such a journey? we know nothing equal to it except the texture of the Belfast professor's scull. But why all this waste of tunnel and air pump? why not put the mail into a cannon-ball at once, and fire it off by point blank stages? We consider the latter as decidedly the more rational, as it is the equally safe and much more manageable contrivance, while it has all possible advantages in point of finance; and in a national point of view might afford a pleasant and permanent practice for that meritorious body, the royal regiment of artillery.

THEATRES, MAJOR AND MINOR.

Frederic Reynolds is growing old, and he now indulges us with his "Reminiscences" in the natural style of age. He fights his battles o'er again, and makes the most of them both times. But he has no right, old as he is, to bring all the world behind the scenes, and reveal the contrivances of the machinery there, unless, indeed, he is acting on the principle, that as he was the chief constructor himself of the tricks, called the *management*, of a new play, the principal sinner is pricked by conscience to make the first confession. Here is a fragment of his king's evidence,—

"In the event of two or three disastrous seasons, that formidable champion, the press, always most liberally and good-naturedly comes forward, and offers to rally round the falling house. After various sprites, we then bring out our manufactured novelty—our aforesaid lion or lioness—of course taking care that the curtain shall draw up to a crowded audience; for if it be a bad house, the town regularly deem it to be a bad performance. Then, as to applause, in addition to our rank and file, the dread of closing our doors induce so many hundreds to open their hands and mouths, that three *rounds*, and continued *bravos* are secured to every attitude and clap-trap. Next, if a tragedy be selected for this important first appearance, we rely on the never-failing pathetic author's producing tears; but having three or four *fainters* at command, we ourselves bring them into action."

The confessor to whom he makes the discovery is moved to the soul by its genius, and declares that it leaves nothing to chance.

Nothing, is the answer; "for, the curtain down, the hackneyed call, amidst waving of hats and handkerchiefs, is huzzaingly made and acceded to. Laurel is likewise thrown on the stage; the next morning the *tocsin* of panegyric being sounded in every liberal paper, in a day or two after, the manager not only raises the salary, but publicly, in the green-room, makes a brilliant and appropriate present; next, most of the print-shops display a likeness of the new wonder, whose *defects* actually become *beauties*; then, in case of the slightest indisposition, bulletins are issued, and the box-keeper is also ordered to state that 'not a box is to be had for a month.' Such a sufficient quantity of *dust* is thrown into John Bull's eyes, that he cannot see any mode of escape, and therefore,

though at last he *finds it out*, he comes till he *does find it out*; and which act of kindness is all that is required in a city whose population consists of above a million and a half of capable customers. 'There—don't you call this management?'

Aye, and first-rate management too. With what delightful recollections must the spirits of the "Rage"—"Notoriety"—"Who wants a Guinea?"—"The Dramatist"—and some forty others, flutter over this book, and rejoice in the memory of their maker!

Now that we are on the subject of the theatre, we may as well add a word or two more. We dislike monopoly, as much as if *we* were the proprietors of an omnibus, or the Surrey. But we have our misgivings after all, on the enormous increase of the little theatres. It will scarcely be believed that there are no less than *twenty-eight*, of one description or other, now open in the metropolis and its environs, in addition to Covent-garden, Drury-lane, and the King's Theatre. To these will soon be added the Haymarket and the Olympic—and the Lyceum and the Knightsbridge now building. Here is at least a handsome provision for John Bull's play-going propensities. But of what calibre will be the performances at those places. We have no hesitation in saying that in nine instances out of ten, they are and will be the disgrace of the drama. When do we see a single instance of any able production among them? Every year they grow worse and worse. Even the actors who pass from the regular theatres to those places sink into miserable buffoons. And what else can they become, with such pieces to act and such audiences to act to? The passion of the vulgar is for vulgarity, and the passion of the actors and proprietors of those vile places is to make money by the vulgar, and of course both the actors and their performances must hourly degenerate into vileness. The Tom and Jerry school, which was at first reprobated by the public, and from which actors of any decency of character shrunk, is now *the* school, and the nearer the actor and the piece approach this standard, the nearer they are to perfection.

Then, too, let us consider the population of the lobbies. It is true in this the winter-theatres have led the way, and it is one of the abominations which, we perfectly believe, has done them ten times as much injury, as the money of the miserable creatures who go to exhibit their nakedness there has ever done them good. Nay, we will say, that this participation in the gains of a horrid and disgusting life of vice and misery is one of the causes which seems to make theatrical prosperity a dream, and brings a curse on the fortunes of theatres. But bad as all this is in the great theatres, where there is still some attention to decorum, what is it already in the wretched theatres planted in the midst of the most pestiferous portion of our populace, and how much must the evil be aggravated by tripling or quadrupling the number in those very places, as we seem likely enough to do! We shall have audiences composed of nothing but these miserable creatures, and the pickpockets who are in their pay, or the fools who go to be duped and robbed by them. Let the government look to this in time.

APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Continued from last Month.]

LVI.

The greatest proof of pride is its being able to extinguish envy and jealousy. Vanity produces the latter effect on the continent.

LVII.

When you speak of the popular effect and enthusiasm produced by the ceremonies of the Catholic church, it is presently objected that all this faith and zeal is excited by mummary and superstition. I am ready to allow that; and when I find that truth and reason have the same homage and reverence paid to them as absurdity and falsehood, I shall think all the advantages are clearly on the side of the former. The processes of reason do not commonly afford the elements of passion as their result; and the object of strong and even lofty feeling seems to appeal rather to the grossness and incongruity of the senses and imagination, than to the clear and dry deductions of the understanding. Man has been truly defined a *religious animal*; but his faith and heavenward aspirations cease if you reduce him to a mere mathematical machine. The glory and the power of the true religion are in its enlisting the affections of man along with the understanding.

LVIII.

We are imposed upon by the affectation of grace and gentility only till we see the reality; and then we laugh at the counterfeit, and are surprised that we did not see through it before.

LIX.

English women, even of the highest rank, look like *dowdies* in Paris; or exactly as country-women do in London. It is a *rule-of-three* proportion. A French milliner or servant maid laughs (not without reason) at an English Duchess. The more our fair countrywomen dress *à la Française*, the more unlucky they seem; and the more foreign graces they give themselves, the more awkward they grow. They want the *tournure Française*. Oh! how we have "melted, thawed, and dissolved into a dew," to see a bustling, red-faced, bare-necked English Duchess, or banker's wife, come into a box at the French theatre, bedizened and bedaubed! My Lady-mayoreess or the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of —, before she ventures on the word *vulgar*, or scorns her untitled and untutored neighbours as beneath her notice, should go to see *les Angloises pour rise*! That is the looking-glass for upstart wealth and inflated aristocracy.

LX.

The advantage of our nobility over the plebeian classes is said to be in the blood and in the breed—the Norman breed, we suppose—the high noses and arched eyebrows date from the Conquest. We plead guilty to the insinuation conveyed in the expression—"the coronet face"—and bow with some sort of pride to the pride of birth. But this hypothesis is hardly compatible with the evident improvement in the present generation of noblemen and gentlemen by the intermarriages

with rich heiresses, or the beautiful Pamelas of an humbler stock. *Crossing the breed* has done much good; for the actual race of Bond-street loungers would make a very respectable regiment of grenadiers; and the satire on Beau Didapper, in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, has lost its force.

LXI.

The tone of society in Paris is very far from John Bullish. They do not ask what a man is worth, or whether his father is the owner of a tin-mine or a borough—but what he has to say, whether he is amiable and *spirituel*. In that case (unless a marriage is on the *tapis*) no one inquires whether his account at his banker's is high or low; or whether he has come in his carriage or on foot. An English soldier of fortune, or a great traveller, is listened to with some attention as a *marked character*; while a booby lord is no more regarded than his own footman in livery. The blank after a man's name is expected to be filled up with talent or adventures, or he passes for what he really is, a cypher.

LXII.

Our young Englishmen in Paris do not make much figure in the society of Frenchmen of education and spirit. They stumble at the threshold in point of manners, dress, and conversation. They have not only to learn the language, but to *unlearn* almost every thing else. Both words and things are different in France; our raw recruits have to get rid of a host of prejudices, and they do it awkwardly and reluctantly, and if they attempt to make a regular stand, are presently out-voted. The terms *gothic* and *barbarous* are talismans to strike them dumb. There is, moreover, a clumsiness in both their wit and advances to familiarity, that the spiteful *brunettes* on the other side of the water do not comprehend, and that subjects them to constant sneers; and every false step adds to their confusion and want of confidence. But their lively antagonists are so flushed with victory and victims to their loquacity and charms, that they are not contented to lecture them on morals, metaphysics, sauces, and *virtu*, but proceed to teach them the true pronunciation and idiom of the English tongue. Thus a smart French widow having blundered by saying, "I have never *made* a child;" and perceiving that it excited a smile, maintained, for three whole days, against a large company, that it was better than saying, "I never *had* a child."

LXIII.

The Parisian *trip* (say what they will) is not grace. It is the motion of a puppet, and may be mimicked, which grace *cannot*. It may be different from the high, heavy-heeled walk of the Englishwoman. Is not equally remote from the step (if step it may be called) of an Andalusian girl?

LXIV.

It has been often made a subject of dispute, What is the distinguishing characteristic of man? And the answer may, perhaps, be given, that *he is the only animal that dresses*. He is the only being who is coxcomb enough not to go out of the world naked as he came into it; that is ashamed of what he really is, and proud of what he is not; and that tries

to pass off an artificial disguise as himself. We may safely extend the old maxim, and say that it is the tailor that makes both the gentleman and the man. *Fine feathers make fine birds*—this lie is the motto of the human mind. Dress a fellow in sheepskin, and he is a clown—dress him in scarlet, and he is a gentleman. It is then the clothes that make all the difference; and the moral agent is simply the lay-figure to hang them on. Man, in short, is the only creature in the known world, with whom appearances pass for realities, words for things; or that has the wit to find out his own defects, and the impudence and hypocrisy, by merely concealing them, to persuade himself and others that he has them not. Teniers's monkeys, habited like monks, may be thought a satire on human nature—alas! it is a piece of natural history. The monks are the larger and more solemn species, to be sure. Swift has taken a good bird's-eye view of man's nature, by abstracting the habitual notions of size, and looking at it in *great* or in *little*: would that some one had the boldness and the art to do a similar service, by stripping off the coat from his back, the vizor from his thoughts, or by dressing up some other creature in similar mummery! It is not his body alone that he tampers with, and metamorphoses so successfully; he tricks out his mind and soul in borrowed finery, and in the admired costume of gravity and imposture. If he has a desire to commit a base or cruel action without remorse and with the applause of the spectators, he has only to throw the cloak of religion over it, and invoke Heaven to set its seal on a massacre or a robbery. At one time dirt, at another indecency, at another rapine, at a fourth rancorous malignity, is decked out and accredited in the garb of sanctity. The instant there is a flaw, a "damned spot" to be concealed, it is glossed over with a doubtful name. Again, we dress up our enemies in nicknames, and they march to the stake as assuredly as in *san Benitos*. The words Heretic or Papist, Jew or Infidel, labelled on those who differ from us, stand us in lieu of sense or decency. If a man be mean, he sets up for economy; if selfish, he pretends to be prudent; if harsh, firm; and so on. What enormities, what follies are not undertaken for the love of glory?—and the worst of all, are said to be for the glory of God! Strange, that a reptile should wish to be thought an angel; or that he should not be content to writhe and grovel in his native earth, without aspiring to the skies! It is from the love of dress and finery. He is the chimney-sweeper on May-day all the year round: the soot peeps through the rags and tinsel, and all the flowers of sentiment!

LXV.

The meaning of all which is, that man is the only hypocrite in the creation; or that he is composed of two natures, the *ideal* and the *physical*, the one of which he is always trying to keep a secret from the other. He is the *Centaur* not *fabulous*.

LXVI.

A person who is full of secrets is a knave or a fool, or both.

THE LONDONDERRY MYSTERY.

High life is often so completely like low life that it is sometimes amusing to detect the instances of discrepancy. The Marquis of Londonderry's kitchen justice affords a case which we presume could not be rivalled in any other establishment in London. Here the Elysium of the West End, the "Third Heaven" of the élite of society, certainly stands unequalled.

"It is ridiculously untrue that the marquis, in the heat of his temper, *struck* the complaining party; his lordship merely used the means, when remonstrance failed, of endeavouring to *force* from the party that portion of the queen's gratuity which had been given to her to distribute to other of the servants who were considered as equally entitled with herself to a share of it, in pursuance of the queen's understood intentions; for the money left by her majesty (which was £45, not £50.) was enclosed in a sealed envelope, on which was written the following words:—'For the *nursery* of the Marchioness of Londonderry.' Of this money £15 was given to the head nurse—the person above referred to; a second £15 was given to her to distribute to the other nursery servants; and the remaining £15 was *retained by the Marchioness*! with a view to distribution among other members of the establishment, who were considered as entitled to a share of it. The head nurse having thus gained possession of £30, positively refused to give up any part of it; and thus arose the occasion of the Marquis's interference. The nurse gave up the £15, and quitted the house."

The first announcement of the transaction was a very plain, though not very credible, statement from one of the police-offices, of a complaint made by a nurse in the noble Marquis's family, of certain modes of persuasion by which he attempted to further the ends of justice in the distribution of fifty pounds which the queen had given at the christening of the noble Marquis's last child. The whole affair made a brilliant figure among the morning papers, and furnished the friends of the noble family with "nods and winks and wreathed smiles," with sneers and scandal for three dinners in succession. Never were fifty pounds more productive in the dead time of the season.

At the close of the week came the *explanation* which "by decision more embroiled the fray," making the doubtful clear, and polishing the clumsy into burlesque. It has the advantage of bringing in a new party, and the fair Marchioness figures in the family-picture of justice; the fat nurse has clearly the best of the story still. A contemporary says—

"Her majesty little suspected the sum of £45 would lead to such discord in an establishment like that which she had honoured with her presence. We are rather surprised that the words 'For the nursery of,' &c. were not understood to mean *for the children in the nursery*, and that parental love did not divide it among the smiling offspring of the noble peer, instead of lavishing it on domestics, who could have no occasion for it."

The reading world will doubtless thank us for rescuing so valuable a trait from oblivion. As for ourselves, being compelled, *malgré*, like Horace Twiss, to confess ourselves *not* of the nobility, we should gladly have given the fifty pounds out of our own purse, rather than indulge a laughter-loving public with the incident—if it could by possibility occur—that we applied our genius to ascertain, on the departure of our guests, the precise sum which our servants had contrived to net for their civility in attending on their hats and cloaks. We dislike the custom itself too much, to employ ourselves in the valuation of the profits. But of course a different rule exists for the *supreme bon ton*; and besides, public men have a right to give public lessons!

THE WHITE SPECTRE OF MALINANZA; A MILANESE LEGEND.

At the time when the Spaniards held the government of Milan and its paradisaical district, there dwelt, on the borders of a remote undulation of the lake of Como, two famous barons, whose names are still preserved by oral tradition among the peasantry, and by legendary transmission among the higher classes of their countrymen. Costantino di Ferrando and Carmelo di Malinanza might, in those times of ever-changing dynasties, have carried the world before them, had they been spiritless enough to remain united; but, like all other legendary barons, they chose to quarrel, each wasting his own strength in endeavouring to exhaust that of his rival. The circumstance which originated this feud was singular. The inimical barons were heirs (in default of direct descendants to either party) to the possessions of each other: the prospective rights of Carmelo rendered him, therefore, a future usurper in the eyes of Costantino; and *vice versa*. Both chiefs married. Carmelo was childless; Costantino had heirs. Carmelo now almost loathed his vast possessions, because he only saw in them the splendid reversion of his rival; while Costantino became convinced that his feudal enemy was daily plotting the destruction of those innocent beings who not only stood between him and his future aggrandisement, but were the detested heirs to his present possessions. After many ineffectual attempts to ruin each other, Costantino di Ferrando succeeded in whispering into the ear of a jealous Spanish governor a tale of treason, armed vassals, assassinations, &c.; and a large portion of the lands of Carmelo di Malinanza were, without much ceremony or examination, seized by the executive power, and declared forfeit to the crown of Spain. All men, however, now considered Carmelo a ruined man, and looked for some proof of his despairing vengeance either against his successful rival, or even the government itself. But, to the surprise of every one, he seemed neither ruined nor vindictive; and when the surrounding district beheld both his riches and his followers daily augment, while his vengeance seemed to slumber as his power of gratifying it increased, there were not wanting those who affirmed (though in a whisper which shewed their sense of the chief's mysteriously enlarging power) that Carmelo had known how to increase, by predatory means, the wealth he had lost by degrading forfeitures, and that he was only waiting some fit occasion of public tumult, to burst with sudden and irresistible vengeance.

Years rolled on, and Costantino's viceregal friend was succeeded by another Spanish governor. To him Costantino whispered his suspicions; but they were evidently listened to with a cold or a careless ear. The Spaniards, at this period, were manifestly more occupied by the intrigues of strangers than by those of their own vassal lords, and more apprehensive of foreign incursions than of internal banditti. Nay, it was said that Carmelo di Malinanza was in secret negotiation with the governor. The terms of this treaty were appalling to Costantino. An invasion of the duchy by a powerful enemy was shortly expected; and report affirmed that the confiscated lands of Carmelo were to be restored on condition that he should supply the governor, in his approaching emergency, with so numerous a body of followers, that the wonder of every peaceful *Castellano* was moved to know how the disgraced baron could command such military resources. Supernatural agency had long

been called in by the peasantry as the shortest and most reasonable way of accounting for a power which seemed to gather strength by each effort to weaken it. It was not enough to believe that he was the lord of a fierce and increasing band of choice spirits, who ranged wood and mountain, and nobly set the paltry dyssyllables *meum* and *tuum* at defiance ; for a white phantom of mist was seen nightly to glide round the towers of the baron's castle ; strange lights—the usual concomitants of haunted dwellings—sent blue and lurid rays athwart the lake—then, deepening to a glaring red, threw a ruddy glow on the opposite mountains. Then the fearful chief had—as usual in all these cases—his mysterious chamber in a lone and tall turret, where nightly he watched the course of the heavenly bodies, and called down their baleful influence on earth. The spirits of darkness were his agents ; and the night-wind which blew from his castle brought dire events on its dusky wings. Very few, excepting by daylight, ventured to eye the castle, lest some foul or hideous spectacle on its walls, or at its windows, should blast their senses.

An event which tended to strengthen the idea of Carmelo's intercourse with the powers of evil, was the untimely and mysterious death of the heir of Ferrando, in the prime of health and manhood. The brow of the unfortunate Costantino now began to darken with fearful convictions of forebodings. He made another unsuccessful appeal to the pre-occupied governor, and then summoned home in despair his youngest son, now the heir to all his lands, and the sole hope of his still powerful but declining house.

Brave and noble in person and disposition, Alberto di Ferrando had been educated in a foreign university, had served valiantly in a foreign army, and received knighthood at the hands of one of the first monarchs of the age. He remembered little of his father's country, his father's residence, or his father's feuds. With the name of the dread enemy of his house he was not, however, unacquainted, and with generous promptitude gave up his own successful career to protect and support the declining years of his parent. On his homeward-way, he visited the residence of a Castellano, to whose hospitality his father had recommended him, and with whose daughter he received a paternal hint to fall in love. The latter injunction was far from being agreeable to the spirited young chief, as his heart had, more than two years before this period, taken the unfilial liberty of making a selection for itself, and had even stood the test of twelve months' absence from the object of its devotion. That object was no other than Portia di Baveno, the niece and the ward of his father's enemy, whom (by one of those fatuities with which legend-readers must be familiar) he had met and loved in a foreign country, ere the will of dying parents had consigned her to the care and the dwelling of the dark-browed lord of Malinanza.

The young knight, however, visited, as enjoined, the Castellan ally of his house ; saw the lady ; found her no trial at all on his constancy ; and, fatigued with his journey, was preparing early to retire to his couch, when the good baron, drawing him into close conversation, began to descant on the miserable political state of the country ; and, on conducting him to his chamber, commended to his special care a sealed packet to the Baron Ferrando.

The young knight proceeded on his way before cock-crowing of the morrow. As he prosecuted his journey, he began to think rather unea-

sily of the sealed documents he had with him. Some indistinct notion that they contained treasonable matter, half suggested itself to his mind. He now remembered his host's injunction to keep them concealed about his person, and did not half relish the thought of being made the periled carrier of such matter. Night began to close in, and as his way now wound along the margin of the lake of Como, he felt more than half inclined to throw the condemnatory documents into its peaceful waters. They were directed, however, to his father, and might be on matters wh'c narrowly concerned him: he would, therefore, at every hazard, deliver the packet to his hands. This hazard soon appeared to lessen, when, at a turn in the unfrequented road, he was met by an armed escort, despatched by his father to guide him to the paternal abode.

At length Alberto's ancestral dwelling was pointed out to him in the distance, frowning—like all famous traditional castles—on an eminence, which overlooked the waters of the lake. The rippling moonbeams that played on their surface were here broken by the huge mass of building which threw its dark, giant shadow athwart the Como. On reaching it, a personage of lofty brow and high bearing advanced to meet him. The young knight, overpowered by unwonted feelings, could only ejaculate "My father!" and, reverentially falling on his knees, embraced the hand of his parent.

After this first ebullition had subsided, Alberto saw more in his parent's countenance to inspire fear than tenderness. As the knight, like most young men, was no lover of those whose persons imposed a disagreeable restraint, amounting almost to awe, he felt for a few seconds a keen sensation of disappointment. Perhaps the baron marked this; for the stern hauteur of his brow instantly relaxed into an expression that was almost fascinating, and offering his arm, with somewhat of graceful condescension, to his son, he conducted him to the banqueting-hall, whose festive boards offered delicate and costly refreshments to the wearied traveller. During the repast the conversation and manners of his parent seemed calculated to win the confidence of Alberto; but still there was a something in that dark eye which did not quite please the young chief. Venturing once to turn on it a sort of puzzled scrutiny, his gaze of dissatisfied inquiry was met by a keen, stern glance, which forbade all further ocular examination. Changing the conversation, which had accidentally, it seemed, slid into politics, the baron said, carelessly, "And what news, sir knight, and hopeful son, from our very worthy and most prosing ally of Balsano?"—"News, perhaps, that were better told in private," answered Alberto, lowering his voice. "Our house hath a fearful enemy, that might make his own of yon old baron's superannuated dreams. I scarce reck of all he told me yester-even. His discourse more mingled with my dreams than addressed itself to my waking senses, and perhaps I had forgotten it altogether, had he not left with me this sealed packet to be *safely* and *secretly* conveyed to you, my sire." As he spoke, Alberto passed the packet to his father. But he almost started at the expression of the Castellan's countenance. His brow was wrapped in a crimson glow; his dark eye flashed as if it had been actually ignited; his lips—partly opened—shewed the length of his teeth, whose whiteness was rendered more dazzling by a light froth, which seemed, as in a moment, to sparkle upon them; while his hands, as he took the packet, literally trembled with the eagerness of his grasp on it. There was something so fiendish in the expression of a face

whose lofty features had, not an instant before, worn the polished smile of what would in these days be termed gentlemanly urbanity, that Alberto almost rose from his seat with an indefinable sentiment of distrust, if not dislike. "Sit down, boy—sit down; what moves thee?" said the Castellan, endeavouring, but without his usual success, to banish from his countenance its darker expressions.—"I started, sire, to mark the change on your brow when I gave to your hands that dangerous packet. I gather from the discourse of mine host of yesterday, and from the kindling of my father's eye, that the toils are spreading anew for the dark lord of Malinanza, the hated enemy of our house and race. O! my sire, shall this wild feud never have an end? Is it not a shame that Christian men should live in deadly hate, like the unbaptized foes of our Venetian neighbours? Nay, smile not, father; I am no priestly advocate for a senseless and slavish submission to every unmerited indignity. I am no womanish coward, that preacheth peace because he feareth to make war. The sword of the bravest of Europe's sovereigns gave me knighthood as the due meed of a stout hand and a bold heart. Yet, my sire, I do profess to you that I cannot enter into the personal, the vengeful feelings, which make the vassals of the same government and the denizens of the same soil the haters and the destroyers of each other."—"Ho! Vincenzo! call hither our chaplain," said the baron, sardonically; "here is discourse might mend his style of preaching.—In what school hast thou learnt the sweet meekness that chimes so well with thy martial gait and lofty bearing? Oh, thou art all too patient, soft, and virtuous, to be fitting foe for such a flesh-inshrined demon as the lord of Malinanza. Dost thou know him, sir preacher knight?"—"By person, surely no, as my sire well wotteth," answered Alberto, with filial patience—"by fame, too well; and I hold him—if report speak truly—for a man of dark brow, and darker heart; yet I hold him also for one who hath somewhat to forgive at our hands, and whose evil passions might with better grace be told over by any other than by the head of the house of Ferrando."

The Castellan's countenance softened for a moment without an effort on the part of its owner, and he eyed the young man with a gaze in which surprise had certainly the largest expression. He changed the conversation, however, for a few moments, and then, rising from the table, took the light from the torch-bearer, and himself conducted his son to the chamber appointed him. As they entered it, the knight turned to his parent, and said, with much earnestness, not unmingled with dignity, "Although, my sire, I have protested against any vengeful and unchristian efforts to compass our dark rival's ruin, yet let me here call Heaven to witness, that I will, as a true knight and a loyal son, stand by my father's side, even in the most fearful hour of peril, to repel every aggression of his enemies; and that I will not yield to the loudest brawler against the lord of Malinanza in the defence of the just claims of our house, and in the firm and bold protection of my father's rights against all who would abridge them. Let the proud lord of Malinanza try me, by one trespass on my parent's privileges—by one effort to bring dishonour on the grey hairs of my sire, and he shall see that he who was least forward to deprive him of his own rights, is his firmest, his most inflexible opponent, when he dares to ride triumphant over those of another."—"Now by the bones of all the goodly saints in Christendom, I thank thee, young man," exclaimed the Castellan,

triumphantly ; " thou hast restored me to myself—thou hast exorcised from my bosom strange guests, that had, all unbidden, returned to it after long banishment. Thou art, indeed, worthy to be my son. I counsel thee but to one thing, sir knight—look to it that thy power to restrain the lord of Malinanza squares well with thy bold purpose. 'Tis said he is no feeble enemy, and perhaps he may have resources somewhat too strong even for your valiancy."—" I fear him not," answered the young man ; " I would defy him, even in his own castle—ay, were it garrisoned with all the goodly hosts report hath given him—demons, robbers, and assassins. I have small desire to exercise vengeance on Don Carmelo—still less fear to receive the effect of his malice in my own person.—Nay, nay, my sire—take my *armour* from me *yourself*!—and carry them out for burnishing, too!—This is making me more guest than son." As the Castellan prepared to quit the room with the light weapons of the young knight beneath his arm, he held the torch for a moment to his own dark countenance, as if almost purposely to reveal its expression to Alberto. The current of the young man's blood seemed almost arrested in his veins. Surely it was the face of a demon he gazed on ! The Castellan approached him. " Good night, young Sir," he said, with a fiendish expression ; " all good angels watch over thee in these friendly towers ; and, be thy waking to-morrow where it may, forget not my paternal good night." He was going, but, returning a step or two, he added, scornfully—" And thou knowest not the feelings of revenge ? O charming, insipid innocence ! Thinkest thou long to retain thine ignorance ? Be injured—be robbed—be stricken, hand, heart, and limb—and then retain thy meek bearing ! I will tell thee, young man, that revenge is the nearest feeling to rapture of any this poor sordid nature of ours knoweth. For me, I would sacrifice on its altar my health, my wealth, my fair lands, and all that ministers to meaner pleasures. Ay, even such a son as thou (though I am not so impassable as to close my eyes to thy noble qualities) would be but as dust in the balance.—Poor youth," he continued, with a smile, in which a very slight shade of pity was strangely mingled with an expression of triumph—" poor youth, if I *could* pity, I might pity thee.—But good night, young sir. They say that last dreams are the pleasantest : I go to pray that thine, to-night, may be surpassing sweet."—" Gracious Heaven ! what meaneth all this ?" exclaimed the knight, in astonishment, as his father (carrying away his arms) withdrew from the chamber. The idea that his parent must be in a state of insanity darted across his mind ; but when he heard a sound of locks and bolts on the other side of his apartment, he rushed to the door, and endeavoured, by forcing it open, to prevent the incarcerating process which seemed to be going on without : he was too late. He next protested, in loud and vehement terms, against this unparental strictness : a fiendish and stifled laugh without was the only answer he received. Complete silence succeeded. The gallant young chief scarcely knew what he expected—what he apprehended. He began to look suspiciously around his chamber. Whatever might be its attractions as a sleeping apartment, it was certainly strong enough for a prison. Alberto explored a small anti-chamber into which it opened, and endeavoured, but in vain, to discover some egress. In doing this, he wrenched open the door of a cabinet, which stood in a dark and scarcely discernible recess of the anti-chamber. Curious instruments, of which he did not understand the use, met his eye ; but

among them he descried one or two simple machines which could not be mistaken : these were hand-fetters.

Sensations, undefined, but far from soothing, haunted the brave knight's bosom ; and he stood, for some time, with his eyes fixed on the moonlight, which, falling through the vertical bars of his window, streaked the floor of the chamber. "'Tis nothing," at length he said, aloud. " My father—without violence to filial duty be it spoken—is a man of dark brow and moody temper. I chafed his humour to-night by holding in light esteem the feud that stirs our family-blood. I'll to bed, and think no more on his strange bearing." He was about to cast off his garments, when the words " Not to bed, lest you lie down to rise no more" met his ear.—" Gracious Heaven ! I am in the castle of some enchanter !" exclaimed the knight. " Portia—Portia di Baveno—can it be thy voice ? What white form do I see in the moonlight ? Say, shadow of an angel, art thou of earth or of heaven ?"—" Of earth, and a prey to all the miseries it groaneth under," answered Portia, gasping for breath, and supporting herself with difficulty. " Hush ! hush ! for mercy's sake speak softly."—" In the name of every saint that walketh earth and heaven, how came you hither ?" exclaimed Alberto, rushing to her assistance.—" I concealed myself at nightfall in your chamber," she said, endeavouring to collect breath for explanation. " Alberto, thy life hangs on a thread. The proud lord of this fearful dwelling hath had his wakeful eye on thee, ever since thou enteredst the land of thy sires. The treacherous escorts that met thee in thy homeward-path were not the followers of thy father. They were sent to beguile thee into the hands of thy deadliest foe. Thou art now *in the castle of Malinanza, and in the power of its merciless lord !*"—" Gracious power ! I see it all," exclaimed Alberto ; " his dark words—his fiendish gaze of triumph—his parting salutation—all are explained." The knight paused, and, almost overpowered for a moment, covered his face with his hands. At length he said—" Alas ! my real, my desolated parent, thou shalt now look for thy son—thy last hope—in vain ! He shall never behold thy face, nor hear thy blessing.—And thou, my beloved Portia, I must bid thee farewell for ever. Thou hast not let my final hour come on me without thy kind warning. I thank thee. In such coming peril, I would send thee from my side, thou faithful and lovely one ; but exit is denied thee, and the arms which Alberto would only have yielded with his last breath, have been guilefully removed from his stout hand. But conceal thyself, my Portia : it were ill fitting that thou shouldst be discovered here ; nor would I that thy tender age should behold aught thou wouldst hereafter shudder to think on." The damsel drew a poniard from beneath her white garment. " Alas ! dear knight," she said, in that kindness of tone which, under such circumstances, was the nicest proof of female delicacy—" alas ! I know too well how little will avail this single weapon, even in the hands of thy valour, against the whole force of a castello armed against thee. But listen to me. 'Tis the fatal packet that makes thy ruin. My cruel kinsman might not, even in this wild age and country, dare to lay hands on thee, held he not a fearful sanction to his utmost violence in the proofs of thy treasonable purposes. Two hours after midnight, trusty messengers and a body of armed followers will be secretly ready to convey thy fatal documents to our jealous rulers in Milan, with the news that the loyal lord of Malinanza holds thee in strict guard until their pleasure be known. Alas ! 'tis this

packet hath given thy foe a power over thee that no fear of future retribution now checketh. I do divine that his vengeance only slumbereth until he hath seen the messengers of thy ruin on their way to our despot rulers. O! Alberto, there are high thoughts in my soul! Could that fatal packet only be obtained, thy hours on earth might, perchance, be prolonged until a way of escape, or even aid from thy unhappy parent, appeared for thy salvation. My dread kinsman hath passed from thy apartment to his own. This is his brief hour of midnight repose. The fearful packet lies in his chamber."—"But what power, my gentle Portia, can remove the bars that inclose us in mine?" asked the knight—"how may I reach the chamber of my guileful foe?" Portia sprang lightly and softly to the window, and—standing within its deep niche—looked, in the pale light, like some ethereal sprite that had glided on moonbeams through the casement. She softly opened it—"Behold here, sir knight," she said. He rose to the place where she stood. She pointed to a strong stone parapet, or breast-work, which terminated the first and main wall of the edifice, and seemed designed partly to strengthen and partly to ornament the castle. Above the parapet—and only a few inches removed from it—arose a second range of building, containing innumerable chambers, some of whose long and narrow casements opened on the kind of breast-work just described. This parapet offered but a precarious pathway to the slenderest foot, even where the projection ran parallel with the straightest and most continuous portions of the edifice; but it became fearful, indeed, where it rose and descended according to the inequalities of the wall, or sharpened into acute angles in doubling the minuter turrets. "In mournful and romantic mood," said the lady, "I have often, unknown to the savage dwellers of this gloomy castello, loved to tread this dangerous path, meditating some wild and impracticable scheme of escape from the hands of my dreaded guardian. I now thank the God above, who hath turned the mad act of a desperate maiden to some sober account. I thank him, too, that care and woe have made this young frame spare and slender. Seest thou the casement of that farthest turret? The lamp within it throws its red light on the lake beneath us, and disturbs the peaceful moonbeams. *There* sleeps my kinsman. The weather is sultry—his lattice is not closed. Bars like these, which forbid not the passage of such slender frame as mine, alone defend his chamber. God of mercy and justice, strengthen me! I implore thy aid.—Farewell, sir knight—pray for me, I am adventuring on a deed of danger." She glided through the strong, vertical bars of the window, as she spoke—stept out on the parapet—and, ere the astonished knight could arrest her progress, disappeared from the casement. As she passed away, he endeavoured, by seizing her garment, to draw her from her dangerous enterprize: he was too late. He tried to thrust himself through the bars, in order, at least, to share her fate; but the interval was only calculated to admit the passage of a fairy form, and defied the utmost efforts of the knight to push his stalwart frame through such a narrow interstice. He pulled stoutly at the bars, and endeavoured to wrench them from their fastenings; but they were too closely articulated to yield to his grasp. He could only, with beating heart and dizzy brain, watch the progress of the devoted maiden.

For some time, her way lay along a straight line of building that connected the knight's tower with a cluster of turrets, in the farthest of

which she had pointed out the chamber of her terrible kinsman. The young chief perceived that her face was slightly turned towards the upper wall, as if to divert her eye from the dizzying depths beneath her. Alberto began to breathe freer as he marked the steadiness of her light foot ; but his heart again throbbed with violence as he saw her reach the end of the straight line of parapet, and prepare to mount it where it stretched upwards to the higher portions of the dwelling. There he beheld her crouch—nay, almost prostrate herself, and cling with her delicate hands to every slight projection in the walls which might either afford her a protecting hold, or advance her progress. At length she reached the height, and stood, like a pale phantom of the night, on the first turret. It was of sexangular form ; and as Alberto beheld her reach the first point, he could scarcely forbear a cry of terror. In the dubious light it seemed, when she reached that angle, as if she were about *voluntarily* to throw herself from her fearful elevation : but she passed on, like the gliding and mysterious spirit of another world—sometimes lost in the recesses of the building—sometimes reappearing on its projections, until she at length *neared* the formidable place of her destination. The knight now watched the lady with augmented anxiety, not only because her fearful goal was in sight, but because the diminishing light and increasing shadows on the lake forewarned him that the moon was about to sink behind the castle, and leave its immense pile in an obscurity which would effectually conceal every object from his view. Portia at length disappeared in a recess of the edifice. Alberto strained his vision :—the moonlight continued to decrease : his heart throbbed—his head swam. Did something white reappear from the recess?—he could not tell. The obscurity augmented ;—and now the moon sinks behind the vast building, and leaves its intricate varieties one shapeless mass. Alberto flung himself on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, poured forth a fervent supplication for the safety of her he loved.

Meanwhile the maiden pursued her fearful way until she reached the lower extremity of the dreaded turret. She marked the waning light : it was ominous—yet still she pressed forward. And now she gained the parapet, which wound round to her dire guardian's chamber. This turret was of greater elevation than its architectural neighbours, and considerably overhung the main wall of the building. It was now impossible for the damsel to avert her eye from the awful depths beneath her. She seemed to look down a dizzy and immeasurable precipice. She saw the fast-darkening waters beneath her ; she heard, in the silence of night, their mournful plashing against the grey rocks at her feet. Her head began to swim—her steps to falter. Darkness succeeded. A novice in that fearful path must now have perished ; but Portia was not treading it for the first time in such an hour. She pressed her hand in fervent but speechless supplication to Heaven. Her courage revived. She turned another angle in the tower. A red light burst suddenly upon her—it shone over the maiden's white raiment, and lighted up every object around her with a brilliancy that for a moment almost startled her, and suggested the idea of inevitable detection. She pressed on ; she reached the chamber—the casement was open.

Whatever slight sensations of fear Portia might have experienced in threading her perilous path, they assumed the character of complete indifference, or even pleasurable emotion, compared with those she felt

on beholding the object of her nocturnal adventure—the chamber of her terrible guardian. For a moment she even marvelled how aught could have excited her to an attempt so appalling. She held for support by the stone-work which surrounded the casement. Her limbs trembled; she gasped for breath; her heart beat with a violence which seemed to render its throbbings almost audible. It was too much—her courage succumbed; she could not—she durst not enter that dread chamber. She cast a hesitating, backward look on the intricate path she had so recently trodden—it seemed to lie in utter and hopeless obscurity. No matter—she would wait until the first streak of dawn should afford her light to retrace her steps. But, meanwhile, what would be the fate of him whom the contents of that fearful packet placed entirely at the mercy of one whose dark passions knew no check in the ordinary feelings of pity or compunction? That thought was enough. A returning tide of courage rushed into the heart of the high-souled damsel. She ventured to look into the chamber. The lamp—whose peculiar brightness was the whispered theme of the neighbourhood, and held, of course, of preternatural brilliancy—shewed distinctly every object in the apartment. Portia saw the long form and dark countenance of the Castellan as he lay stretched on his couch. He was evidently asleep; but the expression on his countenance shewed that his dire passions slumbered not with his sleeping body. His brow was knit, and his eyes only half closed; while the partial opening of his lips, contrasted with the fixedness of his long teeth, gave a peculiar and malevolent expression to his physically handsome countenance. A tone of malign exultation played over the whole features, and shewed that the last dark, waking thoughts of the sleeper were infused into his dreams. The periled maiden gazed round the apartment to discover where lay the object of her romantic enterprize. To make long search within the chamber would, she rightly deemed, be to prolong the risk of discovery. There was a table covered with minute maps of the neighbouring district, parchment manuscripts, and ponderous piles of bulky documents. But how was she to divine which was the desired packet? How was she to summon calmness of hand and vision to examine, under such tremendous risk, the contents of that table? Again she turned a glance of fear towards the Castellan. His pillow was slightly raised at one end. Something peeped from beneath it. Portia strained her vision in earnest gaze. It was certainly the fatal packet on which reclined the head of her dire relative! Carmelo had probably placed it beneath his pillow, less to conceal his treasure than to afford himself the exquisite gratification of slumbering on the instrument of his enemy's ruin. "God of the captive! I implore thy good hand upon me!" in mental devotion ejaculated the maiden. She drew her garments closely around her; she pressed her slight frame through the narrow interval which separated the window-bars: she entered the chamber!

For one moment Portia remained at the casement to recover the breath which now seemed to be abandoning her stifled bosom. The stilness which reigned in the apartment was so profound, that she distinctly heard the slumberous breathings of the fierce Castellan—her own gasping respiration—the faint vibrations of a pendulum placed near the bed—and even the distant plashing of those peaceful waters that laved the rock beneath the castle. As the lamp flickered on her kinsman's coun-

tenance, his features seemed to Portia's excited imagination to writhe into wild and fiendish contortions. "What," half thought the damsel—"what if he should really be the subject of demoniacal possession! What if—even worse—he should be awakening from his slumber!" She paused. The arms of the dire chief were placed near him, and his poniard lay beside him on the very couch where he reposed. Rather like one in a fearful dream than with the steady purpose of a conscious agent, Portia stole softly to the bed. She stooped towards the pillow. As her countenance unavoidably approached that dark visage, her limbs half sunk under her. Her hand was on the packet—she proceeded gently to draw it from its concealment; but it yielded not readily to her grasp. She ventured on another effort. Heaven have mercy! The Castellan half awoke. He murmured some indistinct words. The maiden sank to the ground. She saw him, in his partial awakening, stretch forth his hand, and almost mechanically feel for the object of his jealous care. Then, with the restless evolution of a disturbed sleeper, he turned on his side, and relapsed into slumber.

Without motion—almost without breath—Portia remained in her prostrate attitude. All again became silence. Her eye almost unconsciously fell on the time-piece. Its index shewed that, ere the lapse of a brief half hour, Carmelo would be aroused from his slumber, and the fatal documents despatched to their final destination. The feverish movement of the Castellan had now averted his face from the maiden. The change was encouraging. Without rising from her prostrate posture, she stretched forth her hand—she again laid it on the desired packet. She began to draw it forth. The baron stirred not. Providence surely deepened that slumber! She has gained the packet—she holds it in her trembling grasp!

With a throbbing heart Portia softly arose, and stole in trembling triumph towards the casement. The documents were of parchment, heavy and numerous: they somewhat embarrassed the retreating passage of the maiden. Her foot struck against a piece of furniture. The baron started up in his couch. Portia stifled her rising shriek, with the energy of despair threw down the lamp, and endeavoured in the obscurity to press through the window-bars.

"Angels and fiends! my treasure—my packet!" exclaimed a vengeful and tremendous voice. A heavy foot was instantly on the floor. With desperate efforts the maiden endeavoured to effect her passage; but a projection of the casement caught her garments. They were seized by her pursuer. She struggled wildly forward—she was almost dragged back into the chamber. Faithful, even in her last extremity, to the feeling which had dictated her enterprize, Portia collected the whole of her remaining strength, and clinging to the bars of the window with one arm, raised the other to its full stretch, and flung the packet into the lake beneath her. A pattering sound was heard against the walls of the castle—then against the rock beneath: a slight plash in the waters succeeded, and proclaimed that the fearful cause of such dark and varied feelings had sunk to final oblivion.

Lashed almost to phrensy by the sound which conveyed the heavy tidings that his treasure was no more, Carmelo relinquished his grasp on Portia, and flew to the door of his chamber. "What, ho! Vincenzo! Amodeo!" he cried, "traitorous hands have flung my treasured packet into yon lake beneath us. On your lives lower a boat this instant: it

may yet float. A thousand zecchini to him whose hand shall yet secure it."

The sudden relinquishment of the baron's grasp in the midst of her struggle for release, would probably, by its abruptness, have precipitated the maiden into the lake below, had not her entangled garments proved a timely check to her fall. Heaven had granted her an instant for escape, and given her strength to use it. With a courage which desperate circumstances rather kindles than extinguishes in characters of a certain tone, she extricated her raiment, and clinging for support to every tangible substance that presented itself to her grasp, passed from before the casement, and concealed herself in the first dark recess the turret afforded—secure, at least, that no inmate of the castello could follow her. Here the damsel paused. She stood to recover her breath—to listen to what passed in the dwelling, and to wait till the restored tranquillity of the castle, the renewed strength of her limbs—trembling with recent agitation—and a streak or two of returning light should enable her to prosecute her strange path with less danger. She heard a confusion of voices and busy feet in the castle; she heard the plashing of oars in the quiet waters of the lake; she heard the return of the successful adventurers. Stillness succeeded; and, in the silence of the night, the voices of her kinsman and one or two of his confidants reached the maiden's ear. She ventured to draw a little nearer to the casement.

"It must have been a form of earth," observed the Castellan, who, like many persons superior to the vulgar credulity of accepting a revealed religion, was the subject of a scarcely avowed superstition—"it must have been a form of earth: I felt *its* garments—I held them in my grasp; and—if a form of earth—then a woman's form, for no other could pass between those bars. But what woman? It could not be the meek and timid girl, my kinswoman. The thought is idle. She starts at her own shadow, and would dream not of such fearful emprise. Nay, as a good guardian, I have ever cared for her safety. Her window opens not at all, nor does it even look on this giddy parapet; and, for her door, I turned its locks and bolts as I passed from the prison-chamber of yon hopeful cavalier.—Thou sayest, Vincenzo, that she sleepeth even now in her chamber?"—"God of mercy! then I have found a friend!" ejaculated the maiden to herself.—"What, then, was that form?" continued the Castellan, in a deep and troubled voice. "Vincenzo, we may not now safely do our work to-night. *Lay not thy hands on him.* There be those may now call on us to answer for the deed."—"Merciful Heaven! I thank thee; thou hast crowned my purpose," again ejaculated Portia.—"Dream on, young sir, a few more hours in safety," pursued the Castellan, in the tone of a baffled demon, "my vengeance only slumbereth to fall the surer.—Power that rulest all things, and kindest our dark and deep passions! why—why hast thou placed in my keeping the treasure my vengeance hath so long craved at thy hands, only to let it elude my grasp? There is something strange on my soul to-night. What could be that form?—Thinkest thou, Vincenzo, yon knight hath agents we wot not of? I have the thought.—Melcurio, go get me some half-score of picked men. I will forthwith visit that young gallant's chamber. I will see whether he still slumbereth in unsuspecting security. If he still calleth me by my most soothing paternal name, I shall know how to deal with him. He may yet give me knowledge that shall crush him and his sire. Not to

rouse the young lordling's suspicion, let the castle be quiet for a brief space. Then come hither with thy force. Follow me with the softest foot to the knight's chamber—and enter it not until I summon thee. *He is without arms.—Go.*" The Castellan apparently walked close up to his casement as his attendants quitted the apartment ; for his voice sounded to Portia more near and distinct. As his eye wandered over the hosts of heaven, which were waxing dim in the first pale and scarcely perceptible influence of morning twilight, he seemed only busied in invoking the spirits of darkness ; and the low, but audibly-uttered sentences—" Give me vengeance—I ask but for vengeance !" reached the ear of the maiden. She staid not to hearken farther. O ! could she but gain Alberto's apartment ere her kinsman's visit, what a fatal tragedy might she prevent ! With no other guide than the pale light of faintly-struggling day, she ventured on her returning path.

Long and anxiously did the gallant and prisoned chief gaze from his window ; but in vain he seemed to strain his vision. At length, however, a slender form darkened the casement. On his knees the knight received the maiden, and heard from her lips the deed of devotion she had performed. " And now, sir knight," she said, with hurried voice, " your part must be taken boldly and promptly. Withdraw the inner bolts of your chamber. Throw yourself on your couch, and feign the slumber of easy security. Above all, as you hope for another hour of life, shew not that you have discovered the falseness of that paternal name your dire foe hath assumed."—" Cowardly and wily traitor ! it will ask more art and more forbearance than my nature knoweth to hide from him the feelings which his presence and his guileful title will arouse in my bosom," said Alberto, indignantly.—" For my sake, then, forbear," said the lady, sinking to her knees. " As you are a Christian man, and the servant of Him who took patiently the wrongs of his enemies ; as you are a true knight, and value the safety of her who hath periled all for you, take the counsel I give you. I will not conceal myself—I will dare the worst, if you refuse." The knight took the hand of the lady, pressed it to his lips, and swore obedience. Gently and respectfully he then conducted her to a place of concealment in the anti-chamber.—" God grant," said the maiden, with noble candour—" God grant that matters, on the coming morrow, may wear such changed aspect that I may be free to blush at the strange part which fear for the periled life-blood of a brave friend hath urged me to."—" O ! blush never for the heroic deeds this night hath witnessed, noble and high-souled maiden !" said Alberto, tenderly, but respectfully ;—" 'tis your poor knight must ever blush at the little return the service of his whole life can make for such devotion."—" Away—away, dear knight ! Remember I have acted towards thee as towards one who stood on the verge of this life, and might shortly be the tenant of another world. Time presses. The crisis of our fate approaches. Hie thee to thy couch, sir knight, and God speed our purpose !" Alberto now re-entered the chamber, and softly withdrew the inner bolts of his door. He then fastened a light breast-plate to his bosom, and throwing a loose night-robe over his clothes, betook himself to his couch. The hearts of the knight and of the lady now rose in throbbing prayer to Heaven.

After a breathless suspense of some minutes, a sound was heard like that of many feet endeavouring to tread with noiseless stealth. They approached close to the chamber. Then came a pause, as if to allow the

sound to die away ere the pretended parent entered the apartment of his son. Bolts were quietly withdrawn; and the baron, holding a light in his hand, made his appearance. Alberto made a motion as of one awakening from sleep, and strove hard to convert his look of indignant aversion into a gaze of simple astonishment.—“I crave pardon for disturbing thy slumbers, gentle son,” said the Castellan; “but our own sleep hath been strangely broken to-night, and we come to know if thine hath partaken of the disturbance.”—“The greatest disturbance my night hath known,” answered Alberto, oddly, “is your presence, sir father, at such unseemly hour.”—“And this is (in very truth) the greatest, the only disturbance, thou hast experienced this night?” asked the baron, rolling an eye of fearful inquisition over the countenance of his intended victim. “But how now, fair son? methinks thy visage is somewhat changed towards us. Oh! thou chafest at our uncourtly but very parental freedom in drawing the bolts of thy chamber!”—“In verity,” answered the knight, “I have been little used to be locked up like a helpless monk or a prisoned maiden.”—“But hark thee, fair son, thy good hand must forthwith indite us some half-dozen lines to our good cousin of Balsano, praying him to return us, by our own trusty messenger, farther notices on the subject he treats so well of. My hand hath lost its cunning in clerkly doings; but here be materials for writing. I will dictate to thee. Thou wotteth so well of what importance this matter is to our house, that I will not tax thy filial courtesy by vain excuses for disturbing thee. My messenger must depart ere sunrise. To-morrow, my noble son, all shall be explained to thee, nor shall my too officious care for thy safety draw one more bolt on thy fair freedom.”—“I pray you, my lord—my father,” said the young man, endeavouring to stifle the indignation which this treacherous proposal excited—“I pray you let your good pleasure be postponed to a more seemly hour. I am but a sorry clerk, and can only indite my letters by the broad light of day.”—“Sir son, I am not in the habit of being contradicted.”—“Sir father, I am not in the habit of being commanded.”—“So—a choice spirit I have to deal with!” said the Castellan, with a look in which the affectation of good-humoured, parental forgiveness of youthful obstinacy struggled with an awfully contrasted expression. “But come, young sir, thou wilt not, for a moody fit of surly insubordination, ruin the fair prospects of thy father! Here, take thy pen. In filial courtesy do my pleasure to-night—then sleep in peace, and wake to-morrow to thine own pleasure—to feast, to mirth, and pastime.—Thou wilt not?”—“My lord—my lord!” began the knight, off his guard for a moment.—“My lord, too! so stiff—so ceremonious!” said Carmelo, bending on Alberto a look which might have withered a less stout heart. “Young man,” he added, “I like not thy bearing this night; I understand not the changed expression of that eye. Say—speak out boldly—for what dost thou take me?” The Castellan was evidently about to retreat as he spoke, perhaps to summon his attendants; but the active young knight wound his stout arms around his pseudo-parent.—“For what do I take thee?” he repeated. “Stay in my filial embrace, and I will tell thee. I take thee for a coward, and a villain, and a traitor—for one unworthy to be a good man’s friend, or a brave man’s enemy—for one capable of betraying the innocent and the unsuspecting—for one ripe for Heaven’s avenging thunderbolt—for the base, the pitiful, the wily lord of Malinanza!”

It must be remembered that Carmelo had commanded his followers not to make their appearance until summoned by the voice of their chief. In the strong grasp of his powerful prisoner, the proud Castellan now, therefore, struggled—but struggled in vain—for breath to summon his attendants; while the knight, who could not spare a hand to seize his poniard, felt that on the prolongation of that strong embrace depended the few remaining minutes of his existence: the moment when his dire foe should recover the use of his lungs must, Alberto felt, be *his* last on earth. The Castellan was evidently struggling for his stiletto. O! could the knight but close for one moment the inner fastenings of that door! A light form rushed from the anti-chamber; a slight, grating noise was heard; and, ere the relaxing grasp of Alberto gave the baron breath to summon his attendants, the hand of the faithful Portia had effectually precluded their entrance. “My guardian angel! God of heaven, I thank thee!” ejaculated the grateful knight, now withdrawing one hand from the Castellan, and seizing his poniard. “Now strike, thou paltry and base entrapper! I have met bolder and purer hands than thine. Strike—do thy worst—I have weapons to meet thee.”—“What, ho! knaves—traitors! come to the aid of your chief! To the rescue, ho!” exclaimed the baron, in the tone of a baffled demon. The combatants made two desperate but ineffectual passes at each other as they spoke. The knight then bore back his foe, and, without relinquishing his grasp on him, sprang from the bed.

The attendants were now heard endeavouring to effect an entrance into the chamber.—“Break open the door!” thundered the Castellan, who had himself no hand free to remove its fastenings—“break open the door!” he added, in a dreadful voice. “Use bills—use axes—set fire to the chamber!”—“No—no, man of blood and treachery! thine hour is come!” exclaimed Alberto, relinquishing his hold on the baron, and placing his back against the door. The knight held the point of his weapon to the ground. Though well acquainted with the arts of single combat, the now furious Castellan could not resist the tempting sight of his foeman’s exposed bosom: he made a desperate thrust at Alberto, leaving his own body unguarded. The knight’s poniard was raised with the quickness of the lightning’s flash. He struck off the weapon of his adversary; and, ere the Castellan had time to recover guard, his captive’s weapon drank to its very hilt the life-blood of that dark and treacherous bosom!

Carmelo di Malinanza stood for one moment like a scathed spirit of darkness—then fell with a violence that sent forth the crimson stream of life in a gushing tide from his deep and mortal wound. He was in the convulsions of death. A dead silence followed. The generous knight and the maiden instantly knelt over him. “His dark soul is passing,” said the young man, solemnly. “Turn thee away, my gentle deliverer, from such unfitting sight.”—“God of mercy! and he must die without ghostly aid,” exclaimed the maiden, horror-stricken. “O! dear and true knight, on my bended knees I praise God for thy victory; but, as a generous foeman, use it for the weal of thy fallen enemy. *Thou* art now lord of this dread castle. O! use thy new authority to get spiritual help for this dying man—it may not yet come too late!” The attendants, perceiving the sudden stilness in the chamber, and uncertain which combatant had gained the advantage, now deemed a neutral conduct the most politic, and therefore ceased their efforts to force an entrance into the

apartment. The knight arose, and went to the door.—“Vassals and retainers!” he said, speaking through it with dignity, “I now am lord of this castle. Your Castellan I have vanquished in fair combat, and in defence of my life, which some of you well wot was most unjustly practised on. In the name of your master, my father, I publish a pardon to all who have aided their chief in this foul design, on condition that they now acknowledge my authority and execute my orders. Refuse—and you will expose yourselves to the vengeance of a powerful master, and an incensed parent. Go—and instantly summon ghostly and physical aid to your dying chief.”

The knight opened the door as he spoke, and presented himself, with fearless brow and firm mien, to his new followers. One glance into that chamber was sufficient for the menials. They beheld their dreaded chief in the struggles of death; they marked the high and confident authority of the knight's bearing. Like all politicians, their part was soon taken. They at once turned their back on the fallen potentate, and recognized the power of the successful claimant on their homage; and the young man, so lately a captive on the verge of everlasting fate, beheld himself lord of the dwelling that had, a few minutes before, been his prison—conqueror of him who had so recently held him in his power—and possessor of the lady whom, on the preceding evening, he had deemed immeasurably separated from him!

As the vassals flew to execute the humane orders of the knight, the news of this change of dynasty spread fast and wide through the castle. Domestic thronged towards the tragic chamber, and a shout of “Long live the lord of Ferrando! Long live the brave knight of Ferrando! Long live our new chief!” arose from the former slaves of the terrible baron of Malinanza.

The sound which proclaimed the ruin of all those darling and deadly schemes for which he had sacrificed soul and body, seemed to recal the passing spirit of the fallen Castellan. A dreadful flush, like the last red gleam of a baleful comet ere it sets in night, wrapped for a moment his whole countenance, and seemed to rekindle the eye that death had almost extinguished. He half raised his head, and turned on the knight and the maiden—who, side by side, were kneeling over him—such a concentrated look of dark hatred, wild anguish, and unutterable despair, that the cheek of Portia waxed pale with horror. That flush died away. The shades of death succeeded. The last dews of struggling nature burst from the high forehead of the expiring Castellan; the momentary kindling of his eye was soon lost in the dim and rayless gaze that precedes dissolution. His countenance grew stiff and pale—his head fell—the dark spirit passed to its eternal doom—and the haughty, vindictive, and once terrible lord of Malinanza was now only a powerless and undreaded corpse!

THE HANSE TOWNS.

THE greater part of the life of Charlemagne had been spent in efforts to subdue the north ; and, with the usual effect of the mere war of ambition, he found that his labours and even his triumphs ended in at once exhausting his own force, and increasing the force of his enemy. The vigour and activity necessary for resistance to a monarch and warrior who carried the whole south and west of Europe in his train, rapidly brought out the latent powers of the barbarous tribes ; and partially broken as the nations round the Baltic were by this incessant war, they had acquired habits of industry, self-dependence, and political union, which, at the death of Charlemagne, placed them in a position to become conquerors in their turn.

The vices and follies which finally broke down the empire of Charlemagne, relieved the north of the only rival which it had to dread ; and the nature of the country—watered by large rivers, indented by bays, and, above all, containing in its bosom the Baltic—turned the popular attention to commerce. But a still more powerful influence civilized the people. Charlemagne had planted Christianity among them ; and rude as was the Christianity of Charlemagne, and suspicious as all religion must be when planted by the sword, its better spirit gradually made way among their institutions. Its first result was in reconciling those half-savage tribes to each other. The missionary passing through the camps of the wild sons of violence and plunder, offered to them the sight of a being whose principles and life were regulated on grounds totally distinct from their own, and who forced their respect without the hazardous and sanguinary distinctions of war. Where the monastery rose among them, they saw a building nobler than any of their castles, tenanted with a crowd of men, living together in quiet ; opulent by their superior intelligence and industry ; surrounded by lands whose cultivation and beauty shamed the neglected and barren state of their own ; masters of a rank of knowledge to which the barbarian, in all ages, bows down, if not with superstitious fear, with wonder and reverence ; and this whole splendid community sustained by a declared adherence to the precepts of peace. The worship of the sword was thus rapidly approaching its close. Men discovered that all the best advantages of life might be not merely more rapidly obtained, but more fully enjoyed and more securely held, by abandoning the old career of fury and rapine ; and from that hour the spell of barbarism was broken. The peasantry flocked round the walls of the convent, where they received not only spiritual wisdom, but assistance in their difficulties, medicine, food, and clothing, education in their ignorance, and not unfrequently protection against the outrages of their lords. They next built a village round the monastery. The village grew to a town ; its opulence, or the funds of the monastery, purchased the right of self-government from the feudal sovereign ; and a little republic was thus formed, guided by a wisdom which was not to be found in the councils of idle and brute barons ; and urged on to opulence by that resistless animation and judgment, invariably belonging to a state of a society where every man is free to follow the bent of his own genius, and every man is secure in the fruits of his labour.

Before the end of the thirteenth century, Europe was studded with those privileged cities. They were to be found along the shores of every sea, on the banks of every great river, in every spot where the productive

industry of man could be expended to the highest advantage. They were to be found on the Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Vistula; on the borders of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. While the rest of Europe lay reduced almost to its primitive barbarism under a race of dissolute and impoverished princes, those were the arteries which gathered and sent life through the frame. Even war owed its science and its laws to those cities of peace. Forced to raise troops for their defence against the rapine of their sovereigns, their chief citizens officered their armies, and, transferring the sense of justice and civilization even to the camp, they gradually constructed that code of arms which, rendering due honour to the virtues even of an enemy, has eminently tended to ennoble the principles and mitigate the horrors of war.

But as the intelligence of the privileged cities increased, they discovered that another important step remained to be taken for their security against the sovereigns. The deposition of the Emperor Frederic II. had thrown Germany into confusion. Some of the commercial towns on the Rhine were surprised and plundered by the vagrant soldiery. The other Rhenish towns, indignant at this outrage, adopted the cause of their brethren. An alliance was instantly proposed; and, in 1255, the first confederacy, an "alliance for ever," of no less than sixty Rhenish towns, was published to Europe.*

Hamburgh is said to have been founded in the ninth century by Charlemagne, who placed in it a garrison to watch the more than doubtful fidelity of his Saxon subjects; but its situation on the Elbe soon gave it a higher rank, and it shared largely in all the commercial opulence of the time. Lubeck and Bremen, founded probably in the following century, distinguished themselves by the daring spirit with which their mariners ventured on the *long* voyage to Norway; the skill with which they navigated the Sound, then a scene of fabulous perils; and the wealth and the wonders which they contrived to bring back from the Russian provinces, then the peculiar seat of witchcraft, and the terrors of a superstition mingled of the wildest tales of Europe and Asia.

But it was that grand stimulant of nations, the Crusades, that showered gold on the north. The German chieftains, summoned by their emperor, and retaining their hereditary love of war, more than vied with the enthusiasm of the south in embracing the sacred cause. But they were poor, and the money and the ships of the commercial cities were essential to their enterprize. The greater part of those gallant champions left their remains in Palestine. The ships alone returned, and they brought back the precious cargoes of the east, the knowledge of the Mediterranean navigation, the passion for luxuries hitherto unknown, and the determination to share this brilliant traffic with its masters, the Venetians and Genoese. The success of the Crusades had thus far aided the northern towns. Their failure was the next thing necessary to the success of commerce. The event soon occurred. The Saracens and their climate, the expense of the armaments, and the jealousies of the princes, broke down the passion of the Crusaders for triumphs in Asia. But their valour must be employed. A simpler crusade lay before their eyes. Saxony, Denmark, Prussia, almost the whole coast of the Baltic, were still heathen. The Knights of the Cross were let loose among them: their cabins were burnt, their harvests seized, their warriors put to the sword.

* Mallet, Histoire de la L. H.

The cause was finally victorious; but the land was a wilderness once more. It must be filled. Colonies of civilized Germans were marched into the fields which had been tenanted by the fallen tribes; walls and towns were built; ships and harbours followed; and those settlements in the desert soon rose into the rank of members of the great commercial league.

At Cologne, in 1364, was held the first general assembly of deputies. This assembly gives an extraordinary idea of the extent and power to which the association had arrived in an age antecedent to nearly all the chief discoveries of European science, to all regular polity, and all general knowledge. It represented the principal cities of the immense shore spreading from the Scheld to Livonia. The cities of the interior eagerly solicited leave to send deputies, and the assembly laid down the laws of commercial empire. It is on this occasion that we find the phrase Hanse Towns first applied to the league. In the Low Dutch, *hanse* signifies a *corporation*; and the word itself is presumed to be a corruption of *hands*—the natural and common emblem of united strength or fidelity. It had been used before by Hamburgh and Lubeck, in the charter granted to their factory in London, by Henry II., in 1267. But it was now applied to the whole association, and henceforth superseded every minor title.

The assembly had been summoned by the necessity of providing for war against Denmark, once the head of the piratical states, and now evidently extending its ambition to the overthrow of the Hanseatic privileges, and, as the natural consequence, to the seizure of northern sovereignty. All history is but a repetition of the same men and things; and Valdemar the Third, the King of Denmark, might have been a prototype of Napoleon, in his love of conquest, his successes, and his double flight from the throne. Valdemar had found Denmark fallen from its ancient supremacy, and he determined to raise it to a supremacy still higher than it had ever attained. But in a realm intersected everywhere by great waters, he could do nothing without a fleet; he created one. Wisby, a city in the Isle of Gothland, had grown to singular opulence by being the depôt of the chief trade between the Hanse Towns and the North. It had acquired a still more honourable distinction by being the cradle of that code of maritime law on which the chief codes of commercial Europe have since been constructed, and which has earned the praise of all the great civilians. But the pirate king saw nothing in this celebrated spot but its wealth and its weakness. He made a sudden descent on the coast, under pretext of assisting the Swedish king, whose yoke the citizens had thrown off. The place was stormed, the people were mercilessly slaughtered, and Valdemar carried off a booty which, in those days, was equivalent to the possession of a kingdom. But a formidable reverse soon followed. In the destruction of the city, every commercial establishment of the North felt a wound; their goods had been carried away, their merchants and agents slain, and their privileges insulted and annulled. The whole Hanseatic alliance instantly prepared for war. Holstein, Bremen, Lubeck, Hamburgh, the Prussian ports, the whole trading republic, strained every effort for retribution. They sailed for Gothland with a large fleet, and swept every thing before them. Gothland was taken, Wisby was freed from the presence of the pirates, the Danish fleet was beaten in sight of its own capital, and Valdemar was driven to demand a truce.

But a new source of alarm roused the war again. Valdemar despairing of the seizure of the Baltic by arms, attempted it by intrigue, and gave his daughter, the famous Margaret, the Semiramis of the North, to Haquin, heir of the crowns of Sweden and Norway. This extraordinary union of power in the hands of an enemy, so active and inveterate as the Danish king, would have exposed the Free States to imminent hazard. The merchants of the league had already become warriors, they now became diplomatists. Their first act was to raise an insurrection in Sweden, which finally deposed its king. Their next was to prevent the elevation of his son to the throne, by giving it to Albert, Duke of Mecklenbourg. Their fleet put to sea at the same time, and Valdemar, thus cut off from land and sea, had no resource but to fly for his life.

Human nature may rejoice in this triumph, for it was the triumph of intelligence, manliness, and a sense of right, over plunder, cruelty, and wrong. But the vigour which man learns when left to the natural workings of his own understanding, was still more conspicuous in the progress of the war. Valdemar had fled to the Emperor, Charles the Fourth, and a succession of haughty decrees were issued against the League. But the merchants persevered, in defiance of the Imperial authority. The pope launched his bulls against the League, and excommunicated all who bore arms against the will of Charles. Yet, in an age of profound superstition, when the pope was supreme monarch of Europe, and when its kings were proud to hold his stirrup, the bold traders of the Elbe and the Baltic listened with disdain, or answered with open defiance, to the anathemas of a throne which never forgave, and which combined in itself more of the elements of power than any sovereignty ever witnessed by man.

It was to counteract the imperial and papal hostility that the celebrated conference of Cologne was summoned, and the Hanseatic League first assumed its complete form. Seventy-seven cities subscribed to the declaration of war against the King of Denmark. The declaration was followed with military promptitude. While their troops and fleets pursued Valdemar with open war, their money and influence raised insurrections in his territories and those of his allies. The League, inflamed by victory, at length loftily declared its determination to dismember the Danish kingdom, which still extended largely over the provinces to the south of the Baltic. They sent expeditions against the coasts of Scania and Zealand, took Copenhagen by storm, and laid it waste, seized on Elsinour, and were thus complete masters of the entrance of the Baltic. But while war thus thundered round the shores of the inland sea, and threw Sweden and Denmark equally into terror, a new fleet swept the Danes from the ocean, ranged the coast of Norway, where Haquin now reigned, landed at all points, and ravaged the whole sea line. Two hundred towns or villages were burned; and hostilities were pursued until the king, on the point of seeing his capital fall into the hands of those bold and irresistible avengers, renounced his right to the Swedish throne, recognized Albert of Mecklenbourg as king, and submitted to all the commercial claims and privileges of the League. Valdemar fled from Denmark, and was driven, like a mendicant, to solicit subsistence from the German dukes. The regency of Denmark gave up the fortresses of Scania as an indemnity for the plunder of Wisby, and Valdemar, as a last humiliation, subscribed to this treaty, before he was suffered again to set foot within his kingdom. Emergencies often make men, and among the

most honourable testimonies to the spirit of commerce was, that it had made officers and councillors, who without the usual training of camps and cabinets, were found capable of conducting the greatest transactions of public life. The fleets of Lubeck were commanded by two senators, Attendam and More. Their general was Warendorf, the son of a burgo-master. He fell gloriously in the moment of victory, and his countrymen raised a monument to him in one of their principal churches, where he stood for many an age in a Roman helmet and cuirass, and with a fame not unworthy of the distinction.

Nations are sometimes driven by necessity to the discovery of principles which long elude philosophy. One of the latest doctrines of political œconomy is, that the most profitable traffic is the one nearest home. The first efforts of the Hanseatics had been to share the splendid profits of Venice and Genoa in the Mediterranean trade. They soon succeeded in obtaining a share. But it was found that the length and hazards of the voyage were more than equivalent to its advantages. The vessel, sailing from the Baltic or the Elbe, did not return for a year. It thus became necessary to find a nearer port. The Low Countries, in their liberty, industry, and commercial habits, offered the true site for this central establishment, and Bruges was fixed on for the grand depôt of the Baltic and the Mediterranean.

But the history of commerce is a detail of all the improvements that have shaped the modern mind of Europe. Perhaps two of the finest expedients of civilization are Insurance and Bills of Exchange. Yet the former of those was in activity in Bruges even in the beginning of the 14th century; and the system of bills of exchange, a simple yet admirable effort of human ingenuity, from which the principal liberties of Europe arose, and which, beyond all other human inventions, gave the invaluable power of escaping from the hands of a tyrant, was brought almost to its perfection within the walls of this Flemish town.

Before the middle of the fourteenth century the League had risen to the highest pitch of prosperity. It was destined to feel the symptoms of decline long before its close. On the death of Valdemar, his daughter Margaret placed her son Olaus on the thrones of Denmark and Norway. An insurrection against Albert, the unpopular king of Sweden, drove him from his throne, which the nation offered to Margaret. The League, dreading this new accumulation of power in one line, immediately armed; and, in their rage, singularly forgetting the first principles of the commercial state, let loose a whole swarm of pirates upon the dominions of Margaret. But those robbers, who were named *Vitalians*, or the Victuallers, from their having been originally employed in provisioning the besieged towns, soon turned upon their masters. The Hanseatic ships offered a spoil which was not to be looked for among the meagre cargoes of the impoverished ports of Sweden; every day brought accounts of some new excesses, and the League was finally forced to a compromise with Margaret, in order to stop a war which was destroying themselves. Albert, deserted by his last support, was now forced to abdicate, and by the memorable "Union of Calmar"* the three crowns were supposed to be laid on one brow for ever!

The brevity of those "eternal" arrangements in politics is proverbial; and the death of this great princess threatened her System with

immediate dissolution. Her policy had been bold, but temperate; that of Eric, her successor, was at once feeble and violent. The Swedes, by nature a singularly restless people, soon declared themselves neglected for the Danes. The Danes pronounced that they were robbed with impunity by the Hanseatic monopolists. The Norwegians were jealous of both, and demanded why they should pay obedience to a king who scorned their crown, and who never visited their capital? As if only for the purpose of embarrassing himself inextricably, Eric made war on the Count of Holstein, by whose military skill he was perpetually baffled. He provoked the Hanseatics by impeding the herring fishery, and he alienated the German princes by the alternate indolence and rashness of his character. The internal dissensions of the League alone prevented them from now wrenching the tyrant from his throne. But he was not to escape the natural fate of weakness and guilt in high places. The Swedish revolt was renewed under more active auspices. Denmark declared itself beggared by his wars and personal waste. Eric in vain attempted to save himself, by making peace with Holstein, after nine years of ruinous hostility. With equally fruitless effect he abandoned to the League all its monopolies. The cry of his people still arose, that he was unfit to reign; until with his mistress, Cecilia, not less obnoxious than himself, and with whatever wealth he could seize, he retired into Gothland. Denmark gave its crown to Christopher, Duke of Bavaria, a son of Eric's sister. The exiled monarch, in wrath, poverty, or despair, turned pirate, and robbed all nations in his exile, as he had robbed his subjects on his throne. This career could not be suffered long: he fled from Gothland, and shortly after died in Pomerania, obscure and scorned.

The League had already shewn that it was equal to the highest efforts in the struggle for its rights. But there was reserved for it a yet loftier display for the rights of others. Sweden, whose remoteness from the stirring scenes of Europe, and whose barrenness have never saved it from the whole wild game of ambition, intrigue, tyranny, and war—Sweden, the country of revolution, was now suffering under the sternest calamity which can afflict the heart of a proud and gallant people. Christiern the Dane, who, even among his own people, had earned for himself the title of Christiern the *Bad*, had suddenly marched an army of mercenaries into Sweden, surprised its forces, seized the young heir to the throne, Gustavus Vasa, and mastered the country, which he delivered over to the savage licence of his soldiery.

It is for the honour of human nature that there is a point at which oppression works its own ruin. The peasants met in their morasses and mountains, the nobles, as each could elude the vigilance of the tyrant, joined them; insurrection burst out, and, to complete the peril of the Danes, the young Gustavus escaped from the place of his confinement, and was declared leader of the patriots of Sweden. But the source of this heroic resistance was found in the counting-houses of the League. Hatred of the tyrant, fear of the result of accumulating the power of three crowns on his head, and not less the natural compassion which men of intelligent and civilized minds feel for undeserved misfortune, were motives which roused the whole energy of the Hanse Towns. They sent a fleet into the Baltic, assisted Gustavus in his escape, supplied him with money, and were rewarded for their efforts, by seeing the dreaded Union of Calmar* totally and finally dissolved.

* 1520.

History has no nobler office than that of shewing the triumph of manliness and justice, of however humble an origin, over bloated insolence, let its rank be what it may. The proud king of Denmark and Norway, the despot of the north, and conqueror of Sweden, the brother-in-law of the first monarch of the continent, Charles the Fifth, found himself at war with the clerks of Hamburgh and Lubeck, and baffled by them. Wherever his fleets or armies appeared, they felt this daring enemy on their track, and were forced to fly. Christiern, reduced to extremity, fled to Charles, and attempted to rouse the imperial wrath against the traders. But Charles had been taught, by his experience with the free German cities, that it was perilous to disturb men armed for their rights and properties. An unfortunate request, which Christiern made, hastened his catastrophe. He asked Charles to give him the city of Lubeck. The emperor justly treated the request as that of a madman. Christiern, in a fit of rage, tore off the Order of the Golden Fleece, which had been given to him by the emperor, and dashed it on the ground. But Lubeck had heard the request, and determined to punish its insolence.

Gustavus had already driven the Danish troops from the open country of Sweden, but they still possessed the three strongholds of Stockholm, Abo, and Calmar. Against these walls the insurrectionary army, ill provided with money or military means, must have wasted its rude valour. But the spirit of Lubeck and its allies was roused, and it poured in troops, provisions, and money, until Gustavus was monarch of Sweden. After having placed a king upon the throne, its next office was to extinguish a tyrant. The general rendezvous of the Hanseatic fleets was fixed for Copenhagen,* and on the first attack Bornholm and Elsinour were taken, sword in hand. The outworks of the capital thus seized, the capital must next have fallen. But the Danes, weary of expending their blood, and seeing their fleets and cities burnt for a prince "who should long since have fattened the region kites with his offal," revolted against Christiern, and conferred their crown upon his uncle, Frederic, Duke of Holstein. Thus Gustavus and Frederic equally owed their diadems to the sons of trade. But Christiern had not yet felt the last vengeance of the republic. Its fleets pursued him through every corner of his dominions, and conveyed the Swedish and Danish troops with a rapidity which he could not elude, until Norway too, disgusted with the spectacle of a fugitive king, abjured him, and gave her crown to Frederic. The League was now paramount, its services were acknowledged by both sovereigns: at the decision of their claims it was chosen umpire, and at the famous conference of Malmœ† its ambassadors acted as the general mediators.

Christiern was now broken down and an exile. But he was not destroyed, and for six years he spent a life of perhaps the greatest misery that the spirit of a proud man can suffer, a life of solicitation at foreign courts for assistance to recover his dominions. The jealousy of Holland against the Hanse Towns at length enabled him to obtain a fleet from the States, with which he sailed for Norway. But his indefatigable enemy was still upon his steps. The Dutch fleet was suddenly assailed by the Lubeckers, and after a desperate resistance destroyed. This was the final effort of the tyrant. In attempting to make his

escape, he was surrounded, seized, and thrown for life into the dungeons of Sunderbourg, leaving to the world nothing but a name, which in his own country still points many a tale of terror.

The fortunes of this great league had now reached the meridian, and from this period they were to decline. The history of all republics is the same. By the simplicity and directness of their earlier councils, by their riddance of the weighty expenditure which overwhelms monarchies with debt; and still more by their utter rejection of that spirit of patronage which encumbers old governments with imbecility and ignorance in office; and which altogether renders desperate or crushes men of talents born in the inferior ranks of life, they suddenly outrun all their competitors. In their operations there is no reserve for waste; their whole vigour is called on, and thrown directly into the struggle. Their finance is applied exclusively to the purposes of the state. And where eminent ability exists, it is stimulated to its full development by the consciousness that the most dazzling of all prizes is within its reach, and that if it fail of the highest wealth, power, and fame, the failure is altogether its own.

But the fall of a republic is as certain as its rise. It contains within itself a principle of inevitable ruin. The popular energy which raised it, undermines it, and the volcanic fire does not more surely hollow and eat away the soil which it covers with preternatural luxuriance, than the power of the multitude breaks down the foundations of the national prosperity. Lubeck by its maritime prowess in the Danish war had risen for a time to the head of the confederacy. And it was the first to feel the symptoms of decline. George Wullenwer, a trader of Lubeck, had forced his way up to the highest rank in his country by the exhibition of great public talent. His element was struggle; and after he had obtained all that ambition could demand at home, the office of bourgomaster or chief of the republic, he was driven by his vigorous and daring nature to seek it abroad. The disturbances of Sweden and Denmark, still agitated by a turbulent noblesse, an impoverished, unruly populace, and the rival claims of pretenders to the throne, offered Wullenwer the natural field for fame. But while he held the reins of government, he required a soldier capable of putting his designs in execution. This ally was soon found in Meyer, who from being a locksmith at Hamburgh, had sprung into celebrity as a first-rate soldier. On this man he conferred the military command of Lubeck; and then, to render himself monarch in all but name, haranguing the populace on the vices of the old senate, and the general errors of the old government, he proposed to *renovate* the constitution. The oration was successful, the populace applauded, the golden days were come when all was to be freedom, peace and plenty; and with the words on his lips, this type of Cromwell marched to the senate-house, expelled the senate, placed his creatures in their room, and was lord of the republic.

Wullenwer's plans of conquest were worthy at once of the brilliancy and the rashness of his ambition. He felt that Lubeck, restricted in her territory to the narrow district at the mouth of the Trave must perish at the first attack by any of the great land powers. He projected the perpetual possession of the Sound, which would give him possession of the Baltic, and the perpetual union of Denmark with Lubeck; or if he failed in obtaining the whole Danish territory, including Norway, he looked to at least the dismemberment of provinces suf-

ficient to make a solid territorial power. In the last resort, the fertile brain of this politician thought of obtaining the aid of our Henry the 8th, and even of Francis the first, by offering to them successively the crown of Denmark.

A fleet and army were raised, and the command given to the Count of Oldenbourg, one of those roving German princes whose trade was war, and who were ready to fight any quarrel for their pay. This powerful armament fell irresistibly upon the naked coasts of the Baltic. The principle of the war was Revolutionary. There is nothing new under the sun; and the French fraternity and equality of the eighteenth century were anticipated by the proclamations of Lubeck in the sixteenth. The Count of Oldenbourg every where declared that he came only to restore their rights to the people, to extinguish the tyranny of the nobles, to teach the suffering nations the way to peace and freedom, and to spread commerce and independence through the north. These promises were alike fulfilled in both cases. The Count's republican army robbed, burned, and slaughtered with the vigour of the oldest abuses; roused the peasantry to reform their government by slaying their masters; and by the double scourge of insurrection and invasion, covered the unfortunate land with fire and blood.

But this violence wrought its own extinction. The Danish nobles had chiefly fled to Jutland, another La Vendée, where the tenantry were yet unenlightened with the new doctrines of public prosperity. They put at their head Christiern, Duke of Holstein, son of the late king Frederic; summoned their retainers, and learned in the war of adversity and exile the lessons by which they were to reassert the rights of their country. The young prince was fortunate in having for his contemporaries Henry the 4th of France and Gustavus Vasa, two of the most extraordinary princes that Europe has seen; and who, like himself, were forced to fight their way through rebellious subjects and powerful invaders to the crown. Christiern is said to have resembled Henry in his romantic valour, his brilliant resources, and peculiarly in that animation and buoyancy of heart which never failed him in his lowest depression; and which to the leader of a popular army is of all qualities the most invaluable.

The aspect of the war now suddenly changed: Christiern, at the head of his desultory levies, ranged the country, attacked the invaders unexpectedly, harassed their communications, and while every skirmish cheered his rude soldiery with vengeance, or with the spoil of troops loaded with the plunder of Denmark, he broke the spirit of the Lubeckers—tired of fighting in a wilderness, and longing to return and enjoy their plunder at home. But the catastrophe was hurried by more than the sword of the young king. While every courier brought details of triumph, the people of Lubeck had sustained the war with national pride. But when the news of defeats came, accompanied with urgent demands for troops and money, the question of profit and loss fortunately awoke their sensibility. The merchants angrily and despondingly compared the sums which peaceable traffic would have brought in, while they were expending millions of florins for the empty honour of distributing kingdoms. But higher considerations may have opened their eyes, for the spirit of commerce is one of justice and goodwill to man. The opulent merchant, in his luxurious mansion on the banks of the Trave, must have thought of the "looped and windowed nakedness" of the unfortunate

Dane or Swede, with whom he probably had long personal intercourse and whom at least, he must have felt entitled to the claims of a common nature. A counter-revolution commenced. The former senate were restored. Their first act was to return to the peaceful maxims of their ancestors. They proposed a truce. A congress was held at Hamburgh,* and the war of Lubeck was at end.

† The Count of Oldenburgh, who had flattered himself with the hope of seizing a territory in the general dismemberment still held out in Malmæ and Copenhagen. But he was pushed vigorously. Famine finished the sieges, and Christiern the Second, made his triumphal entry into Copenhagen, on a day which is still recorded as the second birth of the throne.†

The fate of the "regents," of Lubeck, Wullemwur and Meyer, is but a part of the customary picture of popular ambition. Those men, who had been idolized in the day of their prosperity, had now become objects of the fiercest aversion. All the misfortunes of the war were heaped upon their heads, their splendid talents and services were forgotten in this indiscriminate calumny. Their noble expenditures for the state were imputed to avarice. Their intelligence, valour, and grandeur of design which had raised Lubeck to the summit of the League, were now converted into presumption, rashness and personal cupidity. Their fate may be easily conjectured. They had raised a spirit which was too strong for them to lay, and in making the populace the arbiters of the republic, they had signed their own death-warrant. "They were" justly says the historian, "undoubtedly no common men. They had given proof of great courage, and of genius firm, vast, and daring. They clearly belonged to that class of mankind, fortunately a small one, which possesses all qualities for the overthrow of established things, and for the termination of their own career on either the throne or the scaffold."‡ The "regents" died by the hands of the public executioner.

§ The establishment of the factories was one of the most characteristic and effective conceptions of the League. Among the jealous and half-barbarian people of Europe, the merchant was always an object of mingled envy and contempt, and the Hanse Towns had found at an early period that an unprotected commerce was only an allurement to plunder. Their only resource was to form large communities in the principal countries, capable of giving protection to their traders, of receiving their cargoes direct, and by their superior knowledge of local circumstances, fitted to avail themselves directly of all the advantages of their position. To those who recognize a factory under its modern aspect, the solemn and formal rules of the ancient school of commerce must appear singularly forbidding. The age was one of cloisters and chivalry, and the Hanseatic factories curiously combined the spirit of both. The factory at Bergen, the model of them all, was at once a fortress and a convent. Its tenants were at once knights, and recluses. Its buildings spread over a large quarter of the city, and its walls were regularly mounted by guards attended by dogs of extraordinary ferocity, trained to fly equally at friend or foe. No person was permitted to pass the gates after night-fall. To prevent the influence of external manners or interests, all alliance with the people of the country was strictly prohibited. Its inmates

* 1536. † 14th July, 1536.

‡ Mallet. *Histoire de la Ligne.*

were all unmarried, and they were prohibited from receiving the visits of any female. To satisfy the governors of the fortitude of their younger members under this cloistral discipline, all aspirants must undergo an ordeal scarcely less severe than that of old appointed for criminals. The three species of torture were the trial by smoke, by water, and by the scourge. Those were so severe, that it was not unusual to see them die under the operation. Still the certainty of making wealth in time, the eagerness of youth, and perhaps even the mystery of the life, attracted such crowds of young men from all parts of the Continent, that it was constantly found necessary to increase the difficulties of admission by still more barbarous penalties. This ordeal, which was called *The Games*, annually attracted an immense concourse of spectators to Bergen. The severities of the exhibition were followed by a carousal, dances, masquerades, feasts and revellings of all extravagant kinds. The factory was mad, till the Carnival was over. Then the gates were shut, silence prevailed, every man was bent over his ledger, and the grimness of a den of Carthusians succeeded to the revelry of a German hostel. The close of the ceremony was announced by the appearance of a jester or fool, who proclaimed, "Long life to the Games," and proposed a general health to the prosperity, the honour, and the trade of the Hanseatic factory.

The second factory but the most productive in point of trade, was that of Bruges. The early progress of the Flemings in the possession of public rights, had long made them eminent in every art cultivated by the free labour of man. While France and Germany were turned into deserts by the perpetual quarrels of their masters, and while the people, exposed to the extortions of all, lost the spirit of economy and industry—for who will toil for the robber and the oppressor?—the Fleming, secure that what he earned would be his own, and fearless of power while he could take shelter under the wing of a constitution, had turned his country into a garden, and built manufactories like citadels, and houses like palaces.

The wool-trade of Europe, like all other trades, had naturally devolved into the hands which could best pay for it; and the beauty of the Flemish stuffs, the richness of their dyes, and peculiarly the splendour of their tapestries, which to the eyes of the half savage German and Russian must have looked scarcely less than miraculous, commanded the wealth of Europe. A Flemish tapestry was a royal treasure, and no sovereign hesitated to strip his exchequer for so singular, and certainly so beautiful an evidence of the skill of man. The Hanseatics filled their dépôt at Bruges with the produce of the extreme north, timber, iron, hemp, canvas, cloth, and especially wax, which had an extraordinary sale, at a period when the Continent was overwhelmed with churches and cathedrals, when perpetual lights were burning in them all, and when sins were atoned in proportion to the thickness of the sinner's candle.

Another of their great factories was established in the heart of Russia. It must seem strange to us, that in the only country of Europe which now exhibits the model of the most unrelieved despotism, one of the earliest and most powerful republics existed, so far back as the eleventh century. This was one of the many miracles of commerce. The situation of Novorogod, on the Wolchov river, and at the head of one of the great inland waters of Russia, directed its attention to trade, on the first cessation of the Tartar wars. From a place of refuge for fishermen, or the few

wandering traffickers who still survived in the desert, it rapidly rose into a city, the wonder of surrounding barbarism. Its duke or sovereign was soon forced to limit his tyranny, and was finally compelled to surrender all but the shadow of power into the hands of the general assembly of the citizens, by whom the hereditary succession was changed into the elective, and the barbarian despot into the limited and responsible magistrate of a republic. With wealth, its commercial enterprize, its population, and its rank as a government rapidly increased, until in the fifteenth century its population was said to amount to half a million ; its fairs were the emporium of Asia, and the north of Europe ; the German, the Italian, and the Chinese met in the streets of this famous and flourishing city, and the admiration of the surrounding provinces, to which its strength and opulence must have looked like something fallen from Heaven, could find no other language than that of idolatry : " Who can resist God, and the mighty Novorogod ? "

But the usual fate of republics was not to be averted. The citizens, grown ambitious as they grew opulent, fell into faction, and were surprised by the wild invasion of the neighbouring barbarians. Ivan the Fourth, a brutal savage, looking with a greedy eye on the arts and wealth, which he had neither the taste to cultivate, nor the industry to acquire, suddenly rushed on the city with a host of savages, as furious, greedy, and blood-thirsty as a life of savagery could prepare for plunder and massacre. The overthrow was complete. An immense multitude were destroyed by the indiscriminate havoc of the Russian pike. A still greater multitude fled from a spot where nothing but security could have reconciled men to the ungenial climate, and the remoteness from the general intercourse of Europe. They never returned. The furious feuds of Russia, alternately torn by revolt, and trampled by the Tartars, extinguished all hope of personal safety, and Novorogod never recovered the blow. The transfer of the seat of government to the mouth of the Neva, by Peter the Great, and the change of the route of commerce to the cities on the Euxine, were new impediments, which even the tendency of all great places of commerce to resume their original strength, was not able to resist ; and Novorogod has long since dwindled down into a provincial city, with a feeble and idle population of a few thousands.

The Hanseatic Factory among ourselves would deserve a history of its own, from the singular vigour of its system, its perpetual encroachments on what, even in the darkness of the middle ages, we had already discovered to be the rights of trade, and the perpetual and stubborn resistance with which its monopoly was met, and by which that monopoly was finally abolished. The whole detail would give a striking proof of our early sense of justice, the clearheadedness in commercial principles which distinguished the British merchant, and the public and personal evils that must arrive in this country from any system of favouring strangers at the expence of the nation. While the English monarchs were poor, and their thrones unsteady, the Hanse Towns were lords of the trade of England. But as England began to feel her strength, the privileges of the foreigner declined. As her kings became more secure, and were less compelled to lean on foreign influence, the natural rights of their people took the lead, the cessation of the York and Lancaster wars prepared the Hanseatics for their fate,

and the last privileges of the Factory were abolished by Elizabeth,* when, in the closing years of her reign, she had at last fixed the unsettled throne of her ancestors on an immoveable basis, and had built round her empire the impregnable walls of liberty and religion.

The same causes which repelled the League at so early a period in England, began to operate on the continent in the following century. The general European system gradually assumed a consistency, which gave comparative security and peace to the people. Elective monarchy was replaced by inheritance; and commerce, no longer compelled to take refuge under the protection of strangers, established itself nearer home. The Hanseatic League then declined. Its purposes had been accomplished; and they were admirable and almost providential purposes. But their necessity had passed away, and other substitutes less cumbersome, and more consistent with the immediate good of nations, were to assume its office. The allied towns gradually broke off their connection with the once famous League, and before the close of the seventeenth century it was but a name.

MY UNCLE'S DIARY AT CALAIS.

My uncle is one of those extraordinary characters which unite with the charitable affections the acrimonious petulance of a disposition changed, by the unexpected reverses of life, from its original suavity. I remember him, in early manhood, an example of gaiety, friendship, generosity, and frankness; confiding and lenient in his every opinion—sensitive, it is true, but not tenacious—and rarely animated to severity against the vices of another, unless they evinced some immediate evil to the fortune or well-being of a fellow-creature. He was then one of those happy beings who took his notions of life, in general, from the unmingled felicity of his own, and who imputed to the bulk of mankind the harmless purposes of his own existence; a sceptic of the evil propensities of human nature, which he always thought the mere imagination of idle poets or professed tale-makers, who found their account in the description of passions removed from the reality of common life. In short, he looked on the even tenour of his past and present existence as the type of our common destiny; he had as yet suffered none of those mortal privations which gradually desolate the exuberant yet tranquil joys of a contented bosom; nor had he learned, from the allotted bitterness of experience, that friendships are sometimes fallacious—that prosperity, however fairly maintained and rationally enjoyed, is liable to unforeseen and unmerited interruption; nor could he have imagined that the placid nature of a bosom like his own required but the ordinary collisions of life to give it the angry habit of commotion, and to rouse resentments which, once intensely actuated, are seldom known to subside in perfect peace, until infirmity or imbecility—the occasional prefaces to death—consigns us to the blank insensibility which frequently involves the end of a dissatisfied and disappointed career. In short, my uncle was no practical philosopher; and, like Porson, in the moments of his aggravation, was known to disapprove of “the nature of things.” He was a compound of strong feeling, lacking the inestimable power of equa-

nimity; and it depended totally on occasion, by what passion he was impelled. Early convictions had made him a creature of humanity and acquiescence; the painful discoveries of prolonged existence had rendered him capricious and mistrustful. His perceptions were quickened by his animosity, which still was of a general and never of an individual character. His original nature was too powerful for even the strong perversions of adversity. He could enjoy, he fancied, the sufferings to come, as they afflicted mankind indiscriminately; but I have seen him electrically shed a tear of undissembled anguish when calamity, though merited, became a case in point. He could bear a sweeping visitation on his species; but the tenderness of his heart could not endure the sufferings of an isolated individual. In short, he could have legislated like Draco, in his wrath; but his judgment, like that of a sublime spirit, would have fallen in the lenity of mercy. His precipitation threw him frequently into situations of peculiar hardship—self-imposed, it is true, but from which his pride would not allow him to recede at the bidding of his sober judgment. To a circumstance of this description was attributable his exile from his native land. A difference with his attorney on a point involving twenty pounds, inspired him with a resolution to forsake a country, in which, he said, there was no protection against the rascality of lawyers; and, rather than pay a sum so unjustly demanded of him, he preferred a residence abroad, surrounded by the innumerable miseries which afflict an Englishman born and bred, when he leaves his own native region of convenience, comfort, sociality, and refinement, for the realms of wretchedness, fraud, incivility, and insincerity, which congenially triumph in a foreign land.

It arose from this irritable mood that my uncle, who chose his abode at Calais, from its solitary merit of proximity to England, hastily and angrily—sometimes with prejudice, but more frequently with truth—described in vivid items the place and its inhabitants. His account is eminently immethodical. The points most flagrant in offence were foremost to engross the record of his indignation. The greater part of his reproaches emanate from an impression of the country he had left, which led him to comparative remarks, by no means favourable to the elected city of his sojourn. Though he little thought, and certainly did not intend, that his remarks should pass beyond the hasty memoranda of his rambling diary, he seemed determined on the refutation of opinions unjustly held of the superiority of aught in manners, morals, and civilization to “the state of things in other *countries*” that he would not name. To me, who knew him so profoundly, every entry in his manuscript conveys the very mood in which it was committed to the paper. I could trace those passages in which remembrance had evoked his sighs; and I think I see him now, in his seclusion, as a stroke of bitter irony or caustic ridicule illustrated the truth of his perception, and supplied an adequate expression of dislike. I see him, on the flash of an effective simile, apply his fingers to his snuff, which he would often use insensibly in vast profusion, and rise to pace his chamber with rapidity proportioned to the satisfaction of his eager humour. Like many of his singular countrymen, he partook very largely of the nature of a weather-glass; and the mercury was insensibly depressed or elevated as the temperature operated on his physical components. In the languor of oppressive weather, he would trace the less offensive singularities he saw around him. It was certainly on some fine glowing day that he consented

to a kind of effort to compose his picture of the town; and the atmosphere, I doubt not, was intensely keen when he recorded, in the vehemence of his disgust, his admirable descant on the despoiling harpies of the custom-house. There is but little commendation mingled with his censures: this may destroy, in some opinions, the verity of his delineations; but true it is he found but little for his eulogy, had his mood directed him to such an enterprize. It must, however, be observed that he was evidently wrong in taking from the town of Calais—so mean and rancid a conglomeration of the worst materials of society—his sentiments of France in general; a country teeming with luxuriance and beauty—with intellectual and moral excellence—indeed exhibiting the noblest qualities of human nature, and all the social virtues and affections which constitute the charm of private life. I must, once for all, admit that many of my uncle's notions were tintured by his native predilections, by which he formed the standard of propriety in general. He seemed not to have known, before he left the country of his birth, that art and industry had given it a vast pre-eminence above all other nations of the world, and had commonly diffused among the lower classes even of its people every object of utility and comfort, which in lands of less felicity are merely known by name, and rarely found in the possession of the great and opulent themselves: a fact which, by the way, is worth the notice of the squeamish portion of our countrymen who languish for the indulgence of a few exotic, questionable benefits, forgetful of the numerous—or, to speak more justly—the innumerable means of comfort, cleanliness, and ease which England, beyond all nations of the earth, profusely places in the reach of every order of her people. These, indeed, were all my uncle's notions; for he was genuinely English even to his prejudices, which he looked on as the laudable excrescences of the love of country, and which, far from wishing to rescind for their unphilosophical character, he studiously and fondly trained into expansion, with the highest admiration of their luxuriance. He was a bitter adversary to the conversion of native taste into the *goût* of foreign systems; it appeared to him a treason against the sovereign law of nature—an unfair desertion of legitimate authority, for a capricious acquiescence in the usurpation of an alien sway. Thus he was firm to the rigid decency of English attire: he disdained the monkified assumption of barbarian mustachios, was always well shaven, and wore clean linen—white as he could get it, in a town renowned for the worst washing in all Europe. He abhorred the laxity of dress so palpable in most of the expatriated sojourners in Calais, who gradually declined from the propriety of their vernacular attire—from coats to jackets, from hats to caps, from good plain linen to party-coloured dirt-concealing cottons; until, by imperceptible degrees, the nicety of English costume had sunk into the slovenly indifference of genuine French uncleanness. I think it fair to preface the random thoughts of my relation by this admission of his strength of prejudice and prepossession, that the fair deductions of the reader may fix the veritable quota of his observations.

MY UNCLE'S DIARY.

April 1.—Put into effect my resolution of quitting England. The day was ominous. Landed at Calais. Half a franc to pay for stepping on a plank. The first object that struck me, the column dedicated to Louis XVIII.—a monument of French perfidy and subservience: the inscription,

which was mawkishly adulatory of one dynasty, was effaced by the temporizing weathercocks who have readily subscribed to another. A Frenchman's mind is the region of inconstancy and shadowy fancies; he can never let well alone—he is all talk—all theory, pomposity, and enthusiasm—a vast braggart, and a little doer.

Pestered to death by a phalanx of commissioners, who plied me with a thousand questions—none of which I answered; not understanding French, of which I am glad.

Dined in a cold coffee-room—the wind whistling through the doors and windows: the stove filled the chamber with smoke. A good soup. A turbot neither hot nor cold, with the fins cut off: what would they say to this in the city? Five beggars looking in at the window during our repast; gave them some halfpence—when they departed, and sent another detachment, headed by a blind fiddler in a green hat, led by a ragged boy, who cried bitterly while the musician played. Sent out more halfpence, when they all quarrelled—and, having divided the donation, went laughing away. Drank some *grave*, which gave me the stomach-ache. All the plates cold. Tried several dishes with different names—all nasty alike. A French traveller ate of all of them—tucked his napkin in his cravat—picked his teeth with his fork, and his nails with his knife—spoke and drank with his mouth full—spat on the bit of carpet in the centre of the room—swallowed a cup of coffee—drank a dram—pocketed half a loaf and some lumps of sugar, and left the table. A man of a most flatulent habit—French politeness!!

A good bed, but the odour of the linen offended me. Pulled a bell twenty times which did not ring. My clothes badly brushed, and brought me in a heap. My boots ill-cleaned, or rather smeared, looking like drooping fire-buckets. The soap in my stand too tenacious to yield a lather. I could not forego a pun. An English gentleman told me it was *Castile*. I told him I thought, from its consistence, it might be *cast-iron*. He didn't take my joke.

2d April.—Plundered at the custom-house. Lost my little favourite queen's-metal tea-pot—an article not found in France. Lost my little blue jug, and a Manchester shawl. Obligated to write to Paris to the director-general of the customs. Received no answer, because—as I understood—I had not written on stamped paper. Wrote again, according to direction, and received permission to send back my goods to England. My things, in the interval, had been spoiled. Obligated to make three various applications to different Jacks in office for leave to act on paramount authority. Grew tired of the trouble, and abandoned my property. What became of it is best known to the harpies of the customs.

3d April.—Awakened by the screams of “*sauterelles crues* ;” meaning, I am told, raw shrimps—some say grasshoppers. This music was enlivened every half-hour by the blast of a horn—the notice of the bakers that they are about to draw their batches. The din of the lace-machines incessant. The *carillon* of the Hotel de Ville recurring every quarter. The melancholy cry of “*eau!*”—a monosyllable which the French vender has the painful talent of extending to the length of a Greek composite, and of marking, through all its doleful distortions, with a different key; succeeded by the rapid call of “*qui vent de la tourbe?*” and the eternal voice of the knife and scissors'-grinder.

4th April.—What do our travelled youth mean by their encomiums on

the walking of French females? Is a lame amble *elegance*? or is the halting of a cat in walnut-shells called *grace*? I execrate the wriggling gait of the French girls; it gives me the uneasy conviction that they have sore toes and narrow petticoats, or that they tie both stockings with a single garter, too short to admit of the extension of their limbs. In the young it is mincing and unnatural; and when French gormandizing has clothed the elderly with bilious corpulence, when in motion, they look like forms of jelly in staggering agitation; tottering, with unwieldy feet in narrow shoes, under an unmanageable impulse. I have seen them take to an ascent to counteract the force of an original *momentum*.

4th, 5th, 6th, 7th April.—Confined to the house with a sore hand, which I cut severely in opening my door—an arduous task sometimes, from the clumsy workmanship of French locks and latches. Here they are centuries behind us in all articles of hardware. Their pokers are skewers, their tongs pincers, and their shovels spoons; a coal-skuttle is a curiosity, a grate a rarity, and a hearth-brush unknown. The temperature of their rooms is a constant battle between the result of one element and the violence of another—the warmth of smoke being constantly qualified by the rushing of the wind through windows, doors, and key-holes. You may sit by a red-hot stove, and roast your knees, while your extremities are frozen.

8th April.—Visited ———, a countryman, who felt ashamed at the delusion of all his projected comforts. I remember, in England, his favourite theme was the charm of the French climate, the obliging disposition and quick perception of its people. He couldn't bear the atmosphere of his native country; he hated the dulness and incivility of its inhabitants; so he sought a refuge from these intolerable evils in the superior temperature, manners, and character of France and its population. He was ashamed to own his disappointment. He was drinking claret—as he called it—which sank like frozen lead within him. He would fain have mulled a bottle; but his servant was gone, in spite of a raging storm, to a dance some leagues distant. He appealed, in miserable French, to the female of a fellow-lodger, who answered him with a broad stare, and a perpetual “*plait-il?*” He succeeded, at length, by pantomime and gibberish, in wringing a reluctant promise of some boiling water from this type of national acquiescence—this perceptive and obliging handmaid. In an hour it came, lukewarm, highly tintured with the savour of an unclean tub, in which it had been caught from the house-tops; tolerably suffused with grease, and—in a tea-cup. He could bear this no longer; and sincerity compelled him to say, “Was there ever such a d—d set of ———?” Here he stopped; and I responded with a hem! He had ever been a warm encomiast of French furniture. I saw him wriggling to and fro upon his chair; being somewhat lusty, he found himself uneasy in his seat, over which his Britanic person was expanded like a toad-stool on its stem. “Let us drink Old England!” He assured me that the wine, at least, was excellent—and surely wholesome; but he swallowed every bumper with the air of one who takes a draught by gulps, to guard against its nausea. He seemed to labour through a bottle for the compensation of his toil, which was, in general, a kind of counterpoise against its healthful predecessor—a quart of brandy, with a fiery twang, diluted in a fashion of his own, with economical consideration for his water, which, in Calais, is both bad and scarce.

9th April.—I was arrested for three francs, by the malice of a Jezabel, who found that I had purchased articles, in which she dealt, at other shops. In this land of modern liberty I paid the sixty sous, and stood superior to their lenient and impartial laws.

Mem. Never to owe another sou in France, and invariably to have "Acquit" on every bill, however large or small.

10th April.—The French have no idea of what we call "a home." Their pleasures are of a vagabond, external character: their sole and whole pursuit is money. I never followed any Frenchmen talking, but "money, money, money," was the topic of their conversation. Their grimaces, bows, and phrases are a miserable compound of fallacious humbug. I see no friendships round me—every thing is artificial and deceptive. They have not our faults; but they have not our virtues. They are satisfied with inconvenience, dirt, and wretchedness, because they never knew the comfort, cleanliness, and plenty of an Englishman. Their propensities are not propensities of principle. A Frenchman has no piety: his religion is a form—a mere expedient; not a feeling or a duty. He holds nothing to be reverend or sacred. In the saying of the impious wit, Voltaire, they were alternately tigers and monkeys. The breed is crossed, and now they smack of both. They lack the rational devotion of good subjects, and hardly one among them can regard authority with deferent affection. They doat on politics because they vary, and abominate all order from the fear of permanence. They talk of liberty and equal rights, while the spirit of their law protects the roguery of natives, and exposes foreigners to injury and persecution. Why was I subjected to the loss of freedom, and a possible expense of great enormity, because by accident I left unpaid a bill of sixty sous? Is this their rights of man, their generous impartiality, their philanthropic tenderness for liberty?

11th April.—I am sickened with exotic comforts; I am insensible to foreign elegance. I have a cupboard for a bed-room—a wilderness of sand to dine in—a towel for a table-cloth—and a cheese-plate, as a dish, to hold my leg of mutton. The forks and spoons are dim and dirty, and a lie is stamped on every knife. Sheer-steel, indeed! sheer-tin, it should be. If they made their knives of what they make their buttons, we should carve an Indian-rubber-stew with ease! I have cut my finger to the bone in putting on my gaiters!

April 12th.—Visited a café—a receptacle for English indolence and French frivolity, in which meanness and finery are fantastically contrasted—marble slabs, rush-bottomed chairs, gilded lamps, sanded floors, *pendules*, Cupids, bouquets, mirrors, pipes, bottled beer, dogs, cats, and parrots. A melange of company, and diversity of pursuit, are remarkable in these extraordinary haunts. The demon of play tortures some, who would stake their being, were it capable of transfer, on a game of *écarté* or *bouillotte*; while the table is surrounded by the lovers of the vice, whose purses are exhausted, but whose propensity is rather obstructed than subdued. I have seen them, penniless, lingering round the players, till the last card, when the exulting winner and the dejected loser depart, and leave the tribe of languid strollers to seek a refuge from the world's hopelessness in the oblivion of their beds. Others are clamorously loquacious in clouds of smoke, the wrath of politics, and the inflation of bottled beer;—others, again, who fancy that the dislike of being alone is the love of society, frequent the café to put their hands

into their breeches-pocket, and snore in company, till the *garçon* wakes them with the intimation, "*Monsieur, il est minuit, tout le monde est parti!*" I have seen many of my countrymen indulge this social habit of repose, and walk away at midnight with a stare, a yawn, and a "*bon soir, Monsieur!*" The café presents a specimen of French equality. All trades and all professions mingle: a shoemaker sits opposite a physician, a tailor with an officer, a haberdasher with a naval captain, a merchant with a courier—whose wants are supplied by a landlord decorated with the legionary honour.

April 13th.—Strolled into the *Basse Ville*—the chosen residence of Nottinghamshire refugees. Every other house exhibits "*fabriquant de tulle.*" My countrymen are easily discernible among the mixture of inhabitants. A haggard aspect, and a red nose, are the distinctive designations of an English workman, who can earn, by three days' toil, sufficient for existence and for four days' indolent debauchery. Black eyes and mutilated faces manifest the independent spirit of our pugnacious countrymen, who seldom separate without a desperate appeal to pugilistic skill. The Nottingham enunciation, engrafted on the tortured French, surpasses all the riddles of the Sphinx.

April 14th.—We are ridiculed by our polite neighbours for our blasphemy. In point of frequency, they far surpass us in the use of impious exclamations. I have heard—and often too—from *female lips* in France expressions which a well-bred libertine in England would be ashamed to use. I cannot pollute my paper by recording them.

April 15th.—What a sorry sight is that!—that misshapen carriage called a diligence!—by nick-name, I suppose? Its pannels tawdry red, and "*St. Omer,*" in letters roman and italic, half and half, in dirty yellow on its side; never washed these three years: the whip and harness wet, and dirty on the seat inside; the window open, and the rain beating in upon the gawdy plush and faded binding! Horne, Waterhouse, and Chaplin, could ye see but this! No hand to clean the team; a jaded, dirty, goaded triplet—limping, blind, and broken-winded; each bit incrustated with ferruginous decay; the reins, a rope; the whip, a humble fishing-rod. I would Bob Snow could see the coachman! A night-cap on his head, a pair of wooden shoes, a blue smock-frock; the reins tied to the seat; the driver with both hands belabouring his starved cattle, and asking them in angry parlance if they mean to travel—each animal the likeness of Petruchio's steed.

April 16th.—I watched the beggars in their rounds; and now again I see, for the tenth time this day, *that groupe* disposed in most effective order. The object is to raise compassion: the very rags are wrought to dress the character in poverty. An infant at the breast; a child reclining on the knee, with folded hands—the parent, with dejected eye and melancholy mien, incapable, to all appearance, of soliciting the charity which every passing stranger feelingly bestows. Yet this is pantomime! She has not collected less than forty sous this day; her wallet has been filled by various hands; she has levied universal contributions—but maintains her supplicating tone and melancholy mien; and yet that great performer has her *cher ami*, who indolently thrives on the production of her beggary! The profession of a mendicant in France is an authorized vocation, having rights and prescripts of its own. A well-established intelligence among the members of the society enables them to prosecute their duties with mutual ease and common advantage. Every

beggar has a post. You will see, in Calais, the blind fiddler, in his green glazed hat, and his crying tatterdemallion, in punctual attendance on every steam-boat which goes or comes. Between the southern gates of the fortification, you as surely find a hale, squat, old, blear-eyed cripple, with inverted feet, who *sings* with the lungs of Stentor his supplications to the passers-by. On Wednesdays and Saturdays—the market-days—this thoroughfare is apportioned to additions of the halt and blind, who reap a handsome harvest from the pity of the peasantry.

April 17th.—Went to seek for letters, and was nearly smothered on my way by the abominable vehicles and tubs which, in the English towns, are duly limited to midnight occupation. The hall of the post-office is the vestibule of anxious hopes; I remark the faces as they pass, and contrast them as they return. I have seen them at the window, in eager hope, as the *commis* has cast his eye across the parcels—“*Il n'y a rien pour vous, Monsieur*”—these tidings are the message of despair. I have seen the disappointed expectant loiter back, and pause at every street, as if unconscious whither he is bent—his eyes expanded into unobservant thought, and speculation far away. The effect is widely different when the reply is “*Trente-six sous, s'il vous plait!*” The letter is received with glee approaching agitation—the paper squeezed with all the customary question of a practised touch; and the responsive softness of a hoped enclosure lightens on the features in rapid flashes of satisfied solicitude.

April 18th.—A hurricane. Confined to my apartments; the wind whistling through a thousand crevices; the rain straining through the windows; volumes of stench and soot continually rushing down the chimney; my wood continually squeaking, fizzing, but too damp to burn—attempting to confute the proverb, that “there's no smoke without fire.”

April 19th.—Continued storm. Sand driven horizontally in sheets—nearly choked and blinded! Saw a few passengers land like drowned rats—as pale as spectres, though, from certain tokens, not so supernatural.

April 20th.—Keen north-east wind; cold as the arctic regions.

April 21st.—Mild and sunny in the morning—oppressively sultry in the middle of the day—severely cold at sunset. Every body barking. Undertakers lively.

April 22d.—Saw my friend ——— in the packet—another fool come abroad in quest of comforts, I suppose. The day favoured his arrival. Calais, from the dark blue water, girded by a fine expanse of level, yellow sands, is certainly an animated picture, in spite of the Arabian wild, extending on its east and west. Its outline is distinctly traced on the horizon. Its ancient Gothic spire, the Saxon massiveness of its pharos, the grotesque and quaint commixture of its Hôtel de Ville; the shipping in its port, surmounted by innumerable tri-colours; its several belvideres; the long and handsome pier, by the side of which you ride into the harbour; its fortified extent of walls, constitute a gay, a novel, and peculiar scene. Look where you will, on all points, the eternal vigilance of the *douane* is manifest. The solitary wanderers you behold on all sides are the lynxes of the custom-house. Not a boat is on the water, nor a human being on the strand, that escapes the jealous vigilance of those ever-wakeful guardians of the shore.

A three hours' voyage transports you to a world of novelty—of other

habits, laws, and prepossessions—to a difference of physiognomy, of manners, and of dress. My friend was somewhat ruffled, yet amused, to pass through guarded gateways, over massive drawbridges, and under obsolete and ruined battlements; through heaps of odious filth and shops of paltry finery. It was market-day, and he was justly struck with the beauty of the female peasantry of Lower Picardy—the comeliness of their costume—at the abundance of supplies—the wretched guise of the innumerable beggars—at the multitude of those unwieldy, useless dogs which slumber under shambles in the sun, commixed with myriads of yelping mongrel curs—all concentrating in their mangy carcasses as many lineal combinations as a high Dutch nobleman of ample quarterings. All had a peculiar character: the sailors, loitering along the port; the *poissardes*, ranged in order, in an uniform costume; the strings of shrimping women, naked to the knees; the herds of beggars, and the vociferous crowd of pestering commissioners. I took my friend to visit my own favourite sight—a kind of mountebank upon the place—a creature about sixty years of age. He was holding forth most volubly among the staring rustics. His attire, a pair of patched and faded crimson trowsers, with a military stripe; a vest in velvet, richly polished with the droppings of his mouth and spoon; a shirt of chequered filthy cotton, on which I have observed a faithful and tenacious patch of egg for fourteen days at least; a jacket of pea-green, embroidered, and a superannuated cocked-hat. No lacker could surpass the glossy darkness of his hands, in which he held aloft a rusty nail, as instrumental in the illustration of his recipe. His essay teemed with language by Dr. Johnson called “magniloquence:” every other word was long, and closed in “ation.” He suffused the nail with an abundance of saliva, rubbed it with his nostrum, and having wiped it, shewed a surface of decided brilliance. Having shewn the efficacy of his merchandize, he closed his puffs with praises upon *cleanliness*—while I remarked an undisturbed deposit on his ears, which was nearly a sufficiency in landed property to authorize his voting for a deputy of the department. He relieved the tedium of his audience by a song, and was succeeded in his exhibition by “*Madame, ma femme*”—a congenial specimen of tawdry dirt and eloquent pomposity.

23d April.—Disgusted at the spoliations of the custom-house officers.

24th April.—I gave the following opinion to ———:—“These rascals, Sir, are paid by England for their frauds and incivility to drive us from the country; and the plan is excellent. You may remain here if you will; but I shall certainly return. It is insufferable to see such robberies committed in opposition to the will of government. The system needs purgation. A competent and strict authority should fix the powers of minor officers, and stop the paltry larcenies that vex all foreigners, and shed disgrace upon the country. A gentleman is treated like a varlet by these presumptuous cavillers; and nineteen out of twenty men who come to settle in the country, are disgusted with their project at the outset, by the injurious treatment of such harpies. We, at least, should know the fate of what they take from us, and not be bounden to the intercession of a race of beggarly commissioners. Why should we solicit from the favour of a public servant what his duty to his government forbids him to detain? Is it reasonable to believe that any state would drive away a man about to spend an income of 8,000 francs within its territory, by the seizure of a shaving-pot, a jug, a candlestick, a bit of

flannel, or half a dozen knives or spoons? The government will look to this hereafter; it will vindicate its character by the reformation of such mean abuses, perpetrated, in the spirit of supererogation, by the lowest of its functionaries, against the dignity and palpable advantage of the country. For my part, Sir, I feel myself immeasurably degraded by being at the mercy of such contemptible despoilers, and shall carry my small modicum of money to some shore where the state protects the meanest of her subjects against the impudence, and fraudulence, and despotism of dirty *Jacks in office*.

April 25th.—A Frenchman starting on a shooting excursion, arrayed in all the novel apparatus of a gun-case, whistle, shot-bag, whip, and pickers; his ambitious imitation of the English sporting costume rather frustrated by boots and long brass spurs; the attendant dog, a greyhound out of all dimensions, as corpulent and jolly as an alderman.

April 26th.—Had my friend ——'s daughter to dine with me. She has been cursed with a French education, and is now in the blossom of frivolity, vanity, impiety, and affectation—a sheer compound of frigid mechanism and heartless artifice. Her mind is exalted above the meanness of vulgar belief. She has an argument against religion, against natural affection, and against her native country. She is a philosophic coquette—a kind of hard-hearted liberal. She has, however, learned to pin her clothes on with a foreign air, which bestows on her the semblance of a hump-backed wasp in petticoats, with a stiff neck and crippled feet. She has all the juvenile greediness and nastiness about her that are contracted at a French seminary; plays on the piano like an impaled automaton, and knows no harmony, though she is prodigiously advanced in music. When at her instrument, she was only once in obvious motion, in the performance of a passage of extravagant discord, when, stretching out her crossed arms to the extent of the piano, the union of sound and posture gave the auditor and beholder an idea that she was strangling a kitten among the additional keys. She is eloquent in support of atheism, and unblushingly *au fait* on themes of immorality. She has read all books on which good men reflect with indignation. She is perfect mistress of Dupuis—a student of Faublas—an ardent lover of the "*Guerre des Dieux*"—I doubt not, too, possesses a refined and copious cabinet of pictures! She is too polite to feel a preference for her relations, and seems, indeed, ashamed to own the common ties of mere humanity. Kill me a child—if I should ever have one—rather than defile her youth with foreign immorality, base refinement, and delicate indecency—rather than rear a future monster, through the foul degrees of vitiation, to make her husband a repentant laughing-stock in profligate society, and the helpless patron and support of bastards sprung from wantonness, depravity, and fancy.

27th, 28th, 29th April.—Employed in packing up. Walked to the Basse-Ville, where I beheld an effort at translation. A projecting board exhibits "*Basset-Gilliod, Veuve, Chaudronnier*." It is rendered, on the other side, in English—"Basset-Gilliod, Mrs. Tinker."

30th April.—All my things turned topsy-turvy by the prying ruffians at the custom-house. What do these public nuisances suppose an English gentleman can wish to smuggle from their country? Regaled myself, before departure, with some excellent Mortadella from Donnini's, and a glass of pure Bourdeaux from Carstaing's—luxuries that I shall leave with some reluctance.

And here concludes My Uncle's Diary, in which he has described, with truth but petulance, the several disagreeables attendant on a residence in Calais. His observations, though morose or caustic, are mainly just. But I must add, that he is most profoundly wrong when he derives his inference of France in general from what he saw and suffered in the town of his abode. The inhabitants are commonly a set of persons who have risen, by their constant traffic with the English coast, from the worst condition of distress and beggary, into a state of premature abundance. Their character exhibits all the *traits* of men grown opulent by lawless arts and servile offices—too much absorbed in the pursuit of lucre to bestow a thought on any other object of existence. They are, in short, a kind of fungous filth thrown out upon the stock of industry and trade. My uncle, had he bent his course inland, would have found the uncorrupted qualities of pure good hearts, a moral character, a friendly sympathy, and social disposition in the people; in fact, a state of amiable society, from which he might have accurately drawn an estimate of France and her inhabitants. He would have found no angry collisions arising from the imposition of the rapacious on the unwary; no rude presumption of importance in the livery of public function; no mean sneaks to greatness, and no unprincipled oppressors of supposed inferiority and helplessness. But having placed his foot ashore, where official impudence, and fraudulence, and incivility maintained such vigorous, such systematic ascendancy, he had the candour to correct his plan of exile; and, returning to his native soil, conceived it wiser to

“rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

THE POPULATION QUESTION.—MR. SADLER AND THE POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, in some scattered memoranda found amongst his papers, says, that “there are on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas: their tracks may be traced by your own genius as well as reading.” There is no subject to which this maxim will be found to apply with more truth than that of the Law of Population; and most men who have a few sparks of the Great Intelligence from whence they sprung are capable of working down into the mine of thought when they have once started the arteries through which the mineral courses. But it cannot be denied that there are knaves and blockheads in the world; rogues who delude and fools who are deluded. The classes are numerous, and they thrive mutually on the simplicity of others and their own. It would be hard to say whether the Edinburgh Reviewer who, by the grace of Mr. Napier, and the encouragement of a shuffling party behind the curtain, undertook to refute Mr. Sadler's theory of Population, in the pages of *Old Blue-and-Yellow*, be really the greater knave or blockhead; for, with a mixed cunning and absurdity not often united in the same person, he confounds his own design and misrepresents his antagonist so as to produce doubt, pity, and contempt in the minds of the uninformed. It is very true that few out of the multitude have ventured into the depths of this important ques-

tion ; but in proportion to the ignorance and lack of opportunity of the people, is the responsibility of the hireling who, under a shew of exposing fallacies and instructing his fellow men, daringly mis-states the elementary principles of a new and untried philosophy, distrusts its proofs, and crows on his own rank Scotch muck-midden, in all the glee of victory. The *rationale* of this vast inquiry is as simple as that two and two make four ; it cannot be vitiated even by stupid men, if they can but repeat one brief sentence of ten words correctly ; for within that compass, aye, within the metaphorical outline, in this case truly made and provided, of a nut-shell, could the whole basis of the One Truth be shut up. The multitudinous and laborious links of reasoning by which this conclusion is attained are, however, of a different complexion. They would engross in their own compilation the time of an ordinary life spent in ordinary habits of research. The space they fill—voluminous as they are—is as a shadow to the time they demand of him who would honestly put his mind through the same exercise of inquiry to which Mr. Sadler must have subjected himself. But our Edinburgh Reviewer, who deals with those gigantic proofs as boys on vaulting poles deal with mounds and ditches, by springing over them, wisely avoided entering at full upon the bearings of the question ; but, getting rid of some parts by a side-wind, mystifying others, deforming not a few, and wholly suppressing the rest, contrived to perplex himself into the belief that the whole theory was insubstantial and untenable, firstly, because he could not comprehend it, and secondly (and principally), because Old Blue-and-Yellow had years ago pledged himself to the atrocities of the Malthusian system, and could not now retreat without acknowledging, what your Scotch Whig never will acknowledge, that he was for once in his life fallible.

This is the Vanity of Vanities. This it is that makes intolerant tolerance and bigotted liberalism so foul, and nauseous, and unseemly. Now that this question of the Rights of the Poor—for such it is, let the economists marvel as they please—has brought to issue the true nature of men's Christian charities, the pureness of their Active Creeds, and the strength, and wisdom, and honesty of their political professions, we find how the steam of pollution and falsehood rises round the orators, pamphleteers, and reviewers, who in times past have been the advocates of popular privileges, and the Oracles of damnatory prophecies against all those who dared to think and move outside their circle. Who now advocate the Rights of the Poor ? Who now stand up in their proper places to redeem by practical deeds, at the moment when the exigencies of famine and anarchy demand it of them, the solemn promises of their cheap popularity ? Who are now to be found the Apostles of Hope and Messengers of Good, dispensing in the season of want the sustenance granted in prospect when it was not wanted ? Where are they to be found ? Do the Irish landlords succour the Irish poor who starve and rot on their estates ? Do the Liberals oppose the crushing, diabolical, selfish, grinding, and unnatural doctrines of Malthus ? Who are the promoters of those doctrines ? Who are their enemies ? And who is their Detector and Exposer ? The last interrogatory concerns us mainly here. The master mind that developed the ingenious sophistry and laborious artfulness of the Malthusian system was a Tory—no other than Mr. Sadler ! The Malthusian system was essentially a defence of a gilded and luxurious order of hereditary families that could never

experience a pang of distress, against the natural wants of the defenceless peasant-born race that cried at their gates for bread. Who defends that system? Old Blue-and-Yellow! The pledged companion in arms of public and common rights, reform, low rents, and the thousand and one watch-words and signal-lights of the much abused and misled people! We do not care for the small fry—the minnows—that have danced on the surface of the stream in the sun-light of this luminary of modern whiggism; they come in their season, and go away unnoticed. We never expected steadfastness of them, and they are welcome to their petty treachery; but Old Blue-and-Yellow has sold the pass too notoriously to escape his proper amount of open punishment.

The flagrant apostasy is interwoven in the history of the Population Question, and will suggest its own incidents to our readers as we proceed in our details. But in order to a clear understanding of the whole, and that none of its many branches may be confused, it is our intention to state as succinctly as we can, in the first instance, the grounds of the case as it lies between Mr. Malthus and Mr. Sadler, before we address ourselves to the immediate opponents of the latter, with Old Blue-and-Yellow at their head.

At a very early stage of society, when men formed themselves into communities such as we may venture to suspect wolves do, to prey upon all surrounding creatures, or, in deficiency of food, upon each other, it was thought that there was a tendency in mankind to increase in numbers beyond the means provided by nature for his support. The belief was in perfect keeping and harmony with the character of the era. It was the philosophy of a time when the first appeal was that of hunger: when *Morals* lingered on the heels of *Appetite*; and Man, the express image of his Maker, was no more than Man, the animal. In that age the *Selfish* qualities took the place of the *Intellectual*; and it was an inevitable consequence of a degraded and prowling state of being, that each person should fancy his neighbours cormorants, and wish he had fewer, lest they should eat up “all the corn in Egypt;” and that government should be equally apprehensive of the growing strength and numerical importance of the people. To flatter both fears—of the sensualist and the despot—this ingenious, but, at that period, not very luminous dogma was invented. It answered for its day: but knowledge advanced, and children increased, and food was found everywhere on the bosom of the fertile earth, and at last the *Famine Creed* melted away, like a mist, and was forgotten.

Each condition of corporeal things has its own delusion. When people were pressing onward to prosperity they feared a blight would strike them back; when they reached the height of prosperity they discovered a new source of terror in the apprehension that they would not be allowed to enjoy it, and that the numbers of Man would diminish, and that some desert-curse was hovering over them. When they were struggling for food they shrunk from human increase, and when they had food in abundance they trembled at the prospect of loneliness! These are the only legends connected with the Population Question, and, although they are authentic enough, yet they made so slight an impression upon the actual conduct of mankind, in the bulk, or so little affected his views, that they may be dismissed as preliminary trifles are by the German writers, when they are approaching the pith of their horrible demon-stories.

The latter doctrine is the more creditable of the two. It is foolish and ridiculous enough, but it shews a clinging to kind, and a love of the earth on which God has placed his creatures, and a zest in the enjoyments of its cheerful and busy surface, and a reverential anxiety about life that indicated love and gratitude. The more fictitious and complicated relations into which society formed itself, however, required a doctrine that would give a missionary appearance to the masters of the soil, and keep off the unholy approaches of the lower orders. The good of the few was to be consulted, and the desires and spreading hopes of the many were to be curtailed. In our times there was no want of zeal in the pursuit of some feasible apology for depreciating the increase of the poor; and that apology found its expounder in the person of a clergyman. With considerable shew of skill, an exhibition of painful research, and the air of one who had discovered the philosopher's stone, Mr. Malthus revived the exploded and hardly formed folly of a primitive age, announced it as his own, and became the father of a new sect of philosophers.

The substance of his theory is briefly stated. He maintains that mankind has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of existence: that population increases in a geometrical ratio, doubling itself every twenty-five years, while food, with all the advantages of accumulating labour, and application of enlarged and enlarging information, could not increase more rapidly than in the arithmetical ratio. As it is desirable that this fundamental principle may not be mistaken, here is the example of the relative proportions put into figures:—

Population	1	2	4	8	16	32	64	128	256, &c.
Food	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9, &c.

Thus it appears that the natural and ordained progress of mankind is to starvation; for if at the end of two centuries the proportion between the number of created beings, and the amount of food that could be produced for their sustentation, would be as thirty-two to one, it is pretty clear that thirty-one out of the thirty-two must famish. Indeed, had we not the fear of Old Blue-and-Yellow before our eyes, we might say this theory refutes itself, since if human beings were to be decimated after so wholesale a fashion by the inscrutable decrees of Providence, there never could arise any danger of that super-fecundity which the theory propounds, seeing that the people who were to have propagated at so fierce a rate must have died for want of food. But it does not appear that mankind has run into any such excess, for every man contrives to get enough to eat either by honesty or theft, and many men get much more than their share, which would be things impossible if it were true that the quantity of food in the world was inadequate to the demand.

But Mr. Malthus asserts that such would be the case, were it not that Providence provides checks against the increase of our race under the forms of moral restraint, and vice and misery. "Only for something the sky would fall." Grant Mr. Malthus these premises, and away he goes, whistling like a man who had just sold a spavined colt for sound wind and limb, and had got the money in his pocket.

It requires very little penetration to perceive that these checks, which Mr. Malthus assigns to the Creator of life, and the Giver of the means of living, are as direct impeachments of the goodness and mercy of God as they are insults to the dignity of our own nature. To add that they are also an unequalled specimen of bad logic would be an anti-climax

from which we will spare the Political Economists. They pre-suppose that God had miscalculated the power and operation of the machinery constructed out of His own bidding, since they assume that He has found it necessary to repress its springs and retard its motions; that He made a world which so fructified in its own vile luxuriance, as to outgrow the Original Design, deform the pure symmetry of its plan, and render imperative some mighty scourges to cure those excrescences, to the evils of which it was exposed from its formation. In this, either the wisdom or the goodness of the Omnipotent is staked. The Malthusians cannot escape from the force of this impiety. They have committed it, and they continue to commit it in their professors' chairs, in their dark lectures in Old Blue-and-Yellow, and in every hole and corner where they can thrust their sallow, lank faces, and unpronounceable heads.

The preventive check that proposes to turn the natural passions into other and nameless channels—that would extinguish marriage amongst the poorer classes—(the wretches, to whom, of all this world, the sweets of home are sweetest, and its least enjoyments boundless!)—and that would stop the current of nature in its onward flow, by means diabolical, pestilential, and unholy—forms that feature in the system, which, although but subsequently introduced by its founder, has occupied more than any other the attention of the public, and the wonder and horror of all men whose sympathies are not blunted by the vices of the imagination, or the practice of cruelties to their fellow creature.

This system, then, with its many charms for people in high places—for with all its absurdities, blasphemies, and inconsistencies, it permitted the rich to propagate *ad libitum*, and it is even said that Mr. Malthus himself is the father of seventeen children, Heaven prosper them to him in the solitude of his latter days!—this system became fashionable. In the wake of its father—the father of the seventeen children—followed all such men as Mill, McCulloch, Senior, and fifty fellows who wrote pamphlets that they could not understand, and that nobody else would read. But as indescribable pamphlets, with the name of a floating theory inscribed on their title-pages, help to spread the reputation of such theory, whether said pamphlets be worth half-a-crown or not worth a rush; it happened, of course, that the pamphlets, and Old Blue-and-Yellow to boot, stamped the name of Malthus upon the minds of the million. And he might have remained there until now, had it not been for a work in two volumes entitled the "Law of Population," written by Mr. Sadler, which made its appearance some time in the course of last year.

The gigantic grasp, profound reasoning, diversified research, and, above all, the humane philosophy it inculcated, were one and all wondrous. Each separate part was a perfect treatise upon a Malthusian fallacy, an incentive to implicit reliance upon the bounties of Providence, and a chapter in the sublimities of creation. The style was glowing and enthusiastic; the proofs, figures that could not be controverted; the deductions as clear as sparkling water in the sunbow. The appearance of this work was naturally met with jealousy, and pursued with virulence. Wherever the club-foot had pressed the black soil of a vindictive heart, there were the simple yet laborious doctrines of the Law of Population received with dismay and hate. But its enemies were in the condition of men who fight in a bad cause, and who feel it, and whose conscience, before the struggle is over, forces them to quail

and throw down their arms. This is now happening—Old Blue-and-Yellow is the last in the field, and he, perchance, may fight [like] the Parthians; but run he must, or strike.

To convey the spirit of Mr. Sadler's stupendous work—that is, its leading bearings—is as much as we can accomplish within our necessarily circumscribed limits. It will be well to begin with his great elementary principle, which is a direct refutation of the fundamental doctrine of the Malthusian system. The main and primary position is, that as the numbers of mankind increase the tendency to increase diminishes, thereby assuming that procreation contains within itself the elements of correction, by the mysterious operation of which its due progress is rectified. This position is not mere statement, or theory. It is the sum of many complicated calculations; it is the result of such a mass of population returns as were never before collected into any work professedly statistical; and it is sustained by tabular evidences to which it is as impossible to refuse conviction as it would be to offer refutation.

If the propagation of our species be checked by an agency in nature itself, and that it never can exceed the amount of vegetable life through which and by which it is sustained, then the whole system of political economy which mistakes the meaning of capital, and proceeds upon an erroneous apprehension of existing or approaching super-fecundity, is utterly false. To attain the means of settling that question for ever is a signal blessing to mankind: and even if this Law of Population accomplished no more, it would be for this alone entitled to our gratitude.

Our readers will remember that Mr. Malthus maintains the geometric ratio in the propagation of the human race, and the arithmetical ratio in that of vegetable life. Now Mr. Sadler maintains that the prolificness of human beings, otherwise similarly circumstanced, varies inversely as their numbers; or in the words of Old Blue-and-Yellow, who unluckily for himself has made his opponent's principle so clear to his readers as to neutralize his own arguments, that "on a given space, the number of children to a marriage becomes less and less, as the population becomes more and more numerous." Extend this doctrine to nations, continents, and finally to the whole world, and you have the substance of Mr. Sadler's Law of Population. It is at once evident that it differs as widely as pole from pole from the Malthusian system; that it distinctly controverts its first and great doctrine; and that it derives no aids from appeals to the credulity, the passions, the interest, or the fears of mankind. In the latter theory there was, to speak tolerantly of it, a vast deal of twaddle; it affected to argue upon moral possibilities; to draw lessons of human self-control from instances of individual self-conquest; it demanded assent to assertions without proofs, and passed on to its final deduction, (that the days, the numbers, and the happiness of mankind ought to be curtailed,) through a sort of trellicework of sophistry and sentiment, in which the facts that were mixed up were only seen at intervals as they flitted through. On the other hand, in Mr. Sadler's work, whatever enthusiasm there may be, and there is much—and it is right there should be a lofty and glorious enthusiasm in such a cause—the reader, be his prejudices in favour of, or against, the principle, is never irritated by a display of zeal without knowledge, or of statistical argument without documentary substantiation—in other words, *Mr. Sadler never asks belief in a single principle,*

or corollary from a principle, unless it be clearly borne out by facts; nor does he ever assert a principle that is not amply so borne out. Here is a stand made at once upon the manner in which the Anti-Superfecundity doctrines are enunciated in contrast with the loose, half-appeal, and half-assumption management of the Malthusian Anti-Humanity theory. But they could not manage otherwise. When they wanted the world to believe that human beings were made to inherit misery, and to live, like Tantalus, on the edge of the ever-rolling stream of sexual temptation, but forbidden to taste its waters, could they expect to obtain credence? They had no figures for that. But we are detaining our readers from such analysis of Mr. Sadler's proofs as we can afford space to give.

The principle being clearly stated—that the prolificness of human beings, otherwise similarly circumstanced, varies inversely as their numbers—the proofs adduced by Mr. Sadler are thus thrown into a summary:—

First; By generally acknowledged facts.

Second; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in different countries, equally circumstanced, except in regard to population.

Third; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in different districts of the same countries.

Fourth; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in towns, in relation to the number of their inhabitants.

Fifth; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in the same countries and districts at different periods, as the population has increased.

Sixth; By the comparative prolificness of marriages in the same places and districts, at different periods, where the population has diminished.

Seventh; By the comparative prolificness of marriages as determined upon physiological principles.

Eighth; By the analogies of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in regard to the principle of reproduction.

Ninth; By the demonstration afforded by distinct classes of the human species: and especially the British peerage.

There, Old Blue-and-Yellow, there is a display of tests to which we challenge you to put Mr. Malthus's creed! Is there a single aspect of the question blinked in this ordeal of inquiries? Is there any one way of examining it omitted? On the contrary does it not subject the whole doctrine to the most rigid and unparalleled sifting from first to last? And if it be found to come out proven from each and every of those searching positions, are you not, in plain justice, bound to acknowledge that you have been labouring to delude the understanding of your readers, and to practise treachery upon them—or that you have contrived, not for the first time, to deceive yourself?

We shall now endeavour to give a condensed view of the substance of the proofs enumerated in the above summary.

First. In evidence of this proof, Mr. Sadler quotes the authorities of statisticians, physicians, and philosophers, deducing therefrom a sum of opinion, valuable as bearing distinctly upon the great fact stated. But as much of this proof is necessarily and inevitably involved in the others that follow, we pass on to the next.

Second. In the consideration of this proof some qualifying circumstances must be observed. The statistical data are unavoidably inaccur-

ate, in consequence of the difficulties that in different countries impede the collection of that sort of information. We must also take into account the different habits, and the dissimilar influences of soil, climate, and government, that will be found to prevail in different countries; so that this proof, as near as it can approach to correctness in facts, must yet be subjected to these modifications in principle, and cannot be expected to do more than indicate the theory. Yet we find, even under these disadvantages, how fully the law of nature is justified by the results. The following table exhibits the comparative prolificness of marriages, as regulated by the density of the countries enumerated, beginning with the most thinly populated, and proceeding in a gradual advance to the most densely populated.

	Inhabitants on a square mile.	Children to a marriage.
Cape of Good Hope,.....	1 ..	5.48
North America,.....	4 ..	5.22
Russia in Europe,.....	23 ..	4.94
Denmark,.....	73 ..	4.89
Prussia,.....	100 ..	4.70
France,.....	140 ..	4.22
England,.....	160 ..	3.66

We perceive that as the population in a given space increases, the number of births proportionably diminish. To this view there are exceptions, such as those to which we have alluded; but even they still serve to vindicate the benevolence of the Deity, whose law seems not to regulate human increase merely in proportion to space, but also to food. As we advance into the cold latitudes, where the soil is sterile and the population thin, we find the principle of human increase visibly contracted. The Laplanders are pronounced by their own historian, Shefferius, to be unfruitful. So that the exceptions in these instances are in themselves but more convincing proofs of the important truth that human beings do not propagate beyond the means of sustentation. Either way it overthrows the Malthusian system.

Third. When the inquiry descends to the examination of the relative examples in different parts of the same country, where the people enjoy the same advantages, natural and artificial, and suffer under the same evils, the results may be expected to be more minute, accurate, and certain. But that accuracy and certainty expose the principle to a test out of which it must come either with complete and decisive triumph, or absolute defeat. Let us see how it stands this trial in reference to the censuses of England. Mr. Sadler arranges the counties in the order of population, beginning as before, with the most thinly populated, and exhibits all the results in an elaborate table, of which the following presents the collected proofs:—

No. of Inhabitants to the square mile.	No. of Births to 100 Marriages.
Under 100 (2 Counties)	420
From 100 to 150 (9 Counties)	396
150 to 200 (16 Counties)	390
200 to 250 (4 Counties)	388
250 to 300 (5 Counties)	378
300 to 350 (3 Counties)	353
500 to 600 (2 Counties)	331
4000 and upwards (1 County)	246

Comment upon this unanswerable document would be impertinent. It might be supposed that Mr. Sadler had in this test alone abundantly satisfied himself, and that he needed not to have pushed his inquiries farther. But his ardent spirit was not contented. He knew that our English registers, to the disgrace of those to whom large sums of the public money are disbursed for the preservation of such documents, are deficient in many essential particulars. Those deficiencies, it is true, might tell either way; but he was resolved, by the addition of such unentered births, marriages and deaths, as could be obtained through the medium of official queries addressed to every parish in the kingdom, to subject his proof to a still severer test. Here is the result:—

No. of Inhabitants to a square mile.	No. of Births to 100 Marriages.
From 50 to 100	427
100 to 150	414
150 to 200	406
200 to 250	402
250 to 300	392
300 to 350	375
500 and upwards	332

The scale of fecundity again falls in proportion to the denseness of the population. But the indefatigable inquirer has yet another torture for the censuses of England, to see if they can be made to yield a solitary argument against him.

No. of acres to each Inhabitant.	No. of Baptisms to 100 Marriages.
Under 1	227
From 1 to 2	341
2 to 3	348
3 to 4	365
4 to 5	370
5 and upwards	380

In every way then in which it is possible to test the population of England, we find it prove to mathematical demonstration, the truth of Mr. Sadler's great principle. Indeed so triumphant a series of proofs was never displayed on any other question. If the phrenologists, or the political economists, or the admirers of Mr. St. John Long, had such a train of evidences to produce, we should never hear the end of their brazen-trumpet-blowing.

Having shewn amply how the law of nature works its consequences in England, it is sufficient to refer our readers to Mr. Sadler's work for the proofs he derives from the censuses of the British Isles, some of the counties in England, separately considered, France and Russia, Ireland, the United States, &c. In each of these his principle is proved on equally incontrovertible data, the operation of which in the above instance will have afforded a sufficient example of its results in all.

Fourth.—This branch of the inquiry leads to the establishment of the important fact, that marriages are less prolific in proportion to the density of the population on a given space. Thus, we find in crowded towns that fecundity diminishes, by which mysterious provision of nature the evils of excessive numbers are always anticipated and prevented. The following abstract presents the results of two tables—the one giving the prolificness of marriages in one hundred and five towns of England, being the whole number of those contained in the population abstracts,

in which the marriages, births, and deaths are separately given—the other pursuing the same inquiry in the rural divisions of the country where the population is sparingly disseminated, and agriculture mainly prevails. In the latter we find that the

Annual proportion of marriages to baptisms, are as 100 to 477

In towns under 1,900 inhabitants (1 town) 100 to 467

From 1,900 to 2,000 (2) 100 to 422

2,000 to 3,000 (10) 100 to 390

3,000 to 4,000 (12) 100 to 360

4,000 to 5,000 (11) 100 to 356

5,000 to 10,000 (30) 100 to 327

10,000 to 20,000 (22) 100 to 304

20,000 to 50,000 (10) 100 to 282

50,000 to 100,000 (4) 100 to 240

100,000 & upwards (3) 100 to 234

Another table of certain towns in Ireland follows this, proving still more decisively the truth of the original proposition. It is hard to believe that any credulity could exist after evidence of this irrefragable character, yet there are such men as Mr. Macauley to be found in the most enlightened times, and under all possible combinations of circumstances. Well may Mr. Sadler ask, "If the proofs adduced in this and the preceding chapters are not sufficient to place this great and important principle of nature beyond the reach of doubt or contradiction, can any facts, however striking, numerous, and uniform, relating to any subject whatever, be regarded as amounting to demonstration?" Certainly not: and more, if Mr. Sadler could produce such proofs as are only to be discovered in pure mathematics (and these approach them) Old Blue-and-Yellow would refuse to assent to them!

Fifth.—One of the benevolent corollaries from Mr. Sadler's main principle is, that "growing members" have been the great means of diffusing increasing plenty in every community, and on the contrary, that "fewness of people" has ever been accompanied by real poverty and destitution. This very consoling doctrine of the philosopher's creed is abundantly proved throughout, and although perhaps not sufficiently indicated by any individual fact, or facts, is placed beyond cavil by the series of views afforded by the examination of the subject throughout. The argument here appeals to time. It has hitherto drawn its witnesses from space. The adjustment of numbers to food is shewn at different periods in the history of each country. Here is a table to begin with, shewing the diminishing fecundity of marriages in England, as its population has increased.

Periods.		Population.		Births to a Marriage.
1680	5,500,000	4.65
1730	5,800,000	4.25
1770	7,500,000	3.61
1790	...	8,700,000	3.59
1805	10,678,500	3.50

In not a single instance have we as yet found these scales to contradict the fundamental law of nature. We could multiply these tables if it were necessary, for Mr. Sadler's indefatigable zeal has enabled him to prosecute this branch of the examination through the statistical returns

of France, Russia, Sweden, the Netherlands, Ireland, the United States, &c.; but as before, we content ourselves with one example out of a multitude, merely adding that they all arrive with surprising agreement at the same conclusion.

Sixth.—Having shewn that prolificness diminishes as the population numerically advances, the next curious and important point to be proved is, that prolificness increases with any considerable diminution of population. This is the most extraordinary aspect the whole inquiry assumes: and the means by which it is shewn exhibit, perhaps, more strongly than any other part of the work, the great powers of investigation, and the unwearying industry of the author. It naturally divides itself into those great mutalities that have occasionally visited the earth in the form of epidemics, and those fluctuating mortalities to which all great communities are subjected. In both cases the principle is most triumphantly proved. It might be expected that the test would fail in some of its applications; but such is the regularity, consistency, and certainty of this law of our being, that the deeper we enter into the inquiry, the more satisfactory do the evidences become, and the more impregnable a position do the whole body of proofs take, both relatively and in the abstract. As we can only afford to shadow forth the sum-total of Mr. Sadler's tables, referring to the original for the particulars, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting his very curious tabular view of the history of fecundity throughout the disastrous era of the plague in London, and a few years following it. Here is an abstract of it, however, shewing the proofs, divided into sections of ten years.

Ten Years ending	Deaths.	Besides of the Plague.	Total of Deaths.	Conceptions.
1610	61,299	50,390	111,689	62,979
1620	80,843	829	81,672	76,200
1630	100,057	36,987	136,987	82,534
1640	103,527	15,892	119,419	100,133
1650	104,439	13,663	118,102	74,397
1660	128,860	143	129,003	67,328
1670	182,109	70,699	252,808	110,410

The reasoning founded on these data is full of interest, and must have the effect of convincing every candid mind that the intricacies through which the subject is necessarily pursued, are of a nature to entitle that man who has succeeded in threading them, at all events to the respect of his adversaries, if their political prejudices exclude him from their assent and co-operation. It will be perceived that, although in the table now before us the proportions are not accurate, yet the great result sufficiently vindicates the operation of nature. Perhaps the arbitrary division of the period into portions of ten years each is not just, since the true working of the principle can best be seen in the progressive development year after year, of the relative mortality and procreation; but even in these totals we find that the period of the greatest mortality was distinguished by the greatest fruitfulness, and that the number of conceptions never sinks below, but always rises above that standard: so that even the deviations favour the principle. When we consider the immediate effect of a depopulating epidemic, it might be enough for our purpose to prove

that the number of conception did not decrease, which would be relatively speaking an actual increase; but here we find that not only did the conceptions not decrease, but that they really increased, a coincidence with the great law hardly to have been anticipated.

The calculations drawn from the effects of varying mortalities are equally complete. Of course, in those cases the operation of the mysterious, but ever labouring law of population, is not so visible, nor its sphere of evidence so extensive; and it is liable to many incidental interruptions, and minor influences, that tend to render its display in figures less apparently convincing than that of the phenomena that breaks up the order and harmony of our system. Yet in spite of all these obstacles, it develops itself clearly and unequivocally, and offers so incontrovertible an auxiliary to the great argument as to leave no doubt of the constant action of the principle for which Mr. Sadler contends. From a variety of statistical tables, comprising every country in Europe from whence such facts could be derived, collected from city and country districts, and comprehending a period of time sufficiently extensive to render the uniformity of the deductions of universal application, Mr. Sadler derives these curious and astounding results. Taking a series of mortal, average, and healthful years, here are the deductions:—

Proportions of conceptions to 1000 Marriages.

In the most healthy years,..... 4015

In the average years,..... 4084

In the mortal years,..... 4254

This, we frankly admit, appears almost incredible. And when we remember the fact that in the mortal years a fewer number of marriages take place than in the other periods, the wise and benevolent dispensations of Providence in this regard will derive a still higher claim on our gratitude and wonder. Of the registers of eighty-eight places enumerated in Sir Frederick Eden's History of the Poor, here are the results of a similar examination:—

	Deaths.		Births.
In the most mortal years,.....	88,349	..	92,052
In the most healthy years,.....	65,564	..	90,287

The investigation is pushed into other censuses, all directly tending to the same point. The importance of this very decisive argument is greater than perhaps it may appear at first sight. Mr. Malthus maintains the necessity of a "preventive check," the whole of the dark purport of which we cannot venture to translate into intelligible language; but we may trust ourselves so far as to explain, that a part of its object is to suppress the disposition of the multitude to intermarry, affirming that it is necessary to keep back by that means the apprehended numerical excess. Now, the moral effect of Mr. Sadler's argument in this instance is to shew that the seasons of mortality, instead of being sterile, in order to make room for marriages, as the Malthusian doctrines assume, are actually remarkably fertile—which is, as it were, a sort of compensation for the ravages of death, instead of death being a punishment for the extreme procreation of the species. If the reader will turn this strong antithesis in his mind, he will have in a short compass a pretty clear notion of the anti-population philosophy.

Seventh. The comparative prolificness of marriages as determined upon physiological principles, affords a debateable ground which none of the other proofs admit. On that account we should prefer calling it an ingenious argument or illustration, rather than a proof, although it

is not a proof only in so far as it rests on doctrines, generally received, instead of demonstrable facts that cannot be denied. It is therefore a confirmation of a principle already proved. We cannot hope to express this confirmation in shorter terms than we find it conveyed in the language of Mr. Sadler.

"The first and lowest condition in which human beings are presented to our contemplation, is that in which they are mere hunters, or little more than superior animals of prey; a state of extreme severity, whether it respects the fatigue, or the privations it implies. It demands, moreover, a vast extent of country, in proportion to the inhabitants, to render such pursuits available for the purpose of sustaining life; and, therefore, as they multiply, a more ample and certain supply of those animals on which they subsist becomes necessary, and the nomadic or pastoral must therefore succeed to the predatory condition. Numbers still increase, and the agricultural state necessarily ensues, being the simplest form of civilized society; that which obviously supposes the scantiest population, and unquestionably the most laborious, not 'to say necessitous habits, of any with which we are in these days personally conversant, though greatly superior, in all respects, to the preceding conditions.' Population still enlarges; and while all classes partake of the general benefit, multitudes are liberated from the lower drudgeries of life; many are found devoting themselves to higher and more intellectual pursuits; and not a few exist in a state of the most luxurious refinement.

"Such has, in many respects, been the history of almost every country upon earth; nor could a community, originally barbarous, and increasing in numbers, continue to subsist, much less attain to a high state of civilization, in any other course. Two facts, essential to the argument, present themselves to our consideration in this progression of society: the first is, that, at every step of it, the means of subsistence become more certain in their supply, more sufficient in quantity, and, above all, greatly improved in their kind. The second, that human labour is, at the same time, as regularly diminished in its duration, and mitigated in its intensity. In short, increase of population is, in every properly regulated community, the cause of diffusing greater ease and enjoyment, and of dispensing greater plenty; and the ancient maxim, that people are the riches of a country, is, in every sense of the expression, fully confirmed."
—*Vol. 2, p. 572-3.*

This lucid retrospect brings the whole question into a very small space. It distinctly shews that population precedes food, (in the sense of productiveness) that food increases with and in proportion to the human species; and, which is the great object of the physiologist, that where the population is scanty, poor, laborious, and inured to hardships, it is most prolific; and, *vice versa*, where it is densely planted, and where labour and want are either mitigated or unknown, and the comforts, rising upward to the luxuries of life, are enjoyed, it is least prolific; thus reversing the Malthusian doctrine, and proving that man, instead of increasing beyond the supply of food, increases that supply with his own increase, and by a mysterious law of nature, accommodates himself at the point of luxury, to the means of subsistence. Mr. Sadler gives physiological instances to prove this latter curious fact, but we cannot afford to quote them. It is sufficient for our purposes that it is satisfactorily shewn that in proportion to the poverty of a people is their tendency to propagate, and by that means to urge on the undeveloped bounties of the earth, and that in proportion as they rise above necessity that tendency gradually fades away.

Eighth. The analogy between the animal and vegetable kingdoms proves that the physiological principle is the same in both. There exists between them a striking conformity in the processes of reproduction. Plants luxuriously nourished will not, to use the agricultural phrase, "seed again." It is the same with man, and animals of the lower grade. Animals remarkable for their symmetry and perfection, and that are fed profusely to keep up the tone of beauty, are invariably infertile. These singular coincidences, are sufficiently remarkable in character, and uniform in their operation to establish on an imperishable basis, this great fundamental law of nature.

Ninth. In order to invest the argument with a degree of individuality, although it thereby confessedly loses some of its comprehensiveness, Mr. Sadler takes a class of persons raised above sordid wants, in whom all the advantages of blood, luxury, ease of mind, and station were combined, in order to demonstrate yet more forcibly the fact that as the population increases in numbers and reaches towards affluence, the tendency to fecundity declines. He selects the British peerage, because the registers of their families are at once accurate and attainable. The results are that the peers are decidedly a marrying class; that they marry early in life; and that although on the average they live to a greater age than the members of any inferior and less favoured class, their marriages are less prolific!

These are the prominent features of Mr. Sadler's theory. We have endeavoured to place before our readers a sketch of the series of proofs by which it is illustrated and established; and although we could not perform that justice to the details of the subject which they deserved, we trust we have rendered the chief propositions embraced in the main principle clear. On looking back upon what we have written, it occurs to us that a short recapitulation of the truths that incidentally arise through the examination may prevent that difficulty of retention which sometimes attends a lengthened statement. The facts established by Mr. Sadler, as flowing from the great law of population, may be thus summed up.

As population increases, fecundity declines.

The thinnest population is the most prolific.

In cold latitudes, where the earth is sterile and the population scanty, the tendency to propagation is contracted; which forms an exception to the general rule elsewhere prevailing, but proves the universal application, adapted to varying circumstances, of the divine law, that man shall not outgrow the means of sustentation.

In towns, where the population is closely packed, the average fecundity is lower than in the country, where the population is scattered.

The higher ranks who enjoy the comforts of life are less prolific than the lower, who labour and undergo privations.

The increase of population is always accompanied by an increase of prosperity; and *vice versa*.

Early marriages are less productive than those of more mature age.

As the population of countries increases, the checks of War, Pestilence, and Famine operate very languidly, less frequently, and less fatally. This is proved, in the only way it can be proved, by collation and comparison of historical facts; and it completely refutes the Malthusian doctrines that these calamities come in to keep down the tendency of mankind to increase beyond the supply of food.

Such are a few of the side-lights that break in upon us as we traverse

the labyrinths of this interesting question. They are all necessary to the perfect development of the subject, and lead separately into paths of inquiry that will amply repay the cares of the student.

Political economy stands wholly opposed to the wisdom of this theory, on the front of which are engraved the characters of justice and benevolence. When Mr. Sadler's work appeared it was for a time neglected by the press. The majority of periodical writers were confessedly inadequate to take a part in the controversy. Besides it requires some courage to stand up against received opinions, even although their palpable folly, fallacy, and iniquity be distinctly exhibited. The first Journal, we believe, that openly advocated the law of population was the *Atlas*, which, on all political subjects, is opposed to Mr. Sadler. The *Standard*, the political adherent of that gentleman, also gave its powerful assistance to the promulgation of his views. These two papers stood alone. Then came the *Edinburgh Review*, with its discharge of heavy artillery, and its blundering wit, to take up at the eleventh hour the examination of a topic which it would gladly have permitted to sink into obscurity, but which was making such way with the thinking part of society as to render its recognition inevitable. The article it put forth on that occasion will be certain of immortality. It will descend to posterity as a part of the history of this struggle in Philosophy to rescue humanity from the degradation of an unnatural and impious creed in *Morals and Statistics*. The name of Dennis is for ever linked to that of Pope: but the picture it presents to the mind is that of a fool dogging the shadow of a wise man. So will Mr. Macauley be hereafter remembered as one who played antics in the path of a Philosopher.

We said we could not venture to translate into intelligible language the meaning of Mr. Malthus's "preventive check." What then must be the true character of the system which the *Edinburgh Review* espouses, since its mere enunciation would pollute our pages? Oh! holy Nature, how hast thou been defamed by these economists! How heartless must he be who propounds to his fellow-creatures, the revolting doctrine that commands them to crush the play of their inborn instincts, to silence the voice of sensibility and sympathy within, and to defile a glorious manhood, by turning aside from the walk of duty and happiness into the dark ways of unnatural indulgences! The "preventive check" is an impiety of an unspeakably disgusting description. It cuts off all the finer attributes of our race, that distinguish us from the beasts of the field: it proposes so to regulate the intercourse of the sexes, as to defeat the especial purposes for which it was ordained; and it hints at the horrible alternative of a celibacy more criminal and infamous than the worst licentiousness of the worst periods of oriental history. And this is the system which Old Blue-and-Yellow advocates with an energy at once daring and disastrous; this is the system which the liberal journal—the organ of whigs, reformers, retrenchers, and demagogues—defends from first to last, as if the liberties of the subject, and the general good of mankind, were absolutely dependent upon its truth. We think we shall satisfactorily shew before we close, that the said Old Blue-and-Yellow is a witness not to be believed; and that, whether he thinks himself to be honest or not, he is utterly inconsistent with, and treacherous to his own professions.

First—how does the Reviewer meet Mr. Sadler's stupendous body of proofs? He picks out an objection here and there, works himself up into a fit of rhetoric, hits his point with a piquant witticism, and dis-

misses the inquiry with a sneer. He takes one table out of a multitude; chooses some part that suits his object; twists that part until it bends to his design; and then, having ingeniously shewn that the brick has a flaw, condemns in a most victorious manner the architecture of the whole house. He finds Mr. Sadler tracing his subject laboriously step by step through its regular gradations, and proving his statements to demonstration as he goes along; and seeing that he cannot rebut facts, except by some disingenuous and dishonest artifice, he exclaims, "Oh! this looks very well; but let it be remembered that Mr. Sadler has packed the cards after his fashion; we shall see how they turn out when we have shuffled them a little."—This shuffling (a word most felicitously chosen) proves to be no other than a picking and choosing of such cards as will tell but one way, and so arriving at a mighty triumphant conclusion, on a general law, by the result of an examination of partial particulars. He is his own Polonius,* and cries out, "It is mighty like a whale!" while his ear takes up the echo, and his pen writes down that it *is* a whale. He brings no facts of his own, but avails himself of Mr. Sadler's. He has no power to illustrate the subject, and exhibits no farther cleverness than that which comprises the tact of decomposing the materials before him, and fabricating them into other forms. In the management of all this he is adroit, and takes care not to betray to the mass of the lookers-on that sleight of hand by which he shuffles the aforesaid cards. But we have detected him. We are enabled to expose the tricks by which he mystifies the public: and they are tricks unworthy of literature, and degrading even to Old Blue-and-Yellow.

The particular tricks of this Reviewer have been already exposed elsewhere,* and it would be but an idle expenditure of space to enter into an elaborate consideration of them here. It is sufficient for our purpose to furnish a specimen of his logic, and to shew how he reasons on and from figures. Here is a characteristic exhibition of his logic.

"The theory of Mr. Malthus," says Mr. Sadler, "cannot be true, because it asserts the existence of a great and terrible evil, and is therefore inconsistent with the goodness of God. We answer thus: we know that there are in the world great and terrible evils. In spite of these evils, we believe in the goodness of God. Why may we not then continue to believe in his goodness, though another evil should be added to the list?" *Edin. Review*, No. CIV. p. 507.

Now this short sentence contains a falsification of a simple fact, and an illogical deduction from that falsification. Short as it is, it is nevertheless wonderfully comprehensive. In the first place, Mr. Sadler never said that Mr. Malthus's theory could not be true, because it asserted the existence of a great and terrible evil, and that it was therefore inconsistent with the goodness of God. On the contrary, Mr. Sadler said that the evil asserted by Mr. Malthus was inconsistent with the goodness of God, and that, *therefore*, Mr. Malthus's theory could not be true. We see how easily the web can be unravelled, and how poor this creature looks when we come to expose his artifices. But granting this falsification to our despicable arguer, let us see what he makes of it. He says, we know there are great and terrible evils, and yet in spite of these evils we believe in the goodness of God. Why then, he adds, with his usual chuckle, may we not continue to believe in his goodness, though another evil be added to the list? Does not the man see that confidence in the

* See a pamphlet published by Ridgway, which refutes the article that appeared in the *last* number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

goodness of God, in spite of evils *that we know*, does not justify the extension of that belief to evils *that we do not know*. In that consists the whole difference, but that difference involves the whole theory. We know, for instance, that we are subjected to physical pain, yet still we confide in the goodness of God; but we are not, therefore, out of the fulness of our confidence in that goodness, to believe in the existence of other assumed evils, such as that of super-secundity, of which we do not know. Our Reviewer does more foolish things than that of putting the car before the horse; he sometimes puts the horse into the car; and sometimes turns the car upside down. It is natural that he should now and then find himself in the mire.

It will be observed that Mr. Sadler always arranges his tables in their natural order; that is, he places them according to their relative importance, just as we run figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., in their proper progression. If Mr. Sadler begin with the lowest, he goes on regularly to the highest. If he begin with the highest, he comes down regularly to the lowest. Now, it is quite clear that this is not only the correct method of estimating the truth or falsehood of his principle, but that it is also the most rigid that could be devised. But our Reviewer calls this method "packing." We should like to know what the natural method is, if this be artificial? What the proper adjustment of quantities, if their regular ascent and descent be "packing?" Now here is a specimen taken from one of Mr. Sadler's tables which the Reviewer considers to be "packing." It gives the legitimate births in the following proportions of the population in France, where there are to each inhabitant

	Births.
From 4 to 5 <i>hectares</i> ,* there are to every 1000 marriages..	5,130
3 to 4 ditto	4,372
2 to 3 ditto	4,250
1 to 2 ditto	4,234
·06 to 1 ditto	4,146
and ·06 ditto	2,657.

Here we perceive, as usual, that as the population thickens the principle of fecundity declines. It is difficult to foresee how our candid Reviewer meets this statement, and still more difficult to anticipate the argument by which he sets about proving that the method by which these convincing results are obtained should be designated as "packing." He says, that if we look at the departments *singly*, we shall discover that there is not a single one of them in the place it ought to occupy. That is, that there is not a single one of the departments that will in itself prove the universal law of Nature. To be sure there is not, and who, except our sapient Old Blue-and-Yellow, ever expected there would. He next advises his reader, that such a department is tenth in one table, fourteenth in another table, and only thirty-first in a third table; that another department, which ought to be third, is twenty-second by the table which places it highest; that the one which ought to be eighth, is fiftieth or sixtieth; that that which ought to be tenth from the top, is at about the same distance from the bottom, &c. Now, not to say any thing about the littleness of mind which all this hubbub and much ado about nothing betrays, does not the intelligent inquirer at once perceive the character of the criticism to which Mr. Sadler is subjected by this honest Reviewer? Is it not self-evident

* A French *hectare* consists of between two and three English acres.

that he picks out instances, jumbles them, contrasts them at his own pleasure to suit his own views, and that while he is accusing Mr. Sadler, who gives the facts in arithmetical progression, of "packing," he is most shamelessly "packing" them himself? The parade of phrases about placing one department twenty-second, that ought to be third, and another fiftieth, that ought to be eighth, &c., is a mere confusion of words to perplex the reader, who will never take the trouble to ascertain whether the Reviewer's calculations be correct, but will probably take it for granted that Mr. Sadler's tables must be constituted of a mass of fallacies. Another method of "shuffling" ("I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word,") used by our veracious critic, may be thus imitated, although any imitation must fall short of the original—

"Take away the two first departments, then draw a line at the sixth; omit the next department, and add together the tenth and twelfth; then take the last but one, and run up to the fourteenth; and by calculating the average of these you will perceive that the result is diametrically opposed to Mr. Sadler's principle."

We can only say, that if it were not, the Reviewer would be dedicating his ingenuity to a very idle purpose. It must not be supposed that our imitation is far-fetched. We assure the unconscious public that such is the mode of examination adopted, and also that the Reviewer has the impudence to call the results he thus produces "strong cases!" Why, give us any table—except Lord Althorp's budget, which we candidly declare we could not render more perplexing than its noble propounder made it—and permit us to slash it in this manner, and if we do not make it prove the very reverse of that which it actually proves, we hereby allow all the clubs in London to put Old Mag. upon the same shelves with Old Blue-and-Yellow—than which we cannot conceive ourselves submitting to a greater indignity.

We cannot dismiss Mr. Macauley until we give the following passage from the last article in the Edinburgh. He is herein nibbling at the tables of the French population.

"By dividing the departments in a particular manner, Mr. Sadler has produced results which he contemplates with great satisfaction. *But if we draw the lines a little higher up, or a little lower down*, we shall find that all his calculations are thrown into utter confusion; and that the phenomena, if they indicate any thing, indicate a law the very reverse of that which he has propounded."—E. R. No. CIV. p. 516.

Here our reviewer betrays himself, by letting out the secret of his refutatory process. The drawing the lines a little higher up, or a little lower down, means no more than the disturbing of the natural order of the proofs, and the distortion of facts to suit a purpose. He is not candid enough to tell his readers that Mr. Sadler does not calculate one table in one way, and another in another, *but that he adopts throughout the whole of his table the same uniform mode of investigation*. There is no capricious, or dishonest method adopted; there is no Procrustean bed to make the table suit the proof, or the proof the table; but each table harmonizes with the rest, in its arrangement, its divisions, and its results. Now, the reviewer's method is altogether different from this. Instead of letting the tables speak for themselves, he selects only such parts as he wants, and places those only in such relative positions as will produce contradictions. Of course he must by this process distort each table differently. There is no uniformity of plan, progressing distinctly to the one given end; but all is contrariety, sophistry, and chaos. The operation of the laws of nature is uniform and universal; so ought to be the method of prov-

ing it. Mr. Sadler's proofs are uniform and universal ; but the reviewer's are distracted and confined. Which of these, think you, honest Mr. Napier, is the more likely to be true? Having shewn that by " shifting the line higher up or lower down, he can produce any statement he pleases," the reviewer adds that " the phenomena, if they indicate any thing, indicate a law the very reverse of that which Mr. Sadler has propounded." Why, goose-cap, if *your* theory be right, and Mr. Sadler's wrong, " the phenomena," as you call them, instead of " indicating any thing," should *prove* the truth of your theory. How is your theory, or Mr. Sadler's, or any one else's to be proved, unless by the evidence of population returns? And now that you have those population returns, why do you not shew that they prove your theory? You tell us that if they indicate any thing, they indicate something the reverse of Mr. Sadler's theory ; but that is not enough ; they ought to be susceptible of affording two distinct proofs instead of one hypothetical indication ; they ought to prove, first, that Mr. Sadler's theory is false ; and, second, that Mr. Malthus's is true. Shew us that, thou last of the race of the wise men of Gotham, and we will acknowledge that you have some pretensions to enter upon the discussion.

But we have wasted enough of words upon this creature of the Old Blue-and-Yellow school, and shall content ourselves with a closing observation on the infidelity that marks the proceedings of that Review. This question is essentially a question that goes to establish the right of the poor to live. The political economists would invest the aristocracy with the exclusive right to enjoy life, and taste of all the privileges which Nature in her bounty has showered upon Man. Mr. Sadler vindicates the Universality of Happiness. He says, or rather the obvious deduction to be drawn from his pages is, that the distinctions which have sprung up in the formation and distribution of society ought to have no penal influence upon natural prerogatives : that man should alike throughout all grades taste the sweet delights that are spread before him in that banquet, which was not prepared by human hands ; that the Affections, the Hopes, the Sympathies, and the multitudinous throng of Sensations that fill the Heart, are no more called into existence for the rich man's sole enjoyment, than are the glorious lights which, like beacons, take up their eternal stations in the sky, placed there for the exclusive illumination of the rich man's night ; that all that is given by God is given in common ; and that we who live in affluence making laws for our fellow men, have no right to make a law, or urge a proposition, that has for its object the annihilation of the Natural Rights of the Poor. What then must we think of the Edinburgh Review, which professes the popular creed, when we find it abetting the unnatural, and unjust, and oppressive views which Mr. Sadler combats. Of course these views lead to political results. All philosophy is political. The original principles of all branches of philosophy are of application to various departments in the science of politics ; and the anti-humanity tenets of the Edinburgh Review, lead to the most disastrous and fatal political fallacies. We now leave Mr. Macauley, and Old Blue-and-Yellow to the tender mercies of the public. We have done our part. Should another arm be raised in the contest, we shall be found armed for the fight. In the mean time it will be curious to observe how the Edinburgh will endeavour to escape the responsibility its errors have already incurred. That it must, and will ultimately renounce Malthus we entertain no doubt ; but, for the delectation of amateur superfecunditarians, we shall carefully note the progress of the Second Apostacy.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WHEN the French have lost a battle, they always swear that it was lost by treachery. The *saute qui peut* is regularly traced to a lofty origin. No "bandy-legged drummer," no faint-hearted captain of the guards, no half-dozen regiments, peppered beyond all Gallic patience, and moving to the rear without leave of absence, has any thing to do with the affair. The whole is a sly contrivance of some rogue of a field-marshal, bribed by foreign gold, and on the strength of a heavy purse consenting to tarnish the national honour.

On precisely the same principle our politicians, when after a short burst of triumph they begin to discover that the day is against them, always cry out *secret* influence. The leading Whig journal thus makes the discovery that the Reform scheme is going to the dogs, and, of all people under the smoky canopy of London, who is the antagonist?—the Queen!

"Reports have been much circulated, with reference to a belief of an improper interference on the part of an Illustrious Personage on the subject of the Reform Bill. We know that lady to be as much distinguished for the most amiable feelings, and for a just sense of her duties, as she is by her exalted station: with such feelings, every thing tending to political intrigue, or to an active part in the measures of a party, is absolutely incompatible; and we are as confident as we are of our existence that no attempt could proceed from that quarter to disturb the mind of the sovereign, or throw difficulties in the way of his ministers."

We firmly believe that the Queen has no more to do with the break-down of the Bill than the Emperor of Timbuctoo. But the cry is symptomatic—it is evidence of failure, and we may rely on the clamour of the advocates of the measure for the proof of their fears. Now that we are on the subject of royalty, why will not some of the royal and noble authors of the day enlighten us on the name of the fashionable nude, on whom the Court itself fixed its critic eyes?

"A reproof has been addressed from an illustrious quarter to a celebrated fashionable beauty, on the indecorum of her costume at the drawing room, which was such as to excite universal surprise."

The announcement awakes all our curiosity too, as to the degree of the developement in question. For on our faith, as cavaliers, we have seen admitted into drawing-rooms, figures constructed on a principle of such perfect candour, that the eye might as well doubt of their shape as of the Venus de Medicis, or a naked negress. What could go beyond those we cannot easily imagine, at least in a climate where the east wind reigns for one six months, and the Lincolnshire fogs are paramount for the other.

Frederic Reynolds, who retains his pleasantry under the frosts of, who can tell how many years? has filled his Dramatic Annual with pleasant wrath against the powers, plays, and things that be. But his passions burst out most oratorically, where the sound of "salary,"—word dear to the sons of St. Stephen's, as well as of Thalia—comes to sting them into vengeance. What can be more Demosthenic than the following?

"There be players who now-a-days receive, twenty, thirty,—ay, fifty pounds per night; whilst Mrs. Siddons, in the 'meridian of her glory,' received one thousand pounds for eighty nights (i. e. about twelve pounds

per night). Mrs. Jordan's salary, in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas per week. John Kemble, when actor and manager at Covent Garden, was paid thirty-six pounds per week; George Cooke, twenty pounds; Lewis, twenty pounds, as actor and manager; Edwin, the best buffo and burletta singer that ever trod the English stage, only fourteen pounds per week; and Mrs. H. Siddons, by far the best representative of *Juliet* I ever saw, nine pounds per week. After this, may we not exclaim—'Ye little stars, hide your diminished heads!'

It is hard to stand up against such a whirlwind. But still we may ask, why do managers give such salaries now? Certainly not for love of the actors. The true answer is, they find it worth their while. Why do actors demand such salaries? Because every man has a right to sell his talents as high as he can, and the few years during which an actor can be secure of popularity, make it necessary for him to make the most of his time. The lower salaries of the Kembles, &c. thirty years ago, were not so much under the present rate, when we consider the enormous rise of price in every thing necessary for human support. And lastly, because a well conducted theatre is able to pay any salary that can be fairly equal to the ability of any performer. The fact is that the decline of theatrical profits is altogether owing to the decline of theatrical writing. During the period when the theatres were supplied with a constant succession of new performances, various as they were in point of merit, and even in point of success, the theatres thrived. Sheridan's theatre was the first to exhibit symptoms of ruin, because Sheridan was at once a genius and an idler, rendered too fastidious by the former to make use of the talents of inferior men, and by the latter never taking the trouble to make any exertion of his own. The plan of this man, who was made to be undone, was to employ great performers, at great salaries, of course. The time soon arrived when the public grew weary of seeing the same performances for the hundredth time, deserted the theatre, left the great salaries to be looked for in empty benches, and walked over in a body to old Harris, who gave large prices to authors, and had of course every thing that was worth having, paid his actors moderately but punctually, and finally made his fortune, by his slight comedies, moderate actors, and small theatre. But the moral of the tale receives its full confirmation from the subsequent fate of Harris himself. In his old age he abandoned his system, lavished his money on shew, and a theatre twice too large for convenience or productiveness, ventured on the Sheridan maxim, of "away with authors, give me the scene-painter and the carpenter;" and finished in a few years by losing every shilling of his fortune, and leaving his theatre under a load of debt, from which it has never recovered.

It seems to be an established fact in the history of medicine that there is no disease which is not capable of a cure; though undoubtedly there remain some of which the cure is so rare, that the disease may, in our present state of knowledge, be generally considered all but desperate. Of those, all the maladies which attack the nervous system seem still the farthest from hope, partly because our ignorance of the nervous system is the most remarkable, and partly because its maladies have the most rapid and violent influence on the frame. Hydrophobia has hitherto baffled all regular treatment, and "locked-jaw," when arrived at a certain height, seems to bid defiance to medicine. How-

ever, the following case, stated in a periodical work by Mr. Joy, a surgeon, of Norfolk, may lead to some important investigation.

"A chaff-cutter, about twelve-years of age, apparently in good health at the time when he was exercising his occupation, so injured one of his fingers as to render immediate amputation of it at the first phalanx necessary. Although the wound went on very favourably, locked jaw came on when it was nearly healed. Notwithstanding the usual remedies—as, opium in large doses, mercury, musk, and other anti-spasmodics—were actively employed on the first appearance of the disease, the spasms increased in violence, and extended to the muscles of the back, producing the convulsive contractions of the muscles, termed opisthotonos. The anti-spasmodics and warm bath having totally failed to afford the slightest relief, after pushing them to their fullest extent for ten days, Mr. Joy determined to give the muriated tincture of iron a trial. He accordingly ordered ten drops to be administered every hour in a little water, which the loss of a few teeth allowed of being done without much difficulty. After continuing this medicine twenty-four hours, the spasmodic affection of the muscles was evidently much diminished. The following day he was nearly free from pain. The medicine was continued in the same quantity, and at the same intervals; and the disease so rapidly decreased in violence, evidently under its influence, that he was perfectly well in the course of a few days."

The public are tired of the vulgar ravings of such fellows as Hunt and Hume, as of course those people have no other object than to talk themselves into notice. But why does not some honest and plain-spoken English gentleman, who dabbles in neither Greek Loans nor Liquid Blacking, apply himself to the consideration of the enormous waste that occurs hourly in public matters? Whoever that man may be he may be assured that, by this line of conduct, he would be of more use to his country, do more honour to himself, and, if such were his object, gain a more extended and enduring popularity than any and all the prating patriots of the day. Let such a man take up the following extract from the speech of Lord Althorp, his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"The original estimate for Buckingham Palace, sanctioned by Parliament, was £496,000., to which was to be added a further sum of £3,500. for sculpture, making a total of £499,500. The expenditure on the palace up to the midsummer of 1830—the latest period at which those accounts were made up—was £576,353.; thus leaving an excess above the estimate sanctioned of £76,000. in round numbers. As about £5,000. of this, however, could be realized by a sale of the machinery, &c., the excess might be taken at £71,000.! Notwithstanding this excess of expenditure over the income, he did not mean to say that Buckingham Palace was *at all in a situation*, or even *nearly so*, to be inhabited by any one. The estimate of the works not yet began was £21,000; the estimate of the works ordered by the late king, and not included in Mr. Nash's estimate, £25,000; the garden, £4,000. These items remained still to be provided for, not being calculated in the estimate of Mr. Nash, who, however, had exceeded his own estimate in the sum of £46,000."

Thus by the Parliamentary paper, the money actually expended on building the shell of the Pimlico Palace was at the lowest computation £71,000 above half a million of pounds sterling! with works to be done estimated at £50,000 more. But every body knows that the estimate is always *under* the expense in matters of this order, and as Mr. Nash has exceeded one estimate by no less than £46,000, it is to be presumed that a handsome allowance must be made here also.

And let it be remembered by John Bull, who pays for all, that, for this enormous sum a building has been raised, which is at present utterly useless. That it at present can afford a tenement to nothing but the rats, and that in those estimates furniture, and the innumerable things necessary to complete a palace for a residence, are not adverted to. Before that Pimlico Palace can be fit for the reception of the King, *another half million* must be extracted from the pockets of John Bull.

Then come the repairs of Windsor Castle, which though no man would grudge, if they were actual and necessary repairs of a great national edifice, as the castle is, seem to have been characterised by just the same want of taste and economy. But here the furniture is the galling affair.

In order to check the estimate, three commissioners were appointed, and they sanctioned an estimate of £233,990. The expenditure incurred, however, appeared to be in the Chamberlain's department, £289,718—in the Lord Steward's department, £1,768—and for the tapestry, £3,550, making a total of £295,036, leaving an excess of £61,000 on the estimate sanctioned by Parliament. In the furniture supplied, the principal excess was in the account of one tradesman. The estimate for the work was £143,000, but his bill came to £203,000.

The furniture of a portion of the castle has already cost upwards of £300,000. The combined cost of the Pimlico Palace, in which the King cannot reside, and Windsor Castle, in which he probably will not reside a month in the year, is actually at this moment one million four hundred thousand pounds! Lord Althorp declares that all this deserves to be inquired into, and in particular the estimate of that dashing dealer who in an estimate of £143,000, contrived to make an advance of £60,000. And his lordship is perfectly right. The whole transaction demands the most rigid inquiry. The country will be satisfied with nothing less, and he may rely on it, that unless such investigation be prompt, complete, and clear, the consequences may be formidably injurious to the quiet of the country. We by no means conceive that ministers look upon those things with less disgust and contempt than we do; but it is essential to their honour that they see justice effectually and expeditiously done.

Lord King's perpetual attacks on the Church, are made so much with the air of a man eager to talk about something or other, that they lose all their effect, and the affair goes on in the old way. But on one of his late motions, whose object was to ascertain the number of resident and non-resident clergy in England and Wales, distinguishing the non-residents who held of the clergy or corporation from those who held their benefices of lay impropriators, he brought out some remarkable admissions.

"A right rev. prelate had the other night stated that the average income of each clergyman did not exceed £365. 18s. 4d. This he would not deny; but he saw from the returns that, while the average was to that amount, there were six thousand clergy who had livings at an average of £645, a-year; and he thought some limits should be fixed, and livings made to correspond as nearly as possible with the general average of the incomes of the whole clergy. The son-in-law of the Bishop of Ely had been presented by the bishop to the rich living of Wisbeach, though he held five livings besides, estimated at the value of £5,000. a-year. In the see of York, he found some of the clergy had only £30. a-year, and that the curate of a living in the gift of the University

of Oxford, worth £2,000. a-year, had the same sum, and that the parish had been obliged to make a subscription to raise it to £70."

He concluded by moving for a return of the resident and non-resident clergy.

"The Bishop of London did not oppose the motion. On a former evening he had stated that the average income of each clergyman in the English church would, if church property were equally divided, be between £350. and £360. a-year. Since he had made that statement he had made a most strict inquiry; and the result of that inquiry, he was sure, would excite the surprise of the House, though it might not please the noble lord. The result was that, if the livings were equally divided, each clergyman would not have more than £185. a-year. In Scotland the average for each minister was £275.; and even the Protestant clergy in France were nearly as well paid as the English, if the average were taken."

Well then, why is not this wretched disproportion reformed? Why shall the livings be left in such a state of inequality? Why shall it be in the power of any man to make the distribution of the church property in the style which has been charged on the Bishop of Ely? We have seen the character of that man treated in the public journals in language which demanded instant vindication from him, if he had any defence to make. He is openly named in the House of Lords, yet none of the bishops rise in his defence. The man himself remains silent. Is there no higher authority in the church to rectify matters of this kind? But why will no bishop bring forward a proposal for at least an approach to equalization in the livings, when the abuse is so openly avowed? A bishop declares that on the average the English clergy are paid worse than the Scotch or French; and that the Scotch clergy have on the average £90 a-year, or about a third more than the English, and that too in a country where provisions and all the means of life are one-half cheaper than in England; and yet after all those acknowledgments the old evil is left to take its way.

The old adage of "What's every body's business, is nobody's business," has been seldom more happily illustrated than in the affair of the Weymouth election. On the first statement of the transaction every one pronounced it abominable, and there certainly arose in the public mind a very strong desire to see the most condign punishment inflicted on every person engaged in the transaction.

This state of the business lasted for a while, and then came a tissue of letters and declarations from all the parties, who would have it to be the most innocent and common-place affair in the world. Then came the third stage, the backing out. The affair was so innocent that none of the agents chose to have any of their names involved in it; and now the papers tell us that Lords Grantham and Goderich, Colonel Gordon, and Sir Something Sugden, declare that they knew no more about it, than their grandmothers. All very true perhaps, but still we must say that it is all very strange.

Perfectly satisfied of course, that the traffic, the correspondence, the purchase, and the borough-dealing were the work of nobody, we must give this nobody who does such ingenious things credit for being a very clever fellow.

If the radicals ever expunge the constitution from the records of England, it will be by the help of such documents as the following:—

"Memorandum of some of the Pensions, Grants, &c. of the Cockburn Family, taken from the Lists laid on the table of the House of Commons.

"Vice-Admiral Sir George Cockburn (this is not all by a great deal)	£1,630
Henry Cockburn, Esq., Solicitor-General in Scotland.....	2,000
A. Cockburn, Esq., late Minister at Wirtemberg	1,700
Dame Augusta Cockburn	600
Dame....Do.....Do	358
Augusta Cockburn (supposed not to be the Dame)	200
Dame Mary Cockburn	680
Mary Cockburn (supposed to be another)	100
Fanny Cockburn	100
Harriet Cockburn.....	£200
Do.....Do.....	100
Marianne Cockburn	115

Per Annum..... £7,783

Besides which, one of the family, who was sent to Mexico as envoy, expended and received as salary, in about six months, £9,000."

Here the immediate provision of a set of people, but one of whom has ever acquired any kind of public distinction, and even that, trivial enough—for what after all have been the services of Sir George Cockburn, more than the common class of sea officers? are paid for at the rate of nearly £8,000 a-year. The Scotch solicitor-general may be a good lawyer and entitled to his salary. But of what utility have been the services of A. Cockburn, Esq. late ambassador at Wirtemberg, to entitle him to £1,700 a-year, (observe) after having received so many four thousands a-year; for by the Scotch influence of those people, this person has been kept in employ at one or other of the German courts for the last twenty years. The retiring pensions of those extravagantly paid gentlemen our diplomatists must be entirely lopped off. But then comes the barefaced part of the business. Here are seven "lilies of the field," that neither sow nor spin, who demand to be kept in houses and coaches, the luxuries of life, and the pride of the "*high blude o' the fecmily*," as Sir Pertinax says; by the draining of John Bull's pocket, who must walk without shoes to his feet, and live in eternal fear of the tax-gatherer, that those well-born persons may not disgrace the "noble race of Shenkin," by working for their honest livelihood, like so many other people just as worthy in the sight of mankind.

Nobody but Tom Moore ever doubted Sheridan's wit: yet it must be owned that at least one half of this extraordinary man's pleasantries arose from his close observation of the life round him. What can be more in the style of the best part of his best work, *The Critic*, than the game of the newspapers on Miss Foote's advance to the coronet. First came the announcement anticipatory in this form:—

"We have heard, but by *no means* pledge ourselves for the truth of the report, that a certain beautiful actress has had some serious thoughts of late of exchanging the admiration always paid to her public talents, for a position where her personal graces will be not less duly appreciated."

Then followed the regular denial:—

"The fashionable world has been much occupied by a report that a certain noble earl is about to be married to an actress. It is generally known that this rumour is without foundation, as it is pretty well understood that his lord-

ship's attentions have been directed to the lovely and amiable daughter of an old brother officer, formerly in the 10th Hussars.—*Morning Paper*. [The nobleman alluded to is Lord Harrington.]—*Evening Paper*."

Before the town had recovered from this shock, a revival of its spirits was proposed by a rumour:—

"It is rumoured that though some difficulties may have slightly retarded an alliance in a certain quarter; yet those obstructions are now done away with, and all will proceed on the flowery road of Hymen forthwith."

The rumour was doubted, disputed, denied, and the town was at the freezing-point again. But a paragraph in a country paper came full wing to whisper peace; and, as Johnson says, the announcement of the fact "hushed the flutter of innumerable bosoms."

That John Bull will bear a great deal in the way of tax-paying, and do a great deal in the way of grumbling while he pays, is a maxim established by ten centuries of tax-paying and grumbling. But his food and drink might have been conceived matters on which John would scorn to suffer ill treatment; and yet in the affair of the water-supply of London, John has been going on for a hundred and fifty years drinking a compound too horrible to be looked on by the eyes of chemistry, and too frightful to the fancy, to be endured even among the recollections of a surgeon of a city hospital.

Formerly this might have been ignorance, and in his simplicity he drank legitimate horse-pond; but ignorance exists no longer on the subject. The evidence before the House of Commons a few years ago, has compelled every man to know the exact quantity of abomination which he swallows in every pint of water; with the precise proportions of gas-washing, solution of dead dogs and blind kittens, fetid mud, and the more nameless, though scarcely more horrible, contributions poured into Father Thames by three miles of sewers along his venerable and purulent sides. How much of this dreadful abuse has been corrected by the investigation we cannot possibly tell, though "to the best of our belief," as the country witness says, "we believe that nothing has been done;" at least, all that we have heard of, is of reservoirs built here, and gravel-beds laid there, but to the naked eye with no change whatever upon the dinginess of the water. Another scheme is now proposed.

"The members of the corporation have now before them several plans for supplying the metropolis with pure water. It is calculated that the deposit of mud on the sides of the Thames not reaching below the low water mark, and the bed of the river throughout being generally a clean, porous gravel, the mud will puddle in, and close the pores of the gravelly bed on which it lies, above the low water mark, so that the filtration into neighbouring wells must take place below low water mark. A filtering chamber is therefore proposed to be constructed below the bed of the river, through which a main pipe or tunnel will conduct the filtered water into a well on the river side, which may be taken from thence by the present steam power on shore, and delivered out by the mains and branches now laid down by the water companies."

We hope that all this will be intelligible to our readers, but if it be, they have infinitely the advantage of us, for we cannot comprehend a syllable of it. However, something may be done, if any body will give the projectors a hundred thousand pounds to begin with. But why, let us ask, must those people be always dabbling in the Thames? Or how, in the name of common stomachs, can they propose to any living being

to drink a drop out of the Thames? It is itself a common sewer, differing from Fleet ditch, or the brick funnels that run under our streets and convey the *ejectamenta* from our houses, in nothing more than its being the common receptacle of their united abomination. Are there no other streams in the neighbourhood of London? England is perhaps the best watered country in Europe; and yet in the metropolis, where men talk of fastidiousness, and where more money is lavished on luxuries than in many a kingdom, the fluid most necessary to life is a degradation of ditch water, a running malady, a compact of all things emetical. Why will not the citizens take up the matter? half a dozen active men would do more than ten boards of aldermen. Why not bring water in pipes from some of the wholesome streams of Surry or Herts? Nothing could be easier, and nothing would be more popular than any plan which afforded a rational chance of supplying London with a fluid, which to a great city makes all the difference between cleanliness and filth, health and disease.

Why does not some man of public research enlighten the public on the proceedings at the Mint? The whole system is as little comprehensible by the uninitiated as the philosopher's stone. The cost of the Mint is prodigious, the machinery is all that machinery can be; yet we have one of the ugliest coinages of any nation of Europe. A new issue of coin is about to be commenced.

"It appears, from the king's proclamation, that the new coinage will consist of double sovereigns, to be each of the value of 40s.; sovereigns, each of 20s.; and half-sovereigns, 10s.: silver crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. The double-sovereigns have for the obverse the king's effigy, with the inscription "Gulielmus III. D. G. Britanniarum Rex. F. D.;" and for the reverse, the ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom contained in a shield, encircled by the collar of the Order of the Garter, and upon the edge of the piece the words "Decus et Tutamen." The crowns and half-crowns will be similar. The shilling has on the reverse the words "One Shilling," placed in the centre of the piece, within a wreath, having an olive-branch on one side, and an oak-branch on the other; and the sixpences have the same, except the word "Sixpence," instead of the words "One Shilling." The coppers will be nearly as at present."

Now we must observe, what the master of the Mint and the people about him ought to have observed before, that here is in the first instance a considerable expense incurred in the coinage of the double sovereigns, without any possible object, except the expense itself may be an object, which is not impossible. We shall have in this coin one of the most clumsy and useless matters of circulation that could be devised. The present sovereign answers every purpose that this clumsy coin can be required for, and even the single sovereign would be a much more convenient coin for circulation if it were divided, as every one knows, who knows the trouble of getting change. The half-sovereign is in fact a much more convenient coin. But on this clumsy coin we must have a *Latin* inscription, as if it were intended only for the society of antiquaries, or to be laid up in cabinets, which we acknowledge would be most likely its fate, except for the notorious bad taste of the British coinage. Of much use it is to an English public to have the classical phraseology of *Gulielmus Britanniarum Rex*, put in place of the national language. Then too we must have the collar of the Order of the Garter to incircle the national arms, of which this Order is nonsensically

pronounced "*Decus et Tutamen.*" The Glory and Protection. The Order of the Garter, the *glory and protection* of England! We are content to let this absurdity stay in Latin or Sanscrit; English would be shamed by it. The Order of the Garter, which goes round the knee of any man, who comes with the minister's fiat on the subject, and which has no more relation to British glory or British defence than the Order of the Blue Button or the Yellow Frog of his majesty the emperor of China; and this is to go forth on our national gold coin! and for fear that the folly would not be sufficiently spread it is to be stamped on our crowns and half-crowns! The shillings and sixpences luckily escape: plain English will do for them. And all this goes on from year to year, while we have in the example of France a model of what a mint ought to be. Every foreigner makes purchases at the French mint; and the series of national medals executed there is a public honour and a public profit too. But who ever thinks of purchasing English mintage except for bullion? With a history full of the most stirring events, we have not a single medallie series; we have scarcely a single medal. But we have in lieu of those vanities a master of the mint, who is tossed new into the office on every change of party, who has probably in the whole course of his life, never known the difference between gold and silver but by their value in sovereigns and shillings; but who, in the worst of times, shews his patriotism by receiving a salary of no less than five thousand pounds a year.

"Mr. James Taylor, who has for several years devoted his time to establish a steam communication between England and India, proceeded eighteen months since to Bombay, through Egypt, and by the Red Sea; and left it in May last to return to England. He took his route by Bagdad to Aleppo, and was joined by Messrs. Bowater, Aspinall, Elliott, Stubb, and Captain Cockell—the two latter officers in the Indian army. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Bowater proposed proceeding to Aleppo, the former intending to go from thence to England. On the 15th August the caravan was attacked, at midnight, on the plains of Sindjar, by two numerous bands of Arabs, and, as resistance seemed useless, it took flight back. It was not till the morning that it was ascertained that Messrs. Taylor, Bowater, and Aspinall, with a Maltese servant to Taylor, were missing. Mr. Taylor's horse came into the party during the day, with all his baggage, and some of his papers. Mr. Taylor, it is feared, and his companions have been put to death by the savages into whose hands they had fallen. He has left a widow and four young children to lament his untimely and cruel fate."

We are no worshippers of Ibrahim Pacha nor Mohamed Ali, and yet we wish that the scymeters of both were let loose from the head of the Red Sea down to the Straits of Babelmandel. Conquest is mercy when it restrains the bloodthirsty and the robber, and gives civilization the power of passing along in its tranquil and noble progress through the great deserted regions of the globe. We fear we have to record the loss of a vigorous and useful man by the Arab sword. Whether this was owing to any mismanagement on the part of our countrymen, or any treachery on that of their guides and attendants, we must expect that our consuls on the station will make due inquiry for both the recovery of the individuals, if they are still to be found, and the punishment of the criminals. It may be difficult to catch the Arab in his deserts, but he may come within the reach of justice notwithstanding, and no exer-

tion should be spared to make the name of Englishmen a tower of strength, even among savages.

How can we wonder at the decline of dramatic writing, when even established and successful authors receive so little encouragement? Miss Mitford, who succeeded two years ago to the unusual extent of writing a tragedy, which lasted nearly a whole season, rare as that distinction is among tragedies, and peculiarly while the present race of tragedians exist, most of whom, as George Colman once pleasantly observed, "add the murder of Macbeth to the murder of Duncan;" yet we see that Miss Mitford has been compelled to transfer two subsequently written tragedies, from one of our theatres to another, and even there with but a sorry prospect of performance. The usual polite negative, "too many things on hand for the present," appears to be the answer. Another case in point comes before us. One of the papers says—

"Knowles, the author of *Virginus*, wrote, some time since, an historical tragedy or drama, denominated *Alfred*, which, in manuscript, has been read by many of his literary friends, who entertain unqualified opinions that it is calculated to increase the reputation of the author, and add golden proofs of its success to the coffers of the manager. He has agreed with the lessees of Drury Lane that it shall be produced at that theatre during the present month. Macready will personate *Alfred*."

The truth, we believe, is that Alfred has been written these half-dozen years; for certainly, we have been warned of its existence by various announcements for that time or more, and that Knowles has been fighting his way for its exhibition through all kinds of difficulties. In this we by no means desire to say that managers have acted either harshly or disingenuously; they have had their difficulties too, and in sufficient abundance. But they may rely upon it, that in encouraging only the mere journey-work people of the theatre, they must suffer; that the only solid and permanent emolument must be derived from those higher performances, which can be produced only by superior men; that such men are to be found if they are sought for, as has been the experience of every great theatre, from time immemorial; and that the less they have to do with such stuff as may go down with an Adelphi or an Olympic-theatre audience, the better—not merely for their proper pride, but for their real profit.

The citizen king grows upon us. He is more citizenish every day, and so far he shews his sagacity; for, as the time is likely enough to come when the king will be sunk in the citizen, what is it but wisdom to accustom himself to the change in time? He now wears a white hat, upper benjamin, drab trowsers, and speaks *badand*, or as we should call it, *cockney*, in a manner the most conciliating. His next costume it may be difficult to conjecture. But we hope that old Lafayette, or his white horse, will not order sansculottism for the next winter-fashion; as it is the duty of a citizen king to set an example to his fellow-citizens, and between the mud and the frost of a Paris winter, the most vigorous patriotism and cuticle, might find themselves rather severely tried. But can we possibly believe this specimen of royal conversation, which Louis Philippe is said to have lately held with the Belgian deputies, who came to offer their crazy throne and ragged populace to the Duke of Nemours!

The citizen king proposed that they should choose a Neapolitan prince, a dexterous thing enough by-the-by, for the Neapolitan being the nephew of the Queen of France, the Orleans influence would be just as strong as with the Duke of Nemours, while it would be less glaring. But the tie would be complete by making "our nephew" marry "our daughter," who besides carrying with her the French blood, which warms through every degree of political intrigue, would carry a little French court, of employés, chamberlains, maids of honour, and every one of them, down to the "foolish fat scullion" and the boots—of course a regular French intriguer, by the law of Nature. This is a fragment of the mode of getting rid of daughters in *la belle France*.

"Now, if you take the Neapolitan prince, I will also send you one of my daughters, that is to say, if one of them be so inclined; for, though a king, I am a father, and my daughters shall not be compelled to marry men whom they do not love. I don't care for royal blood, and they care for it as little. What think you of Marie? You chatted with her a long time yesterday. Does she not look charming with her blonde ringlets? She is a liberal, like you and me. For all this I must not forget my Louise, who is the oldest; she with the large eyes, and cold but sentimental air. She has solidity and judgment; she is liberal too, but not quite so warm as her sister. By-the-by (laughing), before your king accepts your constitution, you must make him come to the Palais Royale, for if he pleases neither Louise nor Marie, I shall have nothing to say to him. But to be serious, tell your Belgians that they have drawn closer the ties of friendship between us; and that they may rely upon me as a father, as their firm support through life."

It is our plain opinion, however, that the citizen king is overdoing the part, and that even the Sansculottes would not respect him the less for being a little unlike themselves. The following story is told by one of our fashionable journals, which the journal seems to think a reflection on the sense of the lady, while we think it entirely a reflection on the sense of the Palais Royal citizen family.

"The beautiful Lady S. M., lately arrived in Paris, and who was in habits of great intimacy with the Orleans family, received a note from one of the young princesses, requesting her to take coffee at the palace. Lady S. M. accordingly made her toilette in her usual style of magnificence. Her ladyship's hair, *à la Chinoise*, was looped up with diamonds, and the diamond star which blazed on her forehead might have graced the brows of royalty. Her dress corresponded with her superb *coiffure*. Upon entering the queen's apartment, Lady S. M. found her majesty seated with her family round a table, *stuffing black leather dolls* for the amusement of her youngest daughter, who has but lately recovered from the measles. Her Majesty wore a plain black satin gown, and her customary head-dress, a black hat and feathers. The princesses wore white muslin frocks and blue sashes. The Duc de Nemours was reading a newspaper aloud. Lady S. M. gave one glance at the family party, and another at her own *coiffure*, and found herself obliged to plead a ball at Lady Granville's as an excuse."

So much for the royal way of receiving a visitor. We think that the lady had altogether the best of the scene. Her only error was in making any apology for her dress, unless, indeed, she might have meant the allusion to Lady Granville's party as a sly cut at the citizen *deshabillé* of the royal family. She had come to pay her respects to a queen, and very properly dressed herself as was fit for the presence of royalty. She could not have conjectured that she would find herself received, after a regular invitation too, by a party that must have looked much more like the family circle in a back shop in the Rue Vivienne; the matron milliner

stuffing leather dolls ; for whom ? may we ask, for her youngest daughter is fifteen or sixteen ; perhaps for the mere indulgence of an elegant mind, perhaps for sale. The milliner's maids, the *brune* and the *blonde*, simple *grisettes*, in "muslin frocks and blue sashes ;" and the *garçon boutiquier*, the young man of the shop, indulging himself in a little politics after his day's work, and reading the paper, while the head of the firm was stuffing the leather dolls. The whole is ridiculous, pitiful, republican affectation ; and even a French cockney, brainless as he is, can see through its paltry popularity-hunting submission to the prevalent puppyism of the moment ; but foolery is the law of the day, and the leather dolls are as wise as their stuffers.

Old Quick, the comedian, who, like Fontenelle, had lived so long that Death seemed to have forgotten him, is gone at last. Shenstone used to thank his fathers that they had given him a name incapable of a pun ; though he would have probably thought his escape of no great value if he had seen the rhyme that libelled it in the Frenchman's garden at Ermenonville,

" Under this plain stone,
Lies William Shen-stone."

But Quick must have been a martyr from the hour he was breeched. Through life he was persecuted by pun-shooting, and the persecution has not even spared him in his grave. We shall, however, be aiding and abetting in but one instance, which we take from that well-arranged and amusing paper the Sunday Times.

On the Death of Mr. Quick, at the age of Eighty-three.

Death paused so long before he struck the blow,
His motions, while approaching Quick, seemed Slow ;
At last victorious o'er mirth's favourite son,
The world seems ended—Quick and Dead are one.

In the next grand radical election William Cobbett, Esq., patriot, and so forth, starts for parliament. Sir Robert Wilson, of whom the opinion of all honest and rational men has always been the same, having, by the never-failing result of over-cunning, tripped at the last moment, and *rattled* in the most amusing style ; we recommend William Cobbett for Southwark. He would make a capital representative of the borough, a much better one than Mr. Spruce, the beer-maker, Mr. Shine, the dealer in mud, Mr. Hog, the bacon-man, or any of the vulgar, utterly uneducated, and thoroughly stupid brood, that insult common sense by pretending to understand any thing beyond their limekilns, salt-pans, and coal-cellars.

Cobbett is worth a million of those fellows in every sense of the word. He has brains, which they have not ; knowledge of mankind, while they know nothing but how to make mankind laugh at them ; and as for public or personal honesty, we would match him against any patriot of Southwark at the best of times. Hunt and he will make incomparable legislators, and we think that Hunt already shews his dread of the superior genius by his rage. In his letter to the Preston electors, Hunt has thrown first mire, and, in direct terms, denounced Cobbett as every thing that is despicable. He says—

"The moment I was elected for Preston, by your free and unsolicited votes, the mean, dirty, grovelling knave, again cast his net, again put forth his slimy

and pestilential web of sophistry, in order to get me once within the grasp of his deadly, his blasting fangs. I resisted all his attempts, public and private, whether put forth as 'feelers' in his *Register*, or whether urged by those who professed to be mutual friends. My answer to all was the same, 'I have twice shaken the ruffian old beast from my back, he shall never fix his filthy carcass upon my shoulders again; I have no connection with him privately or publicly.'

This is undoubtedly a very handsome specimen of what may be said on a tempting subject. But Cobbett is a master of the art, and Hunt may trust to his skill for due retribution.

But what can be more precarious than the loves of patriots. Hunt and O'Connell are now at feud, and if both *gentlemen* were not precluded by their sense of *decorum* from every thing but foul language, we should doubtless hear of a sanguinary encounter as soon as the April showers are over. Their friendship has been a delightful scene of alternations, full of the caprices of lovers, and worthy to figure in the next novel of the Minerva press. They began by mutual admiration. Hunt then disapproved of something that had fallen from O'Connell, who thereupon addressed to him a tremendous letter, styling him "old *Blacking Ball*," and giving him other desperate hits. They met at a dinner, shook hands, and again became courteous. To civility friendship succeeded. "My friend O'Connell" and "my friend Hunt," were always on their tongues. O'Connell, on one occasion, declared that he could find no one to support his plans of reform but "his friend Hunt." Now, he proclaims the same individual to be an enemy to reform, and to have sold himself to the Tories. Hunt accuses O'Connell of trafficking for a judge's seat, and of being any thing but that high-souled patriot who was to regenerate the fallen honesty of the empire. O'Connell was prodigiously angry at being charged with offering to do, we know not what, if the Irish lord-lieutenant would have given him the chief-justiceship. He called the charge a lie, and promised to bring forward Mr. Bennett, the universal scape-goat, to contradict it, whenever he could find him. But Mr. Bennett, besides having the faculty of being in two places at once, the privilege of his countrymen, seems to have occasionally the still more valuable faculty of being no where at all, and this useful friend has not yet started from his invisibility to clear the character of the great agitator.

One of the strangest sources of disgust to public men is, that let their professions when out of office be what they may, their practice when in is invariably the same. We had Lord Grey but a few months ago protesting by himself, and his honour, and his order, and all similar nonsense, that without economy, retrenchment, the extinction of all wasteful, corrupt, and corrupting patronage, and so forth, the state could not go on. Sir James Graham is a dandy and a rhetorician, and so his words may go for nothing, but who clamoured more *conscientiously* for the extinction of all pensions, retiring allowances, &c., than Sir James? Yet of the whole hundred and forty thousand pounds a year to which the pension-list of the empire is acknowledged to amount, and privately it may be much more, have one hundred and forty farthings been lopped off? We have now Lord Grey, the man who has no objection to cut off sixty-eight members of the House of Commons, and to make the most headlong experiment on the constitution, receiving

the thanks of that friend to purity, propriety, and the constitution, his Grace of Wellington, "for his determination to abstain from disturbing pensions, many of which had been well deserved, although a few might have been granted on insufficient grounds." On this the Age justly remarks—"As no one doubts his Grace's accuracy of information, or his intimate knowledge of the subject, may we request him to state under which head should the pension granted to Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot be classed? Was that pension *well deserved*? or was it granted on *insufficient* grounds? We pause for a reply." The sum, as far as we can recollect, was £800 a year! £800 a year for the services of Mrs. Arbuthnot! What services, where, to whom? The pension was given when his Grace was master-general of the Ordnance, and he must be acquainted with the particulars, as a *minister*; we say no more.

Then comes another specimen of the art of pensioning. In a late debate the Duke of Wellington, in order to illustrate his position, that unless a First Lord of the Treasury possessed a large private fortune, he must be ruined, in consequence of the heavy expences entailed on him by his situation, stated, amongst other instances, "that the late Mr. Canning had been ruined by being in office, and that he (the duke) had proposed a provision for the family of Mr. Canning in consequence." We might, in the first place, dispute the principle. A Secretary of State receives six thousand pounds a year, he has a house rent-free, coals, candles, and a crowd of other matters which make the chief expence of London life. He receives his salary to the hour, and thus has a very great advantage, in point of the power of living within his means, over men even of double his income. But is it not a confession of imbecility to suppose that all the rational, and even shewy expences, to which a man of sense could be compelled in London, might not be defrayed by five hundred pounds a month? The minister officially gives about four handsome dinners in the year, he may of course give fifty if he likes, and run in debt for them all, or he may choose to flourish and vapour about town in three equipages a day, or keep three establishments, private or notorious, or indulge his favorites with annuities or Opera boxes at the rate of £300 a year each—or he may play the fool in any way that vanity or vice tempts him. But what right has he to call upon the public to make up his losses? However, whether Canning did those things or not, a pension was granted to his widow, whom, of course, we concluded, as thus subsisting on the bounty of the state, to be the "retiring victim of virtuous poverty," as the House of Commons orators say, and to be only anxious to convey her widowhood into some quiet retreat, and there cultivate her virtues. On the contrary, she starts upon us in the following style—

"Viscountess Canning (who since the death of her distinguished husband has been residing with a branch of her family) has purchased an elegant mansion in Chester-terrace, Regent's park, and took possession of it last week."

To the lady's purchasing an "elegant mansion," or doing any thing else with her money, we cannot have the least objection; but we have a very strong objection to *our* paying for it. And the public have a right to demand from the minister who gave that pension, whether he had ascertained how near the fortune of his predecessor was to ruin when it was given. We cannot comprehend the ruin which allows of the purchase of an "elegant mansion" in one of the most expensive parts of London, where such a mansion may cost from twenty to forty thousand

pounds. This is not like ruin. And with all our sorrow for the elegant intriguer, whose accession to six thousand pounds a year above his income was "his ruin," we must ask, why are we compelled to furnish the purchase of the mansion, however elegant, in Chester-terrace?

We told our readers, from the beginning of the transaction, that O'Connell would slip his neck out of the noose of Irish law. As the trial approached, we told them there would be some wretched mismanagement which would leave the matter just as it found it, and that we should have the "Agitator" laughing, as he undoubtedly has a right to laugh, over the trifling and timidity of the whole rabble of authority.

When the first account of his being suffered to withdraw his plea and go at large came over, the opinion of every man of common sense in the country was the same; and when the Marquis of Chandos demanded of the Irish secretary Stanley whether any *compromise* had been entered into, we were certainly astonished to see Mr. Stanley stand up, and gravely say in his place, that none whatever had been even thought of, and that O'Connell and his fellow culprits would be brought up for judgment like any other culprits, and treated accordingly. The Marquis of Chandos bowed to all this, and expressed himself satisfied. But not having such exalted ideas of human politicians as the Marquis, we felt only more *sceptical*, and pronounced that we could not comprehend why at that hour the whole band in the indictment were not together in the jail? why judgment was not pronounced at once, and the direct and natural means taken of suppressing a faction whose object Mr. Stanley himself distinctly declared to be separation, or, in other words, Civil War in the empire? Before a danger like this, and this danger the proclamations avowed, all mere diplomatic politeness ought to have given way. The hand of justice should have been instantly fastened on the criminals, and before a day was over they should have received the practical proof, that the peace of the country was not to be the toy of a desperate faction. But then Mr. Stanley came, armed with the Attorney General's letter, which being altogether a piece of technical stuff, wrapped up the reason in legal nonsense, and let nothing escape but the fact, that the faction were to be at large. And at large they were with a vengeance. For at the moment when the Irish Secretary was with triumph boasting of his having O'Connell fast in his trap, the Agitator, who has ten times the brains, and a hundred times the influence of the whole Irish government, was marching in a true triumph of his own, from post to pillar, declaring that the government would not touch a hair of his head, that the Union *must* be repealed, and that he must be the repealer.

Well then, the day comes at last, when the Irish government were to perform their miracle, and the faction are to appear in court for judgment; thence, of course, to go to their respective jails. What follows.—

"*Dublin, April 21.*—In the King's Bench; O'Connell, Lawless, Steele, and the other parties included in the indictment, were this day called upon their recognizances. Steele was in attendance, but in consequence of the application of the traversers' counsel, it was ultimately ruled, that they should be called up for judgment on the 3rd of May; when, it is said, they are to have the right of arguing in arrest of judgment."

So they are at large still. And after having had a couple of months' holiday, during which O'Connell has been suffered to come over here and harrangue for the Greys, they are to have a fortnight more, and

then they are to argue in arrest of judgment ; and then, we take it for granted, that we shall not have the pain of seeing so valuable a patriot as the Agitator compelled to feel any embarrassment on the occasion. And what was the reason alleged for this delay—"Mr. O'Connell could not appear in court." Why? he was out of town, and engaged too, on parliamentary business. But had he not been summoned to attend?—Yes, but the summons had not been sent in time to reach him. The Attorney General on those grounds declared that he should consider it *indelicate* to press the matter, and therefore proposed the delay. But why, might a plain man ask, was not the summons sent *in time*? The whole business is to us as cloudy as ever, except in one point, which we look on as perfectly clear.

The history of the rise of some of our *grand monde* should be written for the salutary purpose which the slave answered, who stood behind the Roman general in the triumph—"remember thou art but a man!" Of what infinite service would it be to Lord Ringlet, to have a historiographer reminding him once a week that his income was compiled from six-and-eightpences? Another noble lord, who, however, we believe, is by no means such a conspicuous model of ringletism, might derive the same moral from this anecdote:—

"The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied provided it was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution to avoid being opposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God." Is this a good shilling?

Lord Clonmel was an Irish judge. He began the world as nothing but an obscure Irishman—Jack Scott; by degrees was distinguished by his effrontery, a good quality in the worst of times, and felt fortune rising on him, in the name of *Bully Scott*. He was then made a baron, and finally rested in the earldom of Earlsfort. His love for a good shilling was of service to him, for he died worth thirty thousand a year.

We complain of the luxuries of the great, to whom those things are no luxuries after all, but merely the common conveniences of their rank and habits of living. But what shall we say to the luxuries of the little, recollecting too, that the great pay for their luxuries out of their own pockets, while the little extract them from the pockets of their neighbours? The churchwardens' dinners are proverbial, and the phrase of "eating a child," or devouring at one of those feasts of the tradesmen and shopkeepers of the vestry, to the value of £20, the computed sum for a child's subsistence, has become a part of vestry language. We give a recent instance of this fashionable taste: we might give a thousand.

"*Rose-water for ever!*—At a recent parish-feed, when the dinner things were cleared off the cloth, several persons began to turn the said cloth up, to be taken away. One of the waiters, pertinently for the occasion, but impertinently for the company, exclaimed to a bricklayer, who was most active in turning up the cloth, '*Stop a minute, the rose-water is coming for you to sweeten yourselves!*' And the rose-water did come; and bricklayers, and masons, and potters, and carpenters, dipped their hard and bony hands in it, and were wonderfully refreshed therewith."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Anatomy of Society, by James Augustus St. John, 2 vols. 12mo.—It is but fair to warn the reader against looking for what he may naturally expect, but which he will not find—some consecutive discussion on the structure of society. The title and the book have little to do with each other. There is nothing approaching a dissection of the subject,—the interior is not at all thrown open, and only a few kindly cuts made upon portions of the surface. Nevertheless, consisting, as the volumes do, of nothing but loose and unconnected remarks, in the old fashioned shape of essays—many of them already published in periodicals—sometimes upon matters of life, but oftener upon books, or the writers of books—it is an agreeable performance enough—soothing and dreamy—full of comfort and complacency. The sober reader may be sure of never being startled by any extravagance; and if he thinks at all, during the perusal, which is not very likely to be the case—the opium is too predominating—it will be to wonder where the writer can have lived to find every thing so soft and soporific. The secret must be, he has encountered no realities to roughen him—his conversation must have been almost wholly with quieting books; and he in fact will be found to be more frequently describing the realms of some Utopia, than the society of England. Nor are his sentiments, as might be expected, gathered as they are from books, at all coherent; and indeed bear few other marks of proceeding from the same pen, than the subdued tone that pervades them all, and the uniformity of misconceptions. But he is always in drawing-room costume—well dressed and well behaved—his words flowing like streams of milk and honey, and his figures as rich and palling as a bride-cake—he is not only cultivated, but superfine.

The very best portions of Mr. St. John are his estimates of More, Franklin, Brutus, and Tacitus; but they are full of defects and illusions, when closely examined—Tacitus, particularly. Mr. St. John ascribes all his tours de malice, and that is a very gentle term, to sagacity, and a penetration that exposed the character of the man he described like a sun-beam. Let any body look coolly at the account of Tiberius, a man of whom he personally knew nothing—he was dead before Tacitus was born—yet of whom he pronounced, as to every action, as if he had been his daily companion. He has but one scale for him—the prince never meant what he said—which we take to be beyond the powers of mortal man.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. XI. No. 65.

More is lauded to the skies; yet if any regard be paid to his Utopia, he must have spent his life in the profession of sentiments in opposition to his convictions—while Franklin sinks in Mr. St. John's estimate, because he loved money and was not a poet. After playing the patriot for half a life, he complained that America had been ungrateful. "Did Phocian ask for a reward?" asks Mr. St. John. We do not know—we know much of Franklin and mighty little of Phocian. His biographer was as likely to be gulled as any man who ever wielded a pen—Mr. St. John not excepted.

We have little space for particulars; but we take the first essay—a fair specimen of the whole. It is entitled *Modes of studying the World*; but to any body, not observing the title, the writer would seem to be employed in showing that books are better vehicles than conversation for the conveyance of opinions. Though many other matters appear to have been passing through his brain, this seems the leading idea—the one most frequently recurring; but as to modes of studying the world, in any intelligible sense, the reader will learn absolutely nothing. The author is rich, apparently, in illustration, but which proves, on examination, to be the result of *adventurousness*—to make up for the absence of real information. "The periods," says he, "of the thunder-tongued Demosthenes are said to have convulsed Greece through all her states"—which every body knows is not true—on the contrary, on Demosthenes' own testimony, they were comparatively ineffective, and only roused his fellow-townsmen to occasional and for the most part impotent exertions. It is such men as Plutarch and Mr. St. John in whose ears they have sounded thunder-tongued. Rhetoricians and writers have universally applauded, and justly, but the speeches did not convulse Greece through all her states—Philip has convinced us of the contrary. Of these same "periods," with which he appears so familiar, Mr. St. John adds, that Demosthenes in them "poured forth his fire and soul into every metaphor;" while, in fact, the orator was remarkable for the simplicity, or at least the plainness, of his manner. There is pith, energy, and vigour, but none of the ornaments of poetry.

Cicero's "themes," again, are described as "chiefly, if not entirely, of a political nature, and written not so much to exercise his powers as to call off his mind from disagreeable reflections." Did ever any body, acquainted with the mass of his works, characterise them thus?

Mr. St. John has heard or read something of Dr. Parr's wig. But nobody but himself ever dreamed of calling it *careless*, or applied the terms *clerical ringlets* to his frizzled episcopal bush.

"We find the Greeks," says Mr. St. John, "in their most homely dialogues, making perpetual reference to the pictures of Parrhasius, Protogenes, or Apelles, or to the statues of Phidias, Myron, or Lycippus;" but what homely dialogues are these, and where are they to be found, out of the pale of Mr. St. John's fertile imagination? The same *risking* spirit, in fact, pervades the whole volumes—still they are, we repeat, very agreeable reading—calculated to beguile uneasy sensations, and capable of charming, if any thing can do it, a fit of the gout, or a tooth-ache.

The King's Secret, by the Author of the *Lost Heir*, 2 vols. 12mo.—A good tantalising title this, and the publisher, as became him, has made the most of it. The mighty secret, however, proves to be none of George the Fourth's, or any of his race, but of one who has gone to the shades some centuries ago. It is one of Edward the Third's, and which, at last, the author leaves as he found or framed it. The very tale winds up, without its own dénouement, but without resolving the mystery. The historical event, which constitutes the framework of the piece, supplies but a small portion of the details—they are employed mainly in developing the complications of family interests. It is Artevelde's—the well-known beer-brewster of Ghent, one of Grattan's heroes—intrigue with Edward to transfer the coronet of Flanders from Count Lewis to the young Prince of Wales. The scheme fails, and the projector, Artevelde, a fine manly fellow, perishes in the prosecution of it by private vengeance, in a tumultuous assembly of the citizens. In his negotiations he employs his daughter, and despatches her, on one occasion, in a private yacht to the Thames, to confer with the king. In her passage she is observed and recognised by the follower of a Flemish noble;—a Flemish noble who, unluckily, is attached to the native prince, and has also a direct interest in defeating Artevelde's scheme for the marriage and settlement of this daughter, who has all her father's confidence. Before she reaches the king, she is seized by this nobleman and his agents, but is finally rescued, more dead than alive, by the activity and bravery of a young citizen, which lays the foundation for the love story. This young citizen appears as the nephew of a rich old goldsmith—the goldsmiths were the money-jobbers of those days—but he has a soul "above buttons" and bullion, and with good

reason, as the finale shows. He has already distinguished himself for all sorts of martial exercises, and at some city pageant even beaten the bravest of the nobles, and was panting and burning for glory in fields of serious warfare. But he was nothing but a miserable citizen, and emancipation seemed hopeless, when, by the greatest good fortune that ever befel mortal man, he rescued the distressed damsel—and such a damsel too—one who was entitled to figure in courts, &c. Torn from her attendants, and especially a confidential friend of her father's, she entrusts the youth with her commission, and despatches him to the king, in whose presence he acquits himself with good tact and discretion. The king is engaged to attend a "passage of arms" in the city, and takes young Borgia in his suite, where again he excites admiration by his prowess, and obtains an immediate appointment in the king's service. The king's interview with the lady determines him to start instantly for Flanders. Borgia accompanies him, and they fall into the hands of the agents of the same nobleman who had attempted to carry off the lady; but by a counter piece of good luck, they are rescued, and landing at the Flemish coast, lose not a moment in prosecuting the brewer's scheme. That, however, as we have said, fails. After Artevelde's death, his daughter becomes the king's ward, and nothing remains for the author but to develop the private interests, which, from their complexity, proceeds but slowly, and not very consecutively. They are exceedingly complicated—the brewer's daughter is not the brewer's daughter, but the heiress of title as well as fortune; and master Borgia's parentage is "The King's Secret"—he may be a brother, the offspring of Queen Isabella's intrigue with her favourite Mortimer. But though Mr. Power has hampered himself a little with details towards the conclusion, many of his scenes and sketches are good. His strokes are few and broad, but usually decisive, and tell effectively. Artevelde's character is well exhibited; but the king's is any thing but an historical portrait—it resembles more that of Edward the Fourth. But Artevelde's daughter is the crowning figure—she is a clever girl—prompt and intelligent—frank and straight-forward—ready in expedient, and resolute in action. It is by far the best portrait in the piece, and well sustained.

Mr. Power has fagged at his archeology, and especially studied the local antiquities of London; but, being a little too eager to shew off all his acquisitions in this way, he has overlaid his pages with details of dress, arms, and chivalry. This is a common blunder. Writers of historical romance have been worried by

the critics into *some* acquaintance with the times they venture to describe. They are driven to consult books, and get up a few particulars, and are resolved it shall not be labour in vain. It is all poured mercilessly upon the reader, who thus suffers for the importunity of the critic.

Thoughts on Man, by Wm. Godwin.—Mr. Godwin is not a man to give utterance to any thing very foolish, nor to put forth any doctrine without a reason—he is always able to give at least some account of the faith that is in him. The sentiments he enforces may not always be of the importance he thinks them, and certainly, in the publication before us, are rarely new, for they were, most of them, *his* forty years ago; but they are what he feels—the transcripts of a native suggestion; and his essays may thus be taken not as mere pieces of book-making, but as the best and ripest conclusions of his experience and sagacity. He is a man at once contemplative, acute, and honest—that cannot be denied; but, at the same time, we must confess more might reasonably have been expected than the volume presents. The truth is, Mr. G. relies too much upon himself—if he does not precisely despise his cotemporaries, he knows but little about them. He keeps too much aloof. He reads, but then it is the books of other times, which themselves require the modifications which the lapse of an age, remarkable, part of it at least, for intellectual activity, must naturally bring with it. The very periodicals, to which he plumes himself upon never having contributed, if he had deigned to glance at them, would have shewn him, that without great care, he would be falling into the rear, and if he continued to write he must bestir himself and not be perpetually falling back upon his old thoughts. There is scarcely any one paper in the present volume but might well have been written many years ago—they bear no marks of freshness; they are not only stale, but the very arguments are such as have been superseded either by sounder ones, or by more generalizing principles.

Mr. G. entitles one Essay—On the Distribution of Talents—in which his object is to shew that talents are very equally distributed—not equally for the same purpose, but equally, that is, *competently* for the station every one is destined to fill. Every man has a place in society for which he is fit and fittest, and therefore there can be no real occasion for forcibly fitting him to any other. To Mr. G. this is a most encouraging view of human nature, and indeed it is, were it reducible to practice; but the difficulty—apparently an insuperable

one—is for each one to identify the particular niche, for which Nature has expressly framed him, without accompanying it with some special indications—unless he abandon all concern about the matter, and take that into which he accidentally drops as the one his destiny provides. Mr. G. no longer believes, as we think he once did, with Helvetius, that all are born alike—on the contrary all are now born with peculiar qualities—and the especial business of every man is to apply them appropriately. Were this true to the letter, we take it, superior faculties would have been furnished to aid us in the application. As it is, every man's destiny is for the most part settled by his birth, or before he comes to what are called years of discretion. We are most of us jostled into the places we hold, in this world of ours, with little or no system or foresight. Looking to the broad facts that stare every man in the face on the realities of life, the case seems to be that there is in every man a rough sort of equality which fits him for the common discharge of any of the common offices of society—liberal or mechanical—but *which* he shall practice, depends wholly upon *circumstances*. The consequence is, that a man is flung, not into what is most fitted for him, but into what is most convenient or desirable; and the consequence of this again is, that we see places, in every class of life, occupied by those who are manifestly not fitted for them, and in which they never can win distinction. Occasionally a man falls, like a cat upon her legs, into the position for which he shews a peculiar aptitude, and his efforts then are usually attended with success—but this is of rare occurrence—as rare, precisely, as the phenomena of genius.

Some of Mr. G's. essays are of a more practical cast, and one of them relative to the question of the day—the Ballot. But here, as in many cases, he misses the point in question. He disapproves of the Ballot, on the ground of its sneakiness. But the matter must be looked at, in company with existing institutions; and with them, a free exercise of suffrage cannot be practised. The very object of the Ballot is to gain the power of doing without it. If we are to sneak for a time, it is that we may be frank for ever. It is necessary to enable us to exercise our right of independent suffrage, expressly to crush domineering influence—and thus eventually to face the light of day. We say this on the supposition that the Ballot is likely to be efficient for the object in view. We are not advocates of the Ballot, because we do not believe it would produce the anticipated effect, for we have no notion that English people can keep their own secrets—they would betray themselves

at the first pot-house they stepped into.

The Essay on Phrenology is exceedingly feeble. We have no doubt but every periodical that has opposed Phrenology, and that is nearly all, would furnish articles immeasurably superior—with better information, and more thoroughly reasoned. One upon astronomy, of some length, is much better. Mr. G. calls in question the evidence as to the distances of the fixed stars particularly, and of course the deductions that have been made of endless systems, corresponding with our own, in the endless regions of space. There can be little room for doubt, but the men of glasses and figures are peremptory upon evidence, which would not, in other matters, prompt them to wag a finger.

Illustrations of the Literary History of the 18th Century, &c.—a sequel to the Literary Anecdotes, by John Nicholls, vol. VI.—Another volume, or rather, like Colman's fat hero, two single volumes rolled into one, for it only wants two leaves of 900 pages, consisting still of but a small portion of the immense streams of memoirs poured from all quarters into the reservoirs of the elder Nicholls. By him the bulk of the materials were accumulated, but he dropt his mantle on his son and his grandson—the present respectable printers of the same name—and they are evidently as indefatigable, in the same way, as their industrious ancestor. Gifford, Lord Camelford (the first lord of that name), the Earl of Buchan, Mr. Samuel Dennis, Baptist Noel Turner, are the chief names that shine most brilliantly *inter minores*. Lord Camelford's letters are written with a good deal of vivacity—chiefly on public affairs, and quite readable; but we cannot affirm so much of the multitudinous epistles of Mr. Sam. Dennis—confined as they are, for the most part, to professional gossip—who gets this preferment, and who is to have that. But numbers figure here that can never flourish elsewhere; but then there are numbers also, who are gratified by reading such notices, either from personal recollections, or from occasional reports, and glad to catch some authentic account of their obscure career. The intrinsic value of the communication is but small; but that is not what the publication aims at—if the parties had been more capable of serving posterity, as well as their own generation, they would not have been reserved for commemoration in a limbo of this kind.

Among these illustrious obscure, we met with the name of Hellins, and were ourselves glad to see a memoir of a man we remember well. He was a most indefatigable operative in mathematics,

and in the town of Stony Stratford—near his own residence—had the further reputation of being a most profound astrologer, and was occasionally consulted, we believe, by the natives on the matter of their horoscopes. Of the humblest origin, he had worked himself into knowledge—had got into orders, and into a small vicarage, where he laboured at his desk to his last breath—honest and honourable in all the duties of life, but as ignorant of nature and of society as a monk. Believing his merits unkindly overlooked, he indulged a sarcastic humour, which found a gratification in snarling at mankind; but that quite in the abstract. Those who knew him, knew him to be kind and faithful, and one that would have gone to the extent of his limited means to serve his friends. He had star-gazed for Maskelyne at Greenwich, and was deeply mortified at not being appointed his successor. Sir Joseph Banks did not think him a sufficiently fine gentleman, and nominated Pond, who has realized Hellins's prognostic. The present first Lord of the Admiralty was, if we recollect rightly, his last pupil for a few months.

Lucius Carey; or the Mysterious Female of Mora's Dell, an Historical Tale, by the Author of the Weird Woman, 4 vols.—Now and then we have met with a story coming forth under Mr. Newman's auspices, not at all inferior to some of loftier pretensions, ushered in, in the most imposing form, by the most fashionable publishers. But Lucius Carey can never figure among them. We persevered, in spite of numerous indications of ignorance both as to historical facts and characters, in the hope of some favourable turn, but it proved labour lost. The writer has neither common tact nor executive power for a tale of any complication. Lucius Carey, himself, is the nephew of Lord Falkland—joins the royal army—fights with Cromwell, and even wounds him, at least scratches his nose, and with difficulty escapes hanging from the magnanimous resentment of the said Cromwell. The story is mixed up with the fortunes of a young lady—the mysterious female of Mora's Dell—deprived of her estates by a wicked lord, her uncle; but finally by the aid of witches and warlocks and conjurors, and Cromwell himself, the great conjuror of his day, we believe at last she gets her own again, and of course Lucius Carey gets also her lovely self and her broad lands. But the confusion of the whole story is past all disentangling, and may be safely pronounced—unreadable.

The Book of the Seasons, by W. Howitt.—Mr. Howitt has made a very agreea-

ble little book, descriptive of the seasons—presenting successively, in their poetic and picturesque features, the objects and appearances of nature most remarkable in the garden, the fields, and the waters. The characteristics of what are usually called Seasons were obviously susceptible of greater sub-divisions, and Mr. H. has found ample materials for discriminating *every month*. These materials are represented as the results of personal observation, and they bear the impress of truth and nature, in that peculiarity and novelty of detail, which never fails to accompany original researches. The reader, besides, will find a table of the migrations of birds—lists of garden-plants as they flower in each month—a botanical calendar of the most beautiful and interesting plants—catalogues of insects—notices of rural occupations, and of angling—in all which respects it is highly useful as a book of reference.

In August, fairy rings in the grass are most conspicuous, of which Mr. Howitt gives by far the most plausible account we have any where seen—more than plausible, indeed, for it is built upon incontestible facts, and such as seem adequate to explain the effects. Fungi and insects always abound in them; but the insects are a consequence of the fungi, and not a cause of the circle, for where there are fungi there will be insects to devour them. The commencement of these circles, too, favour the fungi theory. That commencement is, indisputably, nothing but a small mushroom bed, made by the dung of cattle lying undisturbed, where first deposited, till it becomes incorporated with the soil. Where this occurs a tuft of rank grass springs, and in the centre a crop of fungi appears and perishes. This is the nucleus of the fairy ring. The next year the tuft is found to have left a green spot, of perhaps a foot and a half diameter, which has already parted in the centre. This expansion goes on from year to year—the area of the circle is occupied by common grass, and successive crops of fungi give a vivid greenness to the ring which bounds it. That only a few tufts are converted into fairy rings may be owing to their not being sufficiently enriched to become mushroom beds; but that all fairy rings have this origin, will be found to admit of little doubt. This, though true, is nevertheless an humiliating exposé of the charmed fairy-rings; but

Do not all charms fly

At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

As a naturalist, and given to prowling, Mr. H. exclaims, and not without reason, against the shutting up of foot-paths upon estates in the country. The

exclusive spirit of country gentlemen would gladly keep the world to the high roads. They look with jealousy upon any one who crosses a field. Trespass formerly meant mischief, an actual injury, by breaking, destruction; but now to be seen in an enclosure is enough to constitute a crime—a violation of the statutes. The country squires have had influence to get such an appearance denounced as a crime, and as a body are armed with authority to carry their own paltry wishes into execution. The unlucky botanist cannot now venture, in the county, out of the lanes with any safety.

Achievements of the Knights of Malta, by Alexander Sutherland, Esq., Author of *Tales of a Pilgrim*, 2 vols; forming the 62d and 63d of *Constable's Miscellany*.—Vertot and Boissgelin have both written histories of the Knights of Malta. Vertot brought the story down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Boissgelin is confined to the period in which the order occupied Malta, beginning, that is, with 1530, and terminating with their expulsion by the French in 1797, so that neither work has the whole story. Mr. Sutherland has traced the whole, from their origin as Knights Hospitallers of St. John in the eleventh century, glancing at each of their seventy grand masters through their successive migrations, from Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta, to their present insignificance at Paris.

On their extrusion from Malta by the French, they were taken under the protection of Paul of Russia, who assumed the style and title of Grand Master. Alexander chose to call himself the Protector of the order, and under his auspices the Pope, in 1805, named Tommasi, an Italian knight, to the important dignity, and he, we believe, still survives, and is in full possession of his honours. The formalities of the order are still maintained with some splendour at Paris. Its members are still also numerous, and many are of distinction, especially among the French knights; but their revenues are gone, and with them of course all their power and influence. It just serves to gratify personal vanity. Three or four years ago an attempt was made to get up a loan at the Stock Exchange, to enable the knights to recover Rhodes, but the speculation failed, like that of his Highness, the Cacique of Poyah. Mr. S.'s history will require no supplement; and may be safely recommended as a competent account of the career of the once potent White-Cross Knights.

A corresponding sketch of the Red-Cross Knights, or Templars, will be a desirable accompaniment. Mr. Suther-

land has himself told their story in part, but only so far as they *conflicted* with their rivals of the White-Cross, under whose superiority they finally sunk. The destruction of the Templars is one of the basest acts of scandal, oppression, and cruelty, that stain the pages of history—scandalous and base as they often are. Though suppressed, and their revenues confiscated—the very purpose for which the order was oppressed—they contrived to hang together, and to perpetuate a succession. The Grand Mastership is still held by a French nobleman. A sketch also of the Teutonic Knights, who were forced, with the rest, to quit Palestine in 1293, is still required.

Modern Fanaticism Unveiled.—Under this general title the author's efforts are directed to the exposure of some heretical extravagancies on the part of Irving and Erskine, and the miraculous pretensions of Miss Mary Campbell, of Gareloch. Mr. Irving has, it seems, entrenched upon the limits of orthodoxy, in some of his discussions on the Human Nature of Christ. Stripped of technicalities, and extricated from perplexing phraseology, the sum of his doctrine seems to be, that Christ, as a man, with the passions of man, had a disposition, and even desires, to commit sin, but resisted—was liable to offend, and prompted to do so, but never actually complied—was susceptible, but abstained—was tempted, but triumphed. The whole discussion seems to us merely idle, and certainly not worth the indignation expended by the author, who undertakes to lift the veil of fanaticism, though, doubtless, Mr. Irving, in the indiscretion with which he commonly enforces his sentiments, has indulged in some startling and offensive language. He has printed, it appears, that Christ took flesh of *man* and woman—an expression which the Unveiler calls blasphemy; but which, compared with the general tenor of Irving's book, seems to us to have been simply a slip.

Mr. Erskine has puzzled himself about the Gift of Tongues, and suffered, apparently, his own to run a little before his wit; while Miss Mary Campbell makes no ceremony about the matter, but lays claim at once to the actual possession of the apostolical gift. The good lady, at Fernicary, babbles away she knows not what,—but no matter, Mr. McDonald, of Port Glasgow, has the convenient and corresponding gift of interpretation, and together they accomplish—we know not what. The author, upon close examination, can find no analogy between these same gifts, as enjoyed and exerted by Miss Campbell, and her coadjutor, and those of the apostles, and broadly discredits them;

nor will the lady's "*Miracles of Healing*," in the author's opinion, bear the test any better—and likely enough. The volume is written, however, with spirit and earnestness, and is obviously the produce of a vigorous understanding; but its contents are not at all calculated to weigh with his opponents, and all others, we suspect, will trouble themselves little about the matter. The interest is merely local.

Standard Novels. Vols. I. and II.—Modern novels are published at so high a rate, that they can come within the command of few, except through the circulating libraries. This is the first attempt to bring any of the last forty or fifty years—except the Waverley ones—with in the reach of numbers, to whom the possession might often be desirable. The Waverley series, of course, suggested the publication; but it is considerably cheaper, but little inferior as to paper, and not at all so as to the ornamental part. The three-volumed novel is comprised within a single volume, and if the Pilot be thought to present too full a page, Caleb Williams is not liable even to that objection. The selection may be safely trusted to the publisher, whose large experience fully enables him to ascertain what has generally proved most attractive. Prefixed to Caleb Williams is a short Memoir of Godwin, by his daughter, Mrs. Bysshe Shelley. Mr. Godwin's father was a dissenting preacher at Norwich, and he himself preached somewhere in the neighbourhood of London for about five years. Since that period, during a lapse of fifty years, he has been before the world as a literary man, and, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, in his epitaph, *nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit*. He is now 75.

The Dramatic Annual, by Frederick Reynolds.—The Dramatic Annual is fairly indictable for trespass in any literary court in the kingdom. The Annuals are now definitively recognised as the receptacles of variety—the contributions of numerous scribblers, in prose and verse, and at least of materials that have not been printed before,—while Reynolds's Dramatic Annual, as he calls it, is simply a consecutive story, the characters and incidents of which are conceived in the most tawdry taste of the most tawdry milliner's novel. It is full of stale puns, vapid jests, and coarse caricature, for the most part a rechauffée of his own stupid memoirs. The hero is a stage-struck youth—a scribbler, not a performer—who, by the advice of the manager, sets out on a tour "in search of character," and proves about as successful as the man who visited the continent, for the purpose of importing useful inventions, and brought home a knife-grinder's wheel,

which, if he had had any eyes, he might have seen in every street at home. The wood-sketches are by Brooke, both design and cutting, and are admirable in their way. If the writer had called his book Reynolds's Annual, the thing would have been intelligible, and—just in his way—approaching a pun.

Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XVII. Hydraulics and Pneumatics.—This is a popular book on the subjects of hydraulics and pneumatics, which, with the aid of a few diagrams, to the exclusion of mathematical forms, gives a competent notion of the principles upon which the general conclusions are built, relative to water and air. Dr. Lardner has made a good use of his acquaintance with the familiar facts which illustrate the principles of science; but there is an absence of life and vigour, and a clumsy kind of arrangement of materials, which combine to throw an air of heaviness and prosiness over the work, and which must be attributed to an inability to convey his extensive knowledge in the most direct form. We do not charge him with a want of logic, technically, but with a slip-sloppiness of connection, and a round-about sort of phraseology, which retard precisely where the reader requires to be lifted lightly along, unencumbered with a drag-chain. The student, however, must not expect the writer in these matters to do every thing for him—he must bring his whole attention with him, and not hope to read as he runs; if he does he will surely be disappointed; but we believe, for his comfort, the first chapter—that on Pressure of Fluids—is the most repulsive, and one that best justifies our complaint.

Hints addressed to the Small Holders and Peasantry of Ireland on Road-making, Ventilation, &c., by Martin Doyle.—Martin Doyle thoroughly understands his countrymen—all their wants and their prejudices—their shrewdness and their humour; and while he aims at correcting the one, frankly indulges the other. His books are full of useful information and excellent advice—skilfully adapted—brought home not only to their understanding, but their feelings, and enlivened by little anecdotes, told broadly, but all to the purpose. They are published at Dublin, are cheap, and we believe largely circulated by benevolent people. Road-making is the introductory object, and much information relative to the craft is given; but the main purpose is to enforce an honest and active performance of duty. Example will, however, doubtless work more effectively than precept, and they must see their superiors mend their manners, before they will attempt it themselves. Roads in Ireland are almost universally jobs—they are

granted to landlords to enable them to get their rents, to whom they are actually paid from the county rates;—but Martin Doyle's business lies wholly with the workmen. In the rest of the publication, cleanliness, pure air, and temperance, form the burden of Martin's song; but whether he will get his countrymen to sing it—read it we mean—is another question; that is, we take it, at least as unlikely, as to get the advice reduced to practice. But here and there, where there is already a predisposition, proselytes will be made; and at all events, if nothing is attempted, nothing can be done, nor any thing expected. Martin has the merit of doing all that books can do. He is a very clever fellow.

Mattaire on Greek Dialects, by the Rev. J. Seager.—This volume completes Mr. Seager's epitomising labours. With Viger, Hoogeveen, Bas, and Herman, the Greek student has a set of scarcely dispensable subsidia, at all events, in a more accessible form than before. Of the former works we have been inclined to wish the compression still farther compressed, especially Hoogeveen and Herman; but Mattaire is scarcely susceptible of more, for its usefulness consists in the details. Mr. S. has laboured zealously, and must be allowed to have discerned well of Greek literature. Mattaire's arrangements were not to be interfered with, or a separation of the Æolic from the Doric dialect might have been desirable.

Epitome of English Literature. Vol. I. Paley's Moral Philosophy.—Books multiply so rapidly that the most painstaking reader can throw but a glance at half of them, and old books, in their full dimensions, stand no chance of perusal at all. To obviate this crying evil, the projector of this publication—himself the first of book-schemers—proposes to cut down the best of them to a portable compass, expressly to enable them to jostle for a reading with the novels and trifles of the day. We have ourselves little tolerance for a scheme which is to make skeletons and syllabuses of works, the merit of which often largely consists in dilatation and detail; but, what is worse, individual peculiarities must vanish or merge in the one uniform taste of the despoiler of genius, and, like the reports of parliamentary speeches, henceforth speak all the same language. It is, in fact, a conspiracy for murdering individual reputation, and among those who are to be thus sacrificed, we see the names of Burnett, Clarendon, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Bacon, Locke, Addison, Johnson, Milton, and Swift. Thus stript and skinned, in what will Hume, for instance, differ from the scores of epitomes of English history? But what

could induce the projectors to lay violent hands upon Paley, is quite inconceivable. So far from his being forgotten, his work is a text-book at the Universities, and so admirable, and still so modern, in manner, that no change could be made but for the worse. To have cut down the Moral Philosophy into one handy little volume, the operator seems to consider a grand feat. We do not doubt Paley's facts and even arguments are numerically and honestly retained, but the book is no longer Paley's, and we have too much respect for intellectual distinctions, to contribute by any approbation of ours, to its extinction.

A New Version of Homer's Iliad. By W. Sotheby, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.—Waving for the present our doubts as to the practicability, and the utility, if they were practicable, of adequate translations from the ancient poets, whether in prose or verse, we shall take a hasty glance at the first book of Mr. Sotheby's version—professing first our wonderment that any man capable of doing what Mr. Sotheby has done, should have thought it worth his while to consume such immense labour—all, we must believe, *en pure perte*. Pope's version may not be correct, but it is spirited, and tells the tale; while Cowper's is thoroughly correct, but dry as a chip, and perhaps never was read by any body. The utmost Mr. Sotheby could expect to accomplish, was to couple the accuracy of the one with the fire of the other—all but a hopeless task. We are not sure that even in point of faithfulness he has done better than Pope. Pope we have not at hand, and cannot compare passages; but we have Homer's self, and can notice, at all events, the liberties Mr. Sotheby has taken. In a metrical, and especially a rhymed version, amplification must be allowed—modern habits of expression, moreover, demand it. But this amplification cannot warrantably extend to the introduction of new ideas—to turns of thought that are wholly modern—not only to what was unknown, or to sentiments, that were not only unknown to the poet, but wholly alien. It is here that Mr. Sotheby offends.

Of Calchas—strictly, according to Homer—Mr. Sotheby has—

"He all the present, past, and future knew;" and with this we should have been content; but not so Mr. Sotheby, who chooses to add—to complete the couplet and round the sentence—

"All at his pleasure rose before his view."

which is just the kind of licence for which Pope's version has been so liberally abused.

Agamemnon's rage at the declaration of Calchas is thus introduced by the translator:—

"With lip that quivered in its ire,
Heart darkly boiling o'er with vengeful fire,
And eye that rolled in flame, proud Atreus' son,"
&c.

Homer has not the slightest hint of the first line. The quivering of the lip we do not recollect to have been noticed by any ancient poet; and Mr. Sotheby is obviously wholly indebted to his recollections of Byron. Just so, when Achilles is said to have

"Hurled on the monarch words of living fire."

For which Homer furnishes nothing but *αταρτηρως, επισσειν*, which, whatever they may mean, have nothing to do with *living fire*.

"Be persuaded," says Nestor; "you (Achilles and Agamemnon) are both younger than I;" which Mr. Sotheby turns in a style as foreign from Homer's as Pope's can possibly be—

"When Nestor speaks, calm, younger-born, your rage—

Time ripens wisdom on the lip of age."

This Mr. Sotheby might think was sententious and decisive, but nothing like it ever dropped from the mouth of the garrulous Nestor.

When the heralds reached Achilles' tent to remove Briseis—

"They trembling stood, nor spake, nor question made—

which is strictly Homer; but—

"Fear on the tongue its cold obstruction laid"—

is a sad piece of frippery for *αυδωμενος βραδυνα*.

"If ever again there be need of me to repel a disgraceful pest from others," says Achilles, according to Homer—but in the words of Mr. Sotheby—

"If Greece again her waste deplore,
And, bowed in hopeless misery, require
My arm of strength—"

Not only is here a new idea introduced, but the whole is a misconception, proceeding, apparently, from an oversight of the words from *others*. In the intemperance of his rage, Achilles was protesting he would never again help *any body*—not the army merely.

When Achilles tells his mother he had recommended Agamemnon to appease the offended deity, he adds—"Rage seized Atrides, and, starting up, he gave utterance to a threat, which he carried into execution."—Mr. S. has

"But instant ire
Poured in Atrides' heart consuming fire.
Rage on his lip, the opprobrious menace flung,
And his deeds match the malice of his tongue."

Which is more intolerable, for the licence, and the pitiful attempt at point, than any offence Pope ever committed.

But these are comparative trifles, though characteristic of the version. We have more serious grounds of com-

plaint.—When Ulysses presents Chryseis to her father, Mr. Sotheby says:—

"Forth came Chryseis, whom to Chryses's arms
The chief restored in all her virgin charms."

Mr. Sotheby's purpose is obvious; but there is nothing in Homer to warrant the assertion; and, besides, Agamemnon's own words to her father imply the contrary.

Minerva, in checking Achilles's disposition to violence, gives him permission to upbraid Agamemnon as much as he likes. But what has Mr. Sotheby made of it?—

"Sheathe thy brave blade; but *sharper than thy sword,*
Fix in his heart the *weapon of thy word.*"

A piece of perversion quite unpardonable—a dandyism of taste and sentiment, from which Homer is wholly and always free.

Once more. In the description of the sacrifice, the thighs of the Oxen are burnt, and the viscera tasted, *before* the animals are wholly cut up, and the parts to be eaten are roasted. This tasting of the viscera was obviously a part of the ceremonial, and not of the feast—by which they shewed, says the scholiast, by a visible act, *ἐκ ψυχῆς τιλιν τὴν θυσιαν*. Mr. Sotheby, wholly mistaking the matter, and consulting nothing but his imagination, says—

"And when the thighs were burnt, and keen desire
Had try'd the entrails fuming from the fire."

As if they were so hungry they could not wait another moment. But we have no more space. Mr. Sotheby's version will not supersede Pope, nor does it deserve to do so—though the versification seems to be more *equally* sustained.

The Siamese Twins; a Tale of the Times, by the Author of Pelham.—Shrewd, and clever, and cultivated—familiar, too, with the spirit of the day, and the pretensions of all pretenders, the author of Pelham could scarcely, when indulging his bent to the satirical, fail to produce a performance—sometimes amusing, in whatever direction he pointed his shafts. The tale of the Siamese is merely whimsical, and scarcely worth noticing—it represents the two Siamese, of whom all the world has heard, to be endowed with dispositions and feelings in perfect contrast with each other. Of course the cross-purposes and awkward results thus producible may readily be imagined; but by thrusting them upon adventures in London life, the author gains an opportunity of pointing his satire against persons and follies of fashionable notoriety. This enables him to throw off much of his spleen, and he does it with a good will and strength of purpose, that shew

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him more in earnest than he would willingly have it believed he feels. The periodicals have occasionally handled him roughly; but generally his talents have been so promptly and largely acknowledged, that it was scarcely worth his while to notice, and least of all to ascribe, the severity to personal or interested motives. He gives importance to what, in itself, has none, and would not be remembered, but for the annoyance he betrays, and the pains he takes to keep it all alive. There is poetry in the volume, of a cast to deserve the name, enough to set up half a dozen scribblers, but it is fairly buried under masses of matter of inferior quality, and of transient interest.

How holy woman's youth—while yet
Its rose with life's first dews is wet—
While hope most pure is least confest,
And all the Virgin in the breast!
O'er her white brow, wherein the blue
Transparent vein seemed proud to bear
The warm thoughts of her heart—unto
The soul so nobly palaced there!
O'er her white brow were richly braided
The tresses in a golden flow;
But *darkly* slept the lash that shaded
Her deep eye, on its lids of snow.
What could that magic eye inspire?
Its very light was a desire;
And each blue wandering of its beam,
Called forth a worship and a dream;
The soft rose on her softest cheek
Had yet the sun's last smile to win;
But not the less each blush could speak
How full the sweetness bived within.
The rich lip in its bright repose
Refused above its wealth to close,
And mid the coral and the dew,
The pearls all freshly glistened thro',
And round that lip, in dimpled cell,
The smiles that wreath the enchantment dwell—
Waked by a word—and yet revealing
A witness less of Mirth than Feeling—
Rounded her glorious shape;—tho' mute
Died Echo round her fairy foot,
Tho' small as childhood's was the band
That lightly clasp'd her graceful vest,
And tho' so slight her tempting hand,
You hid it while you prest,
Yet formed the hills her robe control'd
In Love's most ripe luxuriant mould.
Not in more swelling whiteness sails
Cayster's swan to western gales,
When the melodious murmur sings
'Mid her slow-leav'd voluptuous wings.
And never on a breast more formed
For lofty dreams—yet low devotion—
More tender, or more truly warmed
With all which lights—yet guides—emotion;
More fitted in the evil day
To be man's solace and his stay;
Never on breast more rich in aught
That comforts grief—but heightens thought—
Did lover rest, and feel the earth,
Had faded round him into dearth—
That Fate was baffled; and that Change
Had lost the wish—the power to range;

And all the world—its hopes—its charms—
Its Future—shrunk within his arms!
 O Woman! day-star of our doom—
 Thy dawn our birth—thy close our tomb,
 Or if the Mother or the Bride,
 Our fondest friend and surest guide ;—
 And yet our folly and our fever,
 The Dream—the Meteor—the Deceiver—
 Still, spite of sorrow—wisdom—years—
 And those—Fate's sternest warners—tears—
 Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
 Still knows no wish like those which woo thee,
 Still in some living form essays
 To clasp the bright cloud it portrays ;—
 And still as one who waits beside,
 But may not ford, the faithless tide—
 It wears its own brief life away—
 It marks the shining waters stray—
 Courts every change that glads the river—
 And finds *that* change it pines for—never!

Sketches of Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru. By Samuel Haigh, Esq.—Mr. Haigh's 'Sketches of Buenos Ayres, and Chili,' were among the most agreeable and intelligent of the many scores of volumes published within these few years upon South America, by miners, supercargoes, and soldiers. The new volume is of the same character precisely—containing, however, a more consecutive account of his first journey across the now familiar Pampas, and his passage over the Cordilleras in the very depth of winter—together with the results of a more extended and intimate acquaintance with the country. Within the last fourteen years Mr. H. has thrice visited South America in commercial speculations, and his last trip enables him to add some sketches of Peru to those of Buenos Ayres and Chili. His opportunities of domestic intercourse—of prying into the interior arrangements of family economy, must have been considerable, and he communicates his discoveries in an easy and effective manner. Mendoza he found one of the loveliest spots in the world, and his successive visits detracted nothing from the charm. Santiago he reached at a most critical period, and actually witnessed the battle of Maypo, won by San Martin—a battle that must be regarded as prompting those vigorous efforts which ultimately led to the decisive conflict of Ayacucho, and the independence of the Spanish provinces. Mr. H. refers, for many of his historical details, to General Miller's *Memoirs*, as containing the fullest and most authentic account of the triumph of Chili.

According to Mr. Haigh, the habits and domestic manners of the Spaniards, are rapidly changing. English and Americans from the United States every where abound, and every where communicate something a little nearer to refinement—certainly more cleanliness and decorum. At Valparaiso, society is not yet so exclusive as at Santiago.—At

a ball given by the governor, a young lady, after the dance, asked her partner, an officer of an English frigate, if he had engaged a washerwoman, hoping, if he had not, he would give her the preference.

English merchants at home are very apt to suspect their agents abroad—without, Mr. H. affirms, much reason. He himself was greatly annoyed at the mode of doing business in America. "The difficulties are much greater, he says, than people in England usually imagine—for instance, if a bill falls due, should the party not be able to meet it, he has no hesitation in telling you that he cannot pay it; and should you proceed to the Cabeldo, or Board of Trade, to compel him to do so, the members of that body are so lenient, that they generally allow the payer his own time. Some of the board are precisely in the same predicament with the party complained of, being themselves shopkeepers, and owing monies, for purchases. Should you proceed to lay an embargo upon a debtor's warehouse, all persons who can prove any of the goods to have belonged to them, can take them from the premises; consequently, in the event of your own having been disposed of, you get nothing for your pains, unless you find ready money. This system of trade is indispensable, though so full of risks; for should you think to effect all your sales for cash only, a long life could not afford time for the disposal of a large cargo. The lax system of the laws relative to credit, and their usual leaning towards the debtor, places a seller, as it were, at the honour or mercy of the buyer."

Here is a little question for the zoological folks of Regent's Park :—

The Biscachas abound all over the plains: these little innocent animals generally make their appearance about an hour before the sun sets, and gambol about in his departing rays. During the day they are seldom seen but at the mouth of their caves. It is strange that two owls may be almost always observed standing as if on guard. I have never learnt whether *any affinity* exists between the biscachas and these birds. The owls have an aspect of great solemnity, and as they stand apart at each side of the cavern, they remind one of those two mute and melancholy oaking gentlemen, so frequently seen stationed at the doors of houses in England, as the prologue to the performance of a funeral.

Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. Hall: *Second Series*.—Mrs. Hall threatens—no, she is much too gentle to do anything so harsh, as to threaten in her own person, but she announces an intention, with this second series of sketches, of bidding the subject of Irish Character, adieu—an intention, which she will not, and must not, carry into execution. Her object is not yet wholly

accomplished, nor are her materials exhausted; the subject too, has become her own—she has no rival, and is fairly committed as long as Ireland has virtues to disclose, or wrongs to redress. Crofton Croker does not interfere with her purpose; that purpose has been professedly to exhibit Irish Character among the humbler classes, where, of course, it is likely to be *purest* in its most agreeable and advantageous features; and her young women, accordingly, have all the charms and warmth of simplicity, and her young men, the bravery and frankness of chivalry. Mrs. H. speaks from personal knowledge, and we throw no discredit on anything so attractive; we would rather that realities presented no exceptions. She seems to think, where the noble qualities of Irish youth degenerate, it proceeds wholly from bad management, but that is not peculiar to Ireland. It is the education of circumstances, that works most of the mischief, all the world over, and perhaps of the good too. 'Anne Leslie' and 'Mick Conner's wooing and wedding,' are among the most agreeable of the sketches. 'The Rapparee,' with more energy and passion, approaches too near the tone of the melo-drame. 'We'll see about it,' and 'Larry Moore,' are in the very best style of Miss Edgeworth's efforts; the details of Irish indolence and carelessness, are happy and humorous. Much of the misery and degradation of the Irish peasantry, now springs from absentees, notwithstanding the economists, who, by the way, in their eagerness to promote production, never care a straw what becomes of the producer—and Mrs. H. more than once introduces the rapacity of middlemen, and the rascalities of uncontrolled agents—the inevitable consequences of absenteeism. There is still ample room for exposure, in this department of Irish economy; and Mrs. H. is obviously too kindly disposed towards her native land, to withhold her aid, as long as she can contribute assistance, and wants no telling that exposition must go before redress.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus, by Washington Irving.—*Family Library, Vol. XVIII.*—The splendid discoveries of Columbus, and, still more, his magnificent anticipations, set the whole Spanish nation agog; and every one, young or old, who had his own way to make in the world, naturally looked to the west as the scene where riches and renown were to be won. The old crews of Columbus, almost every man of them, were heroes in their own imaginations, and many of them aspired to distinctions that should equal them with their commander. Ferdinand, too,

who, in the first glow of his gratitude, had conferred upon Columbus honours and powers of which he quickly repented, gladly encouraged competitors by way of counterpoise. Commissions and authorities were accordingly granted to any that would ask for them, provided they could fit out vessels at their own expense; and granted, too, not only in contempt of Columbus's rights and those of his family, but specifically to clip and cripple them. The consequence was a series of expeditions; and the result of them discoveries, which, without them, would probably not have been made for ages. The leaders of these expeditions, impelled by temerity and cupidity, rushed upon perils and difficulties which drew out all their powers, and prompted others to deeds of the most romantic, and often of the most chivalrous character. The interval between Columbus and the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro, presents a list of bold spirits, whose adventures are but little known; and these Mr. Irving has detailed with a sort of congenial feeling that throws a little of the smoothness and softness of romance upon what in reality had nothing but ruggedness and brutality. Riches were the object of pursuit, and the agents generally desperadoes—ready to cut their way to them through every obstacle, moral or physical; and in this resolute spirit, which shews what the man who dares can do, consists all that can possibly in them command admiration. They were maddened by enthusiasm, and the sacred thirst of gold hallowed every act.

The story which occupies the largest portion of the volume, is the singular one of Nunez de Bilboa. He was at St. Domingo, in debt, and in imminent peril from his creditors, when the Bachelor Enciso, who had scraped together a few thousand ducats, bitten by the common madness, very unlaywerlike, hazarded the whole in one of Ojeda's projects. Bilboa got on board the Bachelor's ship in a cask, and eluded his pursuers; and, by his activity and readiness, made from an enemy a friend of the Bachelor. Amidst the subsequent splitting of interests at Darien, Bilboa supplanted the Bachelor, and rose upon the ruins of the chiefs Ojeda and Nicuessa, by the confidence in his resources with which he contrived to impress his associates. Not, however, feeling very secure in his new elevation, he looked anxiously about for some dazzling achievement; and the discovery of the Pacific was the reward of labours—so enormous, they well deserved to be so repaid. Upon this discovery he relied for establishing an influence with the government at home; but, unluckily, before his agents, loaded with splendid presents, reached the

king, the Bachelor had made his representations of Bilboa's usurpations; and Davila was, in consequence, appointed governor of the whole Darien coast. Bilboa wisely submitted, till a new commission reached him, but one still which placed him subordinate to Davila. Jealousies and quarrels speedily followed, and Bilboa finally sunk under the superior skill or fortune of Davila. Davila seized him, and hung him without ceremony.

The volume is a very interesting appendage to the Life of Columbus.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

The History and Topography of the United States of North America.—Of this work, one or two of the early numbers of which we have already noticed, twelve parts have appeared. The plan and character of it are thus sufficiently developed to enable us to form a full judgment upon its merits. It is in every respect one of the ablest and most useful publications that have appeared for years; and promises to form, beyond all comparison, the most complete and perfect history of America that has ever been published. It comprises every thing that the most exact lover of details could wish to know, and yet contains not a syllable more than the general reader may peruse unfatigued. Every page of it is a history as far as interest is concerned. The style is free from all affectation and ambiguity; and the comments and opinions are manly, candid, and liberal. The embellishments, of which each number contains three, are well executed, and afford an idea which we have not hitherto had of the national architecture and scenery of

this extraordinary country. The maps also, which are said to be carefully revised to the present day, are a valuable accompaniment to the work. Mr. Hilton deserves the thanks of all who take an interest in the history of America, or are willing to do justice to her people and her institutions.

The subjects of four numbers of the *Outlines of British Paintings and Sculptures*, form a catalogue which can hardly fail to attract. We can mention only the finest or most celebrated of them:—*Distraining for Rent*, Wilkie; *Statue of Washington*, Chantrey; *Lord Cosmo Russell*, Landseer; *The Wounded Brigand*, Eastlake; *Vision of the White Horse*, Louthburgh; *Lafayette at Olmatz*, Northcote; *Temple of Jupiter*, Turner; *Marriage à la Mode*, Hogarth; *Charles the Second and the Duchess of Orleans*, Stothard; *Epaminondas*, West; *Lord Mansfield's Monument*, Flaxman, &c. Some of the subjects are more calculated for effect in these small outlines than others; but they are all cleverly executed.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, and George Bennet, Esq. Compiled from the original documents, by James Montgomery, Esq.: a *Journal of a Voyage round the World*, undertaken to promote the objects of the London Missionary Society, during the years 1821 to 1829, in two volumes.

By Hugh Ronalds: a *Descriptive Catalogue of the most valuable sorts of Apples*.

A *Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and the parts adjacent*. Illustrated by one hundred and twenty engravings.

By Mrs. Sherwood: *The First Part of a Dictionary of Scriptural Types*, accompanied with *Essays illustrative of the Application of them in the Explanation of the Scriptures*.

By John Galt, Esq.: *The Lives of the Actors*.

By Captain Marryatt, author of the *King's Own*: *Newton Förster, or the Merchant's Service*.

The Young Muscovite; or the Poles in Russia, an Historical Novel.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JOHN ABERNETHY, ESQ., F.R.S.

Mr. Abernethy, one of the most eminent surgeons of the day, and generally regarded as the ablest lecturer in London, on anatomy, surgery, and pathology, was born in the year 1765. His professional studies were commenced at St. Bartholomew's Hospital as far back as the year 1780; and, on the resignation of Mr. Pott, he became assistant surgeon to that institution. He also succeeded that gentleman as lecturer on anatomy and surgery. In his mode of teaching, Mr. Abernethy was not very minute on anatomy, a thorough knowledge of which, he conceived, could be acquired only in the dissecting room; but the energy of his manner, and the apposite and forcible illustrations which he was accustomed to introduce, never failed to fix the attention of his pupils, and to impart a lively interest to all that he delivered. One of his great objects was to impress on their minds, that the education of a surgeon is never complete, and that his whole life should be a course of study. He was opposed to the division of surgery into distinct departments; such as that of oculist, aurist, &c.; considering the whole as essentially connected, and that no man, properly educated, could be ignorant of the diseases which those respective divisions embrace.

At an early period of life, Mr. Abernethy came before the public as an author. He published "Surgical Observations," in two volumes; and "Lectures," in one volume, explanatory of Mr. Hunter's opinions of the vital processes; with a Hunterian Oration, giving a farther account of Mr. Hunter's laborious and professional character. New editions of these works appeared in 1806 and 1810, and possibly since. For Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, Mr. Abernethy wrote the anatomical articles included under the letters A. and B. At one period, we believe, he was violently opposed to the phrenological doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim; but, afterwards, he became partially, if not wholly a con-

vert—and he had the manly candour to acknowledge it. He did not, however, assent to all the minute divisions of the brain insisted on by phrenologists.

When Dr. Marshall relinquished his popular lectures at Thavies' Inn, Mr. Abernethy's class increased, as did also his practice. He was some time professor of Anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons. In one of his essays, he published an account of cases in which he had tied the external iliac artery—a bold and meritorious operation. This improvement in surgery established his fame, and increased the credit of the English school throughout Europe. Under Mr. Abernethy's auspices, St. Bartholomew's Hospital attained a celebrity which it had never before enjoyed.

On the death of Sir Charles Blicke, he was elected surgeon in his room. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society; an Honorary member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and of the Medical Societies of Paris and Philadelphia, one of the Court of Assistants of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and one of the Curators of their Museum.

Mr. Abernethy's mode of treatment in cases of dyspepsia, &c., was extremely simple, yet unprecedentedly successful. He was a man of eccentric habits; and in manners, frequently coarse, vulgar, and—as they have been described—almost brutal, even to women. Nothing could excuse this: it could not have been natural, therefore must have been affected; and all affectation of eccentricity—frequently its reality—is more or less disgusting.

After a protracted indisposition, Mr. Abernethy expired at Enfield on the 18th of April.

SIR EDWARD BERRY, BART, &c.

Sir Edward Berry, Baronet, of Catton, in the county of Norfolk, K.C.B., Rear-Admiral of the Red, was the fourth son of Sir Edward Berry, Esq., a merchant in London, by Elizabeth, daugh-

ter of the Rev. Thos. Forster, of Barbados, F.R.S. He was born in 1768; and, having evinced an early predilection for the sea service, he was introduced into the royal navy, under the auspices of Captain Lord Mulgrave, (elder brother of the Earl lately deceased,) who attempted the discovery of a north-east passage. He was entered as midshipman on the 5th of February, 1779, some months before he had completed his eleventh year. His first voyage was to the East Indies, in the *Burford*, of 70 guns; and, from that period, he was long engaged in a continued series of active service. On the first war of the French revolution, he received a Lieutenant's commission for spiritedly boarding a ship of war. His merit in the action of the 1st of June acquired for him the friendship of Nelson and of Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent. He served under Nelson, as first Lieutenant, in the *Captain*, in the action off St. Vincent's, on the 14th of February, 1797; and by his extraordinary activity in boarding the *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*, he acquired the honest eulogium of every officer in the fleet. Lieutenant Berry was the first man who jumped into the mizen chains of the *San Nicolas*.

In the course of this year, he was made Post Captain; and, in 1798, he was appointed to the *Vanguard*, the flag-ship of Nelson, in the squadron detached by Earl St. Vincent into the Mediterranean. In the battle of the Nile, on the 1st of August, in the same year, he again most brilliantly distinguished himself. In the heat of the action, when Admiral Nelson was wounded in the head, Captain Berry caught him in his arms, and caused him to be immediately conveyed to the cockpit. He took possession of the *Spartiate*; and, in the explosion of *L'Orient*, he exerted himself in the most humane manner in saving the crew of that unfortunate ship. To the skill and bravery of his companion in arms, Admiral Nelson, in his official letter to Earl St. Vincent, relating the particulars of this victory, thus bore testimony:—

"The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-Chief being burnt in the *L'Orient*."

Captain Berry was sent home in the *Leander*, Captain Thompson, with the

dispatches, but was unfortunately captured by a French 80 gun ship, after a hard action, during which he was wounded in the arm, by a fragment of a man's skull. Having been exchanged, he returned to England, was knighted (December 12, 1798) and presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In the following year, Sir Edward Berry sailed to the Mediterranean, as Captain of the *Foudroyant*, Lord Nelson's flag-ship. On the night of the 30th of March, while stationed off Malta, he captured the *Guillaume Tell*, of 86 guns, and 1000 men, after a severe engagement, in which he was again wounded. While on this station, he also captured the *Genereux*, of 74 guns.

Sir Edward at length returned to England, and for some time enjoyed a relaxation from the toils of service.

He had married December 12, 1797, Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Forster, D.D., then head master of the Norwich Free Grammar School. In the month of October, 1800, he presented to the Corporation of Norwich the ensign of the French ship *Genereux*, which was suspended in St. Andrew's Hall, in that city, with an appropriate inscription.

In 1803, Sir Edward Berry again sailed under the command of the hero of the Nile, as Captain of the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns; was engaged in the van division of the fleet, in the memorable engagement off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st of October; and, as usual, sustained his high and well-earned reputation.

After this engagement, Sir Edward proceeded to the West Indies in the same ship, the *Agamemnon*, and participated in the victory gained by Sir Thomas Duckworth, on the 6th of February, 1806, off St. Domingo. On his return to England, he was presented with two medals from his Majesty: one for his services in Sir Thomas Duckworth's action, and the other for that of Trafalgar; and, having previously obtained one for the victory of the Nile, he was the only Captain in his Majesty's service who had been honoured with three medals. On the 12th of December, in the same year (1806), he was elevated to the rank of Baronet.

In 1811, Sir Edward Berry was appointed to the *Sceptre*; in 1813, he commanded the *Royal Sovereign Yacht*; in 1814, he was honoured with the command of the new yacht, the *Royal George*; and, in 1815, he was nominated Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. He was afterwards promoted to the rank, first of the Rear Admiral of the White, and then of Rear Admiral of the Red squadron of his Majesty's fleet.

At the restoration of peace, in 1814, Sir Edward Berry returned to Norfolk, and fixed his residence at Catton, near Norwich. After some years, he proceeded to Bath, for the benefit of his health; and, with the same view, he subsequently made a continental tour, and he and Lady Berry lived for some time at Pisa, in Italy. Unfortunately, the hopes of re-establishing his health were not realized; and he returned to Bath, where he died on the 13th of February last. Lady Berry survives her husband, but without any family.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

Benjamin Constant, who has been a distinguished *littérateur* in France for thirty years or upwards, was born at Geneva, in 1767. His parents were Protestant; his father, a General in the Dutch service, had returned to his native country at the close of his military career.

At the commencement of the revolution, young Constant went to Paris. In 1796, he appeared at the bar of the Council of Five Hundred, demanding admission to the rights of a French citizen, as the descendant of French ancestors exiled by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. About the same time, he published a little work, which attracted much notice, "On the Strength of the Existing Government (the Directory) of France, and the Necessity of supporting it." In the following year—1797—two productions of his pen appeared: one, "On Political Reaction;" the other, "An Examination of the Effects of Terror;" in the latter of which he contended, that, in the course of the Revolution, terror had caused much mischief, without producing any advantage.

In 1797 or 1798, M. Constant became a member of the Club de Salm, or Constitutional Circle; in which he delivered—and afterwards published—a long discourse against terror, arbitrary power, and royalty, and enforced the necessity of having republican elections. Another of his publications at this period was "On the Consequences of the Counter-Revolution in England, in 1660."

On the formation of the Tribunal, he became a member of that body, vehemently attacking the communication between different powers in the state.—"The object," he observed, "was to dictate laws with such haste that no time was allowed for examining them." He supported the Conscription law, and the law for abrogating the rights of primogeniture.

In 1801, M. Constant opposed the establishment of a sinking-fund, and also the civil code then under consideration. Regarded as one of the chiefs of the op-

position, he was comprehended in Buonaparte's first purification of the Assembly; consequently, in 1802, he ceased to be a member of the Tribunal.

It was at the close of the year 1797, that Madame de Staël first saw Buonaparte, who was then at Paris preparing for his expedition to Egypt. The admiration with which she had regarded him as the conqueror of Italy, was now succeeded by a sentiment bordering upon aversion; and the dislike appears to have been mutual. However, she continued in Paris after the return of Buonaparte from Egypt, on his assumption of supreme authority; and in her coteries, and by her writings, she exerted herself to the utmost in opposing his views. M. Constant had been long politically connected with Madame de Staël. The consequence was, that, at the same time with Madame, he was ordered to quit Paris. The two exiles went together, and travelled in company over different countries.

When M. Constant separated from Madame de Staël, he, with the permission of Buonaparte, returned to Paris. There, however, his stay was short. He went to Gottingen, where, for a length of time, he employed himself in his "History of the Different Modes of Worship." It was, we believe, during this retreat from public life, that he also produced his "Walstein, a Tragedy, in Five Acts, in Verse; preceded by Reflections on the German Theatre."

In 1814, M. Constant again returned to Paris, in the train of the Prince Royal of Sweden. At that time, he appeared to be in the interest of the Bourbons. Several times he wrote in their favour, particularly on the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba. He also attacked the whole of the conduct of Buonaparte, and exposed the folly of trusting to promises of liberty from a man who for so many years had made France groan under the most cruel slavery. On these principles he continued to write, even when Buonaparte was within a few leagues of Paris. On the 19th of March, he inserted an article in the *Journal des Débats*, with his signature, in which he declared that he would never purchase a dishonourable existence by bending before such a man. Yet he did bend before him. In fact, notwithstanding all his occasionally apparent boldness, firmness, and independence of spirit, M. Constant was neither more nor less than a trimmer in politics. On the 20th of April, he received from Buonaparte the title of Councillor of State; he assisted in drawing up the constitution presented at the Champ de Mai, which he defended and enforced in several of his publications and speeches; and, immediately before the second and final overthrow of

Buonaparte, his exclamation was—"Foreigners look towards us, knowing that the first general in the world marches at our head: if they see us rallied around him, they will think themselves already defeated; but, if we are divided, we perish."

But the usurper was crushed, and a change of scene became once more necessary for the safety of M. Constant. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., he went to live at Brussels; thence he came over to England; and, in November, 1816, he returned to Paris. Subsequently he engaged in several periodical works of the day; particularly in *Le Mercure*, in which he wrote, though not with great violence, in opposition to the government. By advocating the cause of the Liberals, he procured his election in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1818.

M. Constant was one of the editors of *La Minerva*, and, on all sides, allowed to be one of the ablest political writers of the age; he was a fine German scholar, and tended much to introduce and promote a love of the literature and philosophy of Germany into France. Besides the works which have been incidentally noticed in this sketch, he was the author of the following, with many others of minor note:—On the Spirit of Conquest and Usurpation, as they influence European Civilization;—Reflections on Constitutions, the Distribution of Powers, and Guarantees in a Constitutional Monarchy;—On the Interest of Government respecting the Liberty of Pamphlets and Journals;—Observations on the Speech of the Minister of the Interior on the Liberty of the Press;—On the Responsibility of Ministers;—Political Principles applicable to Representative Governments, and particularly to the Existing Constitution of France;—Principles of Public Law;—On the Elections of 1807 and 1808;—Letters on the Trial of Wilfred Regnault;—Letter on the Massacre of the Protestants at Nismes;—Letters on the Hundred Days;—several pamphlets on the projected change in the Law of Elections;—articles in the *Universal Biography*;—Adolphus, an Anecdote found amongst the Papers of a Person Unknown. The last-mentioned work is a romance, founded on the system of fatality.

M. Constant caught a severe cold during the memorable three days of 1830, and continued in a declining state till the period of his death, which occur-

red at Paris on the 8th of December. His remains were interred on the 12th, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The funeral was attended by the Chamber of Deputies, and an immense portion of the population of Paris, and is said to have produced a sensation equal to that occasioned by Mirabeau. His ashes, report states, are shortly to be removed to the Pantheon. If so, it will be an exception to the general rule, that ten years must elapse after the death of an individual, to enable posterity to judge of the validity of his claim to this high national honour.

COMTE SAINTE SUZANNE.

Le Comte Sainte Suzanne, a peer of France, and Lieutenant-General in the Army, was born at Chalons-sur-Marne, in 1760. At an early age, he was one of the pages to Madame, sister-in-law to Louis XVI. Having subsequently entered into the regiment of Anjou, he held the rank of captain at the commencement of the revolution; and he distinguished himself in the wars of that period. In 1796, he was a general of brigade in the armies of the Moselle and Rhine, and took an active part in the campaign, opposed to the Archduke Charles. In some affairs with General Kray, upon the Rhine, he obtained considerable advantages over that general; and occupying all the approaches to Ulm, he ultimately compelled the enemy to retreat. Soon afterwards he covered the left wing, and secured the communications with Moreau.

On the return of peace, General Suzanne went to Paris; where he was elected, successively, a member of the council of state, and a member of the senate. In 1809, he was appointed, to the inspectorship of the army for the protection of the coast of Boulogne.

On the 1st of April, 1814, this officer voted against the continuance of Buonaparte on the throne of France; and, on the 4th of June following, Louis the XVIIIth created him a peer, and named him Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis. Unlike many others, he did not exercise his legislative functions after the return of Buonaparte; and, consequently, he was not deprived of his pension on the final restoration of the Bourbons.

Comte Sainte Suzanne died at Paris, on the 27th of August, the same day that Comte Louis de Segur died.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

IN our reports, the WEATHER is invariably the prime and most interesting topic. The commencement of the present month, on the whole, was highly favourable to the operations of husbandry, with the drawback, however, that the suddenness of the drought rendered the heavy wet lands stubborn and cloddy, thence difficult to reduce to a state of friability and fineness adapted to the reception of the seed. The few showers which succeeded, countervailed, in a considerable degree, this defect, and culture has since proceeded with all possible dispatch. In our last, under the influence of a long-cherished opinion in favour of early sowing, we regretted that so much must, of necessity, remain to be done in the present month; but, from later accounts, and indeed personal observation, we apprehend that in the most backward districts, the first week in May will scarcely exhibit the conclusion of the present seed season. Throughout the whole winter and spring, the weather has been most capricious and embarrassing to the farmer of heavy lands. On prime soils, and in the most fertile districts, beans and peas are in a growing state and look well; oats above ground, and the barley all in, which is to say, the whole present business is completed. On such lands, the next object is preparation of the fallows for potatoes and turnips, for which, something like an early season will for them be obtained; on others of inferior description, chiefly in the west and south-west, the whole will be a late and protracted seed season. In Herts, and on the whole line of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, business is in a comparatively forward state, and the appearance of the crops generally promising: the labourers also, in those fertile districts, are, at present, fully employed at an advance of wages. Clover and other seeds have been greatly reduced in price from the quantities imported, sainfoin excepted, which we do not import. Little business is doing in hops, but their husbandry has commenced, the trills are removed, and the roots appear strong and healthy. The stock of English wheat is greatly reduced, even in the richest counties; elsewhere, and westward, there is so little in the farmers' hands, that they apprehend it will not last 'till harvest; in fact, those counties seem as much in need of foreign supply as the metropolis, and the chief business of the canals and roads seems to be the transit of foreign bread-corn. Barley is nearly exhausted, and the stock of malt in the hands of the maltsters and brewers, is reported to be much reduced, perhaps more so than at any late period. Oats, beans, and peas, compose almost the only farmers' stock. Good old dry beans and spring tares sell readily, and though the wheat market generally has, of late, suffered some reduction from the great quantities imported, it has remained at nearly the former standard in those districts where it is so much wanted. The heavy poor land wheats, particularly where sown after clover and grasses, have been so devoured and thinned by the slugs, that they are not only unseasonably late, but their appearance is so reduced and sickly, that at present they exhibit very little promise of a crop.

IN SCOTLAND, and in the best parts of our northern border, the spring business is in seasonable forwardness. In the Lothians, the best wheat districts of Scotland, that crop has experienced considerable failures. Sown after beans, the slug has been so busy, that great breadths of wheat have been ploughed up, and the land resown with oats. Upon fallow land the wheat is thickly planted, but has a weak and unhealthy appearance, those soils manured with rape-cake affording the best prospect. The young sown grasses have generally failed, which has occasioned a rise of from twenty to thirty per cent. on the pasture grass, the quantity of stock to be fed being very large. Turnips, and all winter provision, having been exhausted some weeks since, most, or all, of the fat stock was driven to the markets, when the present high prices afforded a satisfactory return. We hear of little or no complaint of the rot in Scotland, where their ewes are said to have stood the winter well, and to promise a successful lambing season. In WALES the general report is favourable, both as to the dispatch of seed culture, and the appearance of the crops; but their lambing season has been most unfortunate from the prevalence of the rot, which still continues its ravages in the west. It is calculated that above one-third of the flocks in the infected districts, has been annihilated by this pest, to which must be added the malign influence remaining with the survivors. The natural sequence has been, a great rise in the price of mutton and of store sheep, the young ewes fetching as much at market as the wedders, on the speculation of a recruit from increasing the number of breeding flocks. In the letters from Kent, there is a noticeable silence on the extent of the rot, periodical in that county, but we are informed it has prevailed to an alarming degree both there and in Sussex. The price of wool, if not reduced, has been rendered stationary by large importations from the continent; however, the sheep farmers having none on hand, are not, at present, materially interested in the state of the market, which is expected to revive after the approaching sheep-shearing. Good clean-washed long wool is yet in demand at the late prices in the western

counties, but the defect in quantity renders the price profitless. All the great spring fairs have been superabundantly supplied with both fat and store stock, sheep excepted, and with little occasional variation; the late high prices, more especially for store stock, have not only been maintained, but considerably enhanced. Immense droves of pigs have arrived from Ireland, and profited by an increase of price. Saddle and coach horses, fresh, and of good figure, have been eagerly bought up. The shew of draught and farm horses has been large, and if not so quick in sale as the former species, the flower of them has found a good market. In the fruit districts they represent the trees as healthy and abundant in blossom buds; but should the easterly winds continue, with their invariable variations from chilling cold to spring warmth, the effect on buds and blossoms will damp the pleasing hopes of the orchardist. Cheese is ready of sale, and good prices supported.

The state of IRELAND is most dangerous and critical. The late examples of savage ferocity in the lower people of that country are truly appalling. No living man has hitherto witnessed this country in a state of inquietude and agitation equal to the present, which must be exacerbated in a tenfold degree, by the dissolution of parliament. The complaints of farmers on the present state of tenancy, and on the tithing system, are, in fact, universal. The sufferers from the destruction of farming machinery, cry out loudly against the absurd and quibbling anomaly, which shuts out the farmer from all recompense for his losses of precisely similar nature and estimation with those of the manufacturer, whilst it admits the latter to his full share. In Norfolk, a very fair and liberal plan has been adopted by the farmers, of advancing the wages of labour at the joint expense of the employer, the landlord, and the tithe-owner. Mr. Horton's plan of emigration is, by degrees, rising in the estimation of the country; and the parish of Westbury, in Wilts, has provided, and is about to embark 240 paupers as settlers in Canada. Allowance of land to the distressed labourers to be cultivated by the spade husbandry is on trial in Notts, and several of the northern counties, whilst the grant of a rood of land, as garden ground, to the men with families is, with equal regard to humanity and public benefit, becoming general.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. 8d.—Lamb, 6s. to 7s. 8d.—Rough fat, 2s. 9d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 65s. to 80s.—Barley, 30s. to 48s.—Oats, 26s. to 35s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 65s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, 17s. 6d. to 30s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, April 22d.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—The supplies of Muscavadoes (West India) were on the most confined scale, and chiefly of old descriptions; boards of good new sugars were immediately taken at full market prices; for refined goods the demand is steady and considerable both for shipping and home trade; the prices were a little varied except for the double refined bounty; the latter were 1s. higher; considerable quantities of crushed were sold 31s. to 33s. for the middling, and 35s. and 36s. 6d. for the fine. Molasses dull and lower: there is nothing new in the refined market; the purchases for low lumps for Hambro' are very extensive. Foreign sugars: considerable sales of Havannah sugar has taken place; white, 33s. to 34s. brown Bahia, 15s. to 19s. 6d. inferior white, 21s. to 26s. brown and yellow Rios, 15s. to 22s. East India Mauritius went off heavily, at a reduction of 6d. to 1s. per cwt.; average price of sugar £1. 15½s. per cwt.

COFFEE.—Foreign coffee by private contract continued in extensive demand; Brazil sold, 41s. to 43s.; pale St. Domingo, 40s. good new, 42s.; Sumatra, 30s. 6d. and 31s. 6d.; Batavia, 36s. to 38s. There have been extensive inquiries for British Plantation; Jamaica has been rated low and neglected; the business for home consumption improves; the finer descriptions of Berbice are 2s. to 4s. higher.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The purchasers of Rum had been confined to but inconsiderable parcels, but there has been since inquiries for export, and it is stated there are large orders in town for shipping. There is no alteration in Brandy or Geneva.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow market fell last week to 45s. for parcels on the spot, and 39s. for arrivals; there has been since more firmness. In Hemp and Flax there is little alteration.

	1830	1831
Stock of Tallow in London.....	21,808	41,658
Delivery Weekly.....	1,367	1,079
Price (Monday's).....	34s. 3d.	45s. 3d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 11. 19.—Hamburg, 13. 11.—Paris, 25. 25.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 151. 0.—Peters-

burg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 0.—Madrid, 37. 0.—Cadiz, 37. 0.—Bilbon, 37. 0.—Barcelona, 37. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar, 47. 0.—Leghorn, 47. 0.—Genoa, 25. 60.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 39. 0.—Palermo, 118. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0.—Oporto, 46. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 19. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0.—Cork, 1. 0.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, (½ sh.) 25¼.—Coventry, 795.—Ellesmere and Chester, 72.—Grand Junction, 246.—Kennet and Avon, 25¼.—Leeds and Liverpool, 400.—Oxford, 510.—Regent's, 16¼.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.) 630.—Warwick and Birmingham, 250.—London Docks (Stock) 62.—West India (Stock), 125.—East London WATER WORKS, 114.—Grand Junction, 48½.—West Middlesex, 70.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 7½.—Globe, 135.—Guardian, 24½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 96.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52½.—City, 191.—British, 3 dis.—Leeds, 195.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from March 23d to 23d April 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

G. Mitchell, jun., Brighton, broker.
T. Heel, Gateshead Low Fell, Durham, draper.
J. Kidd, Hammersmith, baker.
J. and J. Farrar, Halifax and Bradford, common-carriers.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 108.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Adam, J., Rood-lane, ironmonger. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Armstrong, J., Raskelf, miller. (Butterfield, Gray's-inn.
Allwright, J., Strand and Wokingham, cheesemonger. (Binns, Essex-street.
Beach, B., Hounslow, gardener. (Loveland, Symond's-inn.
Burrington, G., Stock Exchange, stock-broker. (Walton and Co., Girdler's-ball.
Bensusan, T., Poland-street, merchant. (Abbott Nicholas-lane.
Bywater, D., Clerkenwell, lime-merchant. (Brooks, Strand.
Bond, Sons, and Pattisal, Change-alley, bankers. (Hall and Co., Salter's-ball.
Bath, H. and H., Bishopsgate-street, cabinet-makers. (Robinson and Co., Pancras-lane.
Barnett, J., Old Kent-road, navy-agent. (Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street.
Birch, M., Oxford-street, pastry-cook. (Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone.
Cooper, J. D., and C. C. Kelley, Woodeaves, cotton-spinners. (Allan, Frederick's-place.
Cotton, G., Farnham, shoe-maker. (Bailey, Ely-place.
Crookall, T., Manchester, inn-keeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester.
Chappell, A. S., Walbrook, plumber. (Maltby, Broad-street.
Cronin, J., Old Bailey, stone-merchant. (Martin, Red Lion-square.
Coutts, J., jun., Notting-hill, baker. (Johnson, Chancery-lane.
Chalk, T. H., Barking, corn dealer. (Thomson, George-street.
Clayton, M. and H., East Retford, drapers. (Jaques and Co., Coleman-street.
Critchley, J., Ryeford, coal-merchant. (White, Lincoln's-inn.
Danson, H. W., Bristol, merchant. (Meredith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Osborne and Co., Bristol.

Davy, J., Davenport, brewer. (Fairbank, Staples'-inn; Drake, Exeter.
Denman, E., City-road, jeweller. (Pullen and Son, Foregate-street.
Drabble, W., Leman-street, pewterer. (Langham, Bartlett's-buildings.
Davis, J., Covent Garden, orange-merchant. (Marland, Fleet-street.
Dandy, R., Great Duffield, grocer. (Hawkins and Co., New Boswell-court.
Emanuel, M., Birmingham, jeweller. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Wills, Birmingham.
Fletcher, C. and A., Woodhead, Salford, brewers. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Kay and Co., Manchester.
Francis, E. H., Chelsea, schoolmaster. (Wrentmore, Charles.
Finchley, N. S., brick-maker. (Wootton, Lothbury.
Graveson, G., Bradford, ironmonger. (Lawrence, Old Fish-street; Morris, Bradford.
Ginever, T., Arundel-street, tailor. (Stafford, Buckingham-street.
Gunnell, R. G., and W. Shearman, Salisbury-square, printers. (Bull, Ely-place.
Gerrish, W., Bristol, dealer. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn.
Goulden, W., sen., Leeds, tobacco-manufacturer. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane.
Hierons, W., Streatham, coach-master. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street.
Hargan, H. F., John's-street, victualler. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn fields.
Halson, A., Bridgewater-square, merchant. (Leachy, Salisbury-square.
Haines, B., Chelsea, grocer. (Passmore and Co., Sambrook-court.
Higgins, P., Scarborough, miller. (Timperley, Manchester.
Hawkins, J., Bristol, grocer. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol.
Hall, J., and H. Gerrish, Bristol, grocers. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn; Perkins, Bristol.
Hubert, T., jun., Commercial-wharf, coal-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place.
Hanson, G., Swansea, baker. (Rowland, Prince's-street; Jones, Swansea.
Harris, T. B., Leicester, hosier. (Taylor, John-street; Lawton and Son, Leicester.
Howson, G., Winterton, malster. (Algar, Bedford-row; Maxted, Winterton.
Hewitt, J., jun., Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Yallop, Basinghall-street; Parsons and Co., Nottingham.
Jones, J. H., Gutter-lane, warehouseman. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Kerby, H., Tottenham-court-road, poulterer. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street.

- Kirk, T. B., Litchfield, chemist. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.
 Lapage, J. and F., Liverpool, merchants. (Chester, Staple's-inn; Davenport, Liverpool.
 Lea, J., jun., Worcester, butcher. (Becke, Devonshire-street.
 Lynch, J., Hison-green, tailor. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn.
 Lambert, J., Brough, carpenter. (Thompson, Staple-inn.
 Lloyd, E., Redditch, needle-manufacturer. (Porter, King's-arms-yard.
 Muir, G., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Dunn, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle.
 Myers, M., Birmingham, auctioneer. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Stubbs, Birmingham.
 Murrell, T., Evesham, grocer. (Merry, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Birch, Evesham.
 Moffet, W., Coleman-street, baker. (Gole, Lothbury.
 Moore, T., Allbrighton, butcher. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 Mills, J., Clerkenwell-green, wine-merchant. (Price and Co., St. John's-square.
 Monk, C. and T., Frome, Selwood, linen-draper. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn.
 Marsden, T., Salford, machine-maker. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square.
 Nall, J., Manchester, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester.
 Novell, W., Clapham-road, carpenter. (Bousfield, Chatham place.
 Newton, W., Philipot-street, builder. (Dickinson and Co., Gracechurch-street.
 Osborne, G., Colchester, corn-dealer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Wittey, Colchester.
 Oldham, T., Manchester, calico-printer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester.
 Platt, T., Brentford, coal-merchant. (Pocock, Bartholomew-lane.
 Pearson, E., York-street, furniture-broker. (Smith, Coleman-street.
 Palmer, T. R., Cecil-street, wine-merchant. (Binns, Essex-street.
 Pearce, J., Chumleigh, linen-draper. (Darke, Red Lion-square; Terrell and Son, Exeter.
 Penner, T. E., Bristol, currier. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Winterbotham and Co., Tewkesbury.
 Phillips, T., Swansea, grocer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Davies, Swansea.
 Powell, R., Llangammarch, cattle-dealer. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Vaughan and Co., Brecon.
 Pochin, H., Crosby, malster. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.
 Radley, J. L., Oldham, dealer. (Brundrett and Co., Temple.
 Rideout, H., Woolwich, innkeeper. (Colquhoun, Woolwich.
 Routledge, J. J., New Bond-street, haberdasher. (Wight, Percy-street.
 Read, J. C., Leicester, tailor. (Toller, Gray's-inn; Toller, Leicester.
 Smith, R., Blackman-street, victualler. (Harleston, Horsleydown-lane.
 Smith, G., and R. Foulerton, Gutter-lane, warehousemen. (Gregory, King's-arms-yard.
 Saxby, T., Loughborough, lace-manufacturer. (Norris and Co., John-street.
 Sutton, H., Newark, mercer. (Stephens and Co., Little Thomas Apostle; Sweetenham and Co., Wirksworth.
 Strutton, G., Mitre-court, tavern-keeper. (Fisher, Walbrook.
 Sewell, W., Brewer-street, stable-keeper. (Howell, Hatton-garden.
 Southern, J., Manchester, wine-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Thorley, Manchester.
 Strickland, E. B., Coventry, chymist. (Allan, Old Jewry.
 Shaw, T., Bishopsgate-street, grocer. (Allingham, Hatton-garden.
 Sweetapple, J. D., Godalming, mealman. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Potter, Guildford.
 Shackles, J. G., Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. (Alderson, Chancery-lane; Johnson, Hull.
 Smith, D., Okeover, and Smith, J., Liverpool. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Johnson and Co., Ashborne.
 Tuberville, T., Worcester, grocer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Livetts, Bristol.
 Tasker, C., Liverpool, builder. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Murrow, Liverpool.
 Togwell, J., Cheltenham, baker. (Jackson, New-inn; Walker, Upton-upon-Severn.
 Tucker, C., Bartlett's-buildings, bronxist. (Syvester and Co., Farnival's-inn.
 Webb, T., Whitechapel, typesmith. (Baddeley, Leman-street.
 Wilson, J., Canon-street, grocer. (Lofty, King-street.
 Warner, H., George-street, dealer. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.
 Wood, J., Grit's-green, Stafford, victualler. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Collis, Stourbridge.
 Wood, S., York, clothier. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Sykes, Huddersfield.
 Walker, H., Lancaster, upholsterer. (Cuvelje, Great James's-street; Amittstead, Lancaster.
 Weller, T. E., Cheltenham, bookseller. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruett and Co., Cheltenham.
 Willoughby, S. and B., Birmingham, brass-ring-manufacturers.
 Wellton, E., Cambridge, butcher. (Flower, Austin-friars.
 Woolston, J., Kingston-upon-Hull, toy-seller. (Milne and Co., Temple.
 Wrangham, W., Louth, silversmith. (Box and Co., Bedford-row.
 Williams, J. and J., Houndsditch, coppersmiths. (Owen and Co., Mincing-lane.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. Loveday, to the Rectory of East Irley, Berks.—Rev. W. Marshall, to the Rectory of Chickerell, Dorset.—Rev. C. Wheeler, to the Perpetual Curacy of Stratton Audley, Oxon.—Rev. J. D. Coleridge, to the Vicarage of Lewannick, Cornwall.—Rev. W. C. Leach, to the Vicarage of Dilham, with Honing, Norfolk.—Rev. P. Blackiston, to the Perpetual Curacy of Lymington. Rev. F. Cobbold, to the Rectory of Helmlly, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Tomes, to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwick.—Rev. H. P. Jeston, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cholesbury, Bucks.—Rev. A.

M'Donald, to the Vicarage of Cotterstock, with Glapthorn, Northampton.—Rev. R. Williams, to the Vicarage of Kidwelly.—Rev. W. P. Williams, to the Vicarage of Nantmellan.—Rev. J. Brett, to the Rectory of Woolferton, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Bartholomew, to the Rectory of Morchard Bishop, Devon.—Rev. W. Uvedale, to the Vicarage of Stixwold, near Horncastle.—Rev. J. Flockton, to the Vicarage of Sherbourne, Norfolk.—Rev. H. P. Willoughby, to be Chaplain to Lord Holland.—Rev. T. O. Foley, to the Vicarage of Llansadwin, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Fisher, jun., to

the Rectory of Stoney Stanton, Leicestershire.—Rev. W. Pullen, to the Rectory of Gilding, Parva, Huntingdon.—Rev. C. J. C. Bulteel, to the Rectory of Holbeton, Devon.—Rev. R. J. C. Alderson, to the Rectory of St. Mathew's, Ipswich.—Rev. H. Matthie, to the Rectory of Worthenbury, Flint.—Rev. H. Burton, to the Vicarage of Atcham, Salop.—Rev. H. D. C. S. Horlock, to the Vicarage of Bot.—Rev. Dr. Stedman, to be Minister of Margaret's Chapel, Bath.—Rev. G. L. W. Fauquier, to the Rec-

tory of Bradfield, Suffolk.—Rev. A. Roberts, to the Rectory of Woodrising, Norfolk.—Rev. T. B. Murray, to be Chaplain to Earl Rothes.—Rev. F. J. Courtenay, to the Rectory of North Bovey, Devon.—Rev. N. T. Ellison, to the Rectory of Nettlecombe, Oxford.—Rev. W. B. L. Hawkins, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. J. Randall, to the Rectory of Binfield, Berks.—Rev. J. H. Harrison, to the Perpetual Curacy of Walter Orton, Warwick.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

March 29.—Exeter Hall in the Strand, opened for the accommodation of religious, benevolent, and scientific societies, and institutions.

April 4.—Sir H. Parnell appointed to be Secretary at War.

5.—By the abstract of the net produce of the revenue of Great Britain, it appears that there was a decrease of £1,629,372 from the year preceding, (1830), and of £740,309 from the corresponding quarter of the same year.

—The Lord Mayor entertained a considerable number of the ministers, and other distinguished guests, at the Mansion House.

7.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

14.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 18 prisoners were sentenced to death, and 71 for transportation.

15.—House of Commons voted £100,000 to be secured to the Queen, if she should survive his Majesty, together with Marlborough House, and the house and lands of Bushy Park.

22.—His Majesty prorogued the parliament, delivering the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution. I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the only way in which it can be most conveniently and authentically expressed, for the express purpose of making such changes in the representation, as circumstances may appear to require, and which, founded upon the acknowledged principles of the constitution, may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, and give security to the liberties of the people.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the provision you have made for the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the crown, and I

offer my special acknowledgments for the arrangement you have made for the state and comfort of my royal consort. I have also to thank you for the supplies you have furnished for the public service. I have observed with satisfaction, your endeavours to introduce a strict economy into every branch of that service, and I trust that the early attention of a new parliament, which I shall forthwith direct to be called, will be applied to the prosecution of that important subject.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you, that the friendly intercourse which exists between myself and foreign powers, affords the best hopes of a continuation of peace, to the preservation of which my most anxious endeavours shall be continually directed.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—In resolving to recur to the sense of my people in the present circumstances of the country, I have been influenced only by a desire, and personal anxiety, for the contentment and happiness of my subjects, to promote which, I rely with confidence on your continued and zealous assistance." His Majesty then turned round to the Lord Chancellor, and said—"My pleasure is, that this parliament shall be prorogued, and forthwith, to Tuesday the 10th of May next."

23.—Proclamation issued for dissolving the present parliament, and declaring the calling of another; the writs to be returnable on Tuesday, June 14th next.

HOME MARRIAGES.

Fox Maule, Esq., to Montague, eldest daughter of Lord Abercromby.—Earl of Harrington to Miss Foote.—Rev. T. H. Causton to Hon F. H. Powys, fifth daughter of Lord Lilford.—W. Milhouse, Esq., to Sophia, second daughter of the late Sir Richard Capel de Brooke, Bart.—Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian Minister, to Elizabeth Catherine Bur-

rowes, grand-daughter to late Archbishop of Tuam.—W. M. Præd, Esq. to Miss Hays.—Rev. C. D. Hill to Cicely, youngest daughter of the late Sir C. Willoughby, Bart.—G. Drummond, Esq., to Marianne, sister to E. B. Portman, Esq., M. P.—E. E. H. Repton, Esq., to Mary Henrietta, third daughter of J. Brent, Esq.—Rev. W. N. Gresley, to Miss Georgina Ann Reid.—Captain Jelf, son of Sir J. Jelf, to Miss Sharp, grand-daughter of the late Sir Lionell Darell, Bart.—Sir R. A. O'Donel, Bart., to Mary, third daughter of G. Clendinning, Esq.—J. Gordon, Esq., to Mrs. R. Gillson.

HOME DEATHS.

At Coventry House, the Earl of Coventry.—Drowned, on board the steam-packet Frolic, Lieut. Col. W. Gordon, second dragoon guards.—Mrs. M. K. Abercromby, daughter of the late General Abercromby.—Patience Anne, wife of Hon. and Rev. P. A. Irby, and daughter of Sir W. de Crespigny, Bart.—Sir Manasseh Masseh Lopes, Bart. 76.—At Mulgrave Castle, Earl of Mulgrave, 77.—John Quick, Esq. the celebrated comedian, 83.—Rev. Basil Wood, 71.—

Sir T. Mostyn, Bart. M. P. late for Flink.—Hon. Frances Caulfield, widow of St. G. Culfield.—Sir H. Hawley, Bart.—Lady Charlotte Ludlow, sister to Earl Ludlow.—Mrs. Strahan.—Jane, Countess Dowager of Carhampton.—Dorothy, relict of the late Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff.—Matilda, Countess de Clairville.—Mrs. Duppa, 87.—M. Wyatt, Esq., magistrate at the Lambeth Street Office.—Walter Burrell, Esq., M. P. Sussex.—Mrs. Gen. Mitchell, daughter of Hon. Mrs. Fane.—General Sir W. P. Galwey, Bart.—E. Dance, Esq. Deputy Commissary General, and late head of the department at Gibraltar.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Cape of Good Hope, T. Nightingale, Esq., second son of Sir Charles Nightingale, Bart. to Miss H. Elizabeth Parry.—At Agra, J. H. Low, Esq., grandson to Viscount Boyne, to Emily, fourth daughter of H. Revell, Esq.—In France, E. Turnour, Esq., son of Hon. and Rev. E. J. Turnour, to Miss E. M. Crease.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In Italy, suddenly, a son of Louis Bonaparte.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—At the conclusion of their labours, the Grand Jury, at Gloucester assizes, delivered a presentment to Mr. Justice Patteson, stating their opinion, that a great many of the offences which had come before them, had arisen from the number of beer-shops which had been opened in the country, under the late act of parliament, and which they had no doubt tended very much to the increase of crime, from the facilities they afforded to idle and ill-disposed persons to meet together; and they trusted his lordship would make such a representation in the proper quarter as would lead to some regulation being adopted with respect to them. The learned judge said, he had come to the same conclusion, from what he had seen on the special commission, and he would take care that their presentment should be laid before his majesty's government. Forty prisoners were recorded for death; about 20 were transported, and 56 were ordered to be imprisoned for various periods in the county jail!

YORKSHIRE.—At these assizes, 47 prisoners were recorded for death; 6 were transported, and 13 imprisoned.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The grand jury at the assizes for this county, made a presentment, in which they stated, in

their judgment, that a great part of the immense mass of crime which swells the present calendar, is to be attributed to the increase of intoxication produced among the lower orders, by frequenting the beer houses which have been opened under the last act of parliament. A letter was received upon the same subject, in the course of that day, from Lord Melbourne, stating that representations to the same effect, had reached him from every part of the country, and requesting the sheriff to collect the sense of the magistrates upon the subject.—*Taunton Courier.*

Fifty-five prisoners were recorded for death; 26 were transported, and 47 were imprisoned for various periods.

LANCASHIRE.—By the churchwardens' accounts for the parish of Liverpool, no less a sum than £46,247. 11s. 11d., was expended in that parish, from March 25th, 1830, to March 25th, 1831.

The Manchester and Salford Savings Bank, last report, states, that the sum of £276,435. 11s. 7d., had been received since its establishment—7402 being the total number of accounts.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Judgment of death was recorded against 48 prisoners at Warwick assizes, but sentence of death was not passed against any.